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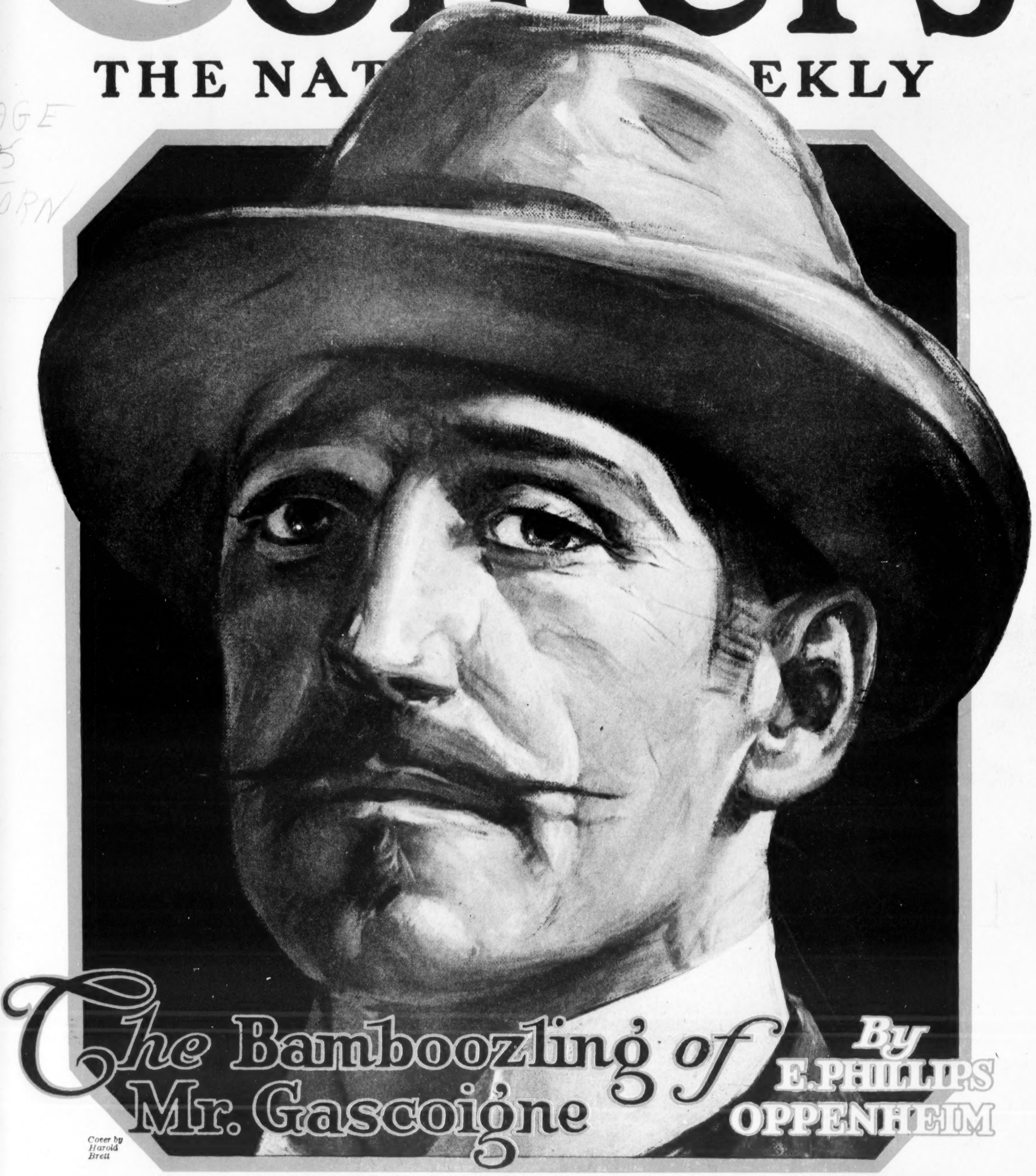

The Bamboozling of Mr. Gascoigne

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Cover by Harold Brett

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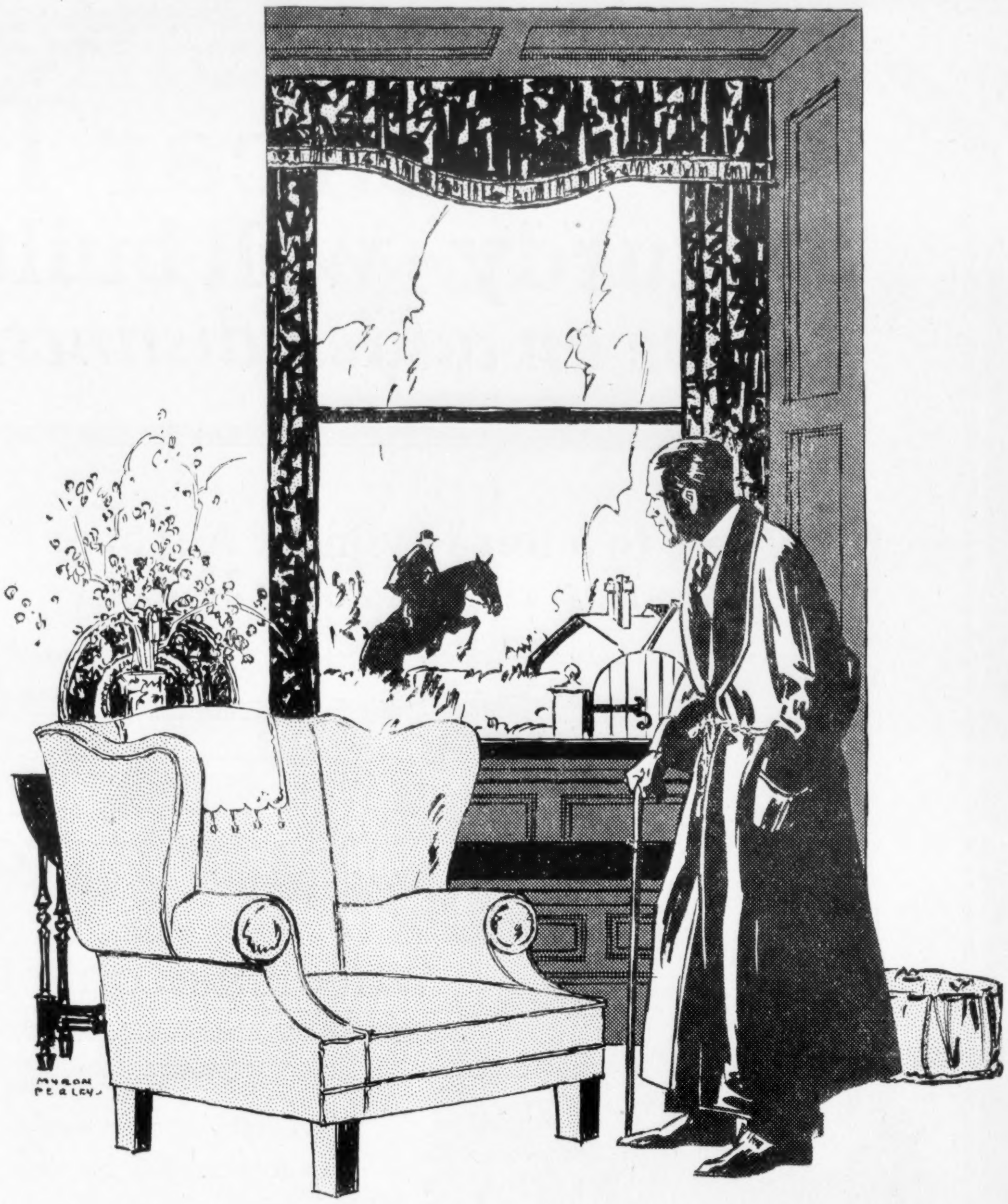

"—he was an old young man at forty"

Hidden wells of poison

Son of a famous family of horsemen, it was the ambition of his father to see him mature into one of the leading sportsmen of the country.

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Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

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This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

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have an added distinctive advantage

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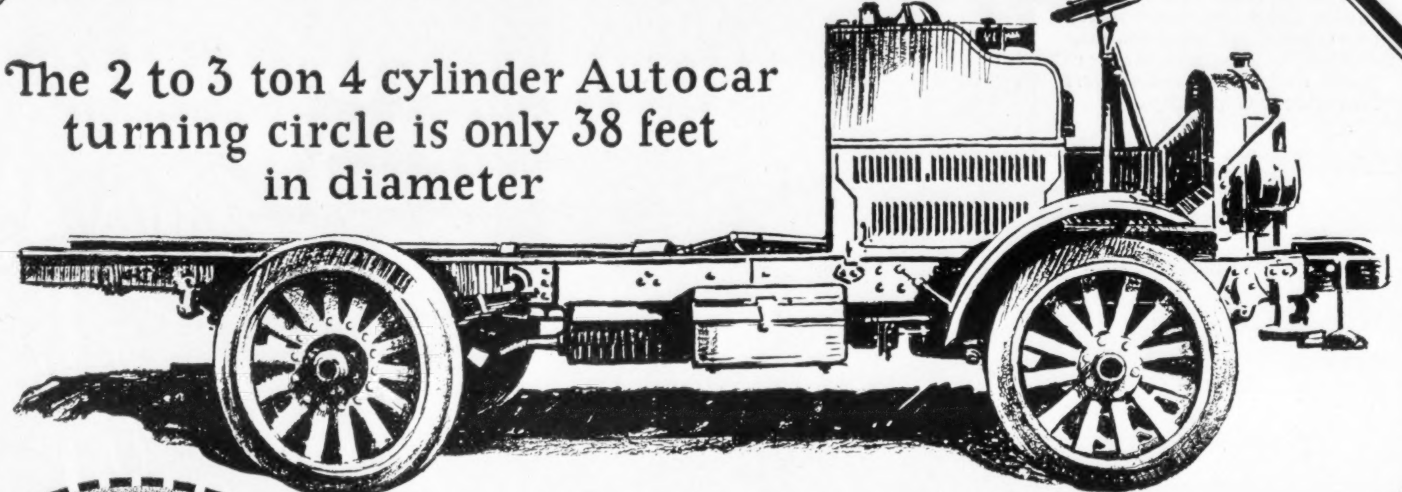

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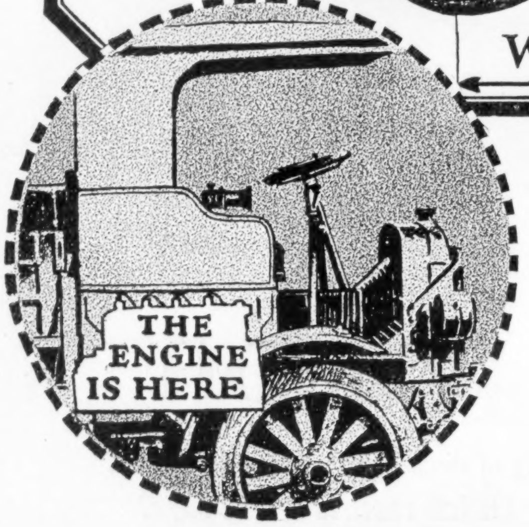

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Do you know why Autocars *look* different and *are* different from other trucks? It is because the Autocar engine is placed under the seat, not out in front.

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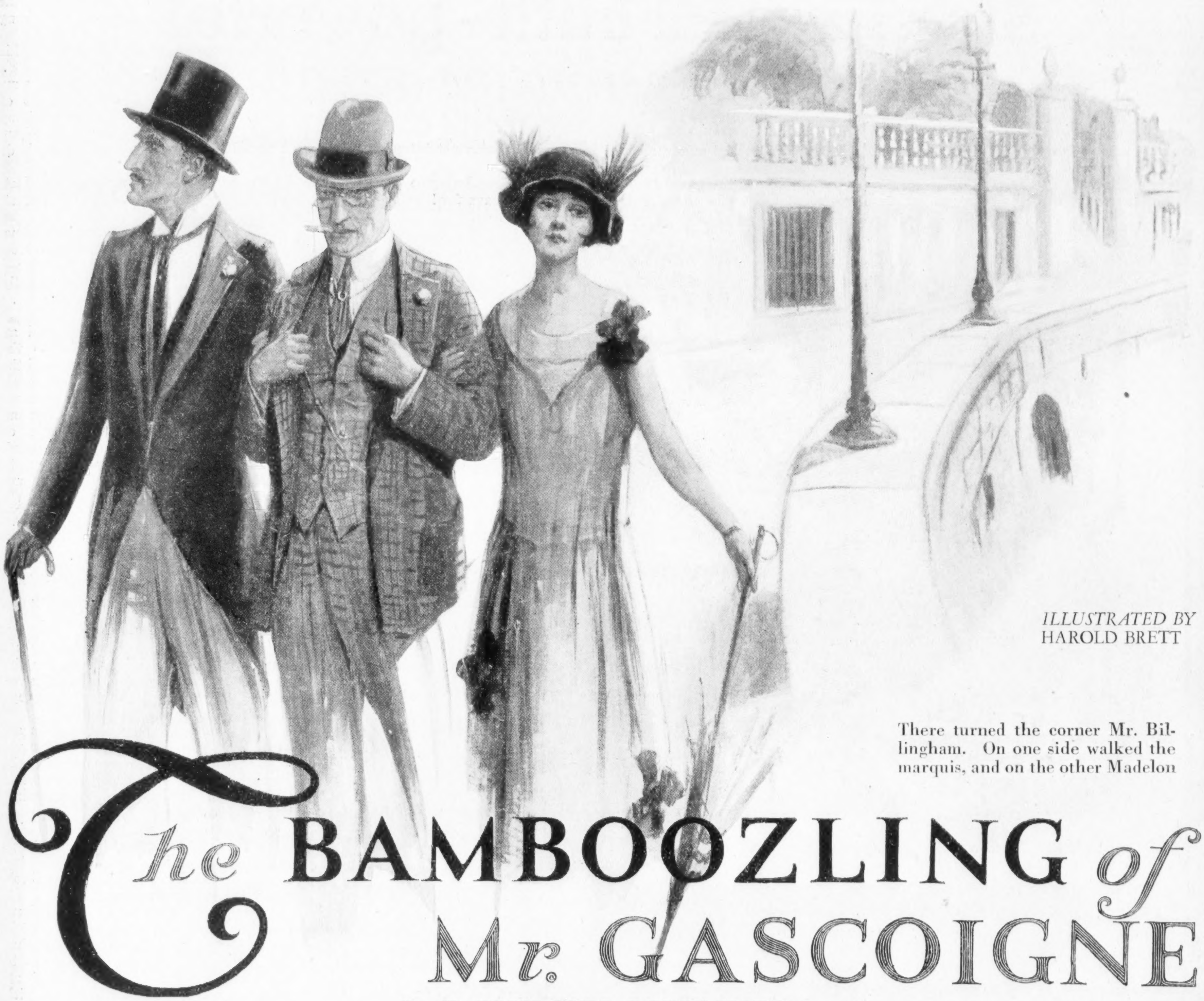


ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD BRETT

There turned the corner Mr. Billingham. On one side walked the marquis, and on the other Madelon

The BAMBOOZLING of Mr. GASCOIGNE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SAMUEL T. BILLINGHAM of New York, recently landed from the great liner anchored a few miles out, walked along the terrace at Monte Carlo, serene, light-hearted, beatifically content. His yellow shoes and his variegated socks might be described as a trifle vivid, but the rest of his attire—his well-pressed gray suit, his irreproachable linen, and his well-shaped gray Homburg hat—was beyond criticism. He was a man of medium height, thickset, inclined a little, perhaps, to *embonpoint*. His complexion was pink, his flaxen hair only slightly streaked with gray, his eyes filled with the light of good humor. He was possibly about forty-five years of age, but he walked with the spring of a young man. In his pocket was his *carte de saison* for the Cercle Privé and card of membership in the Sporting Club, taken out an hour or so before. In the same pocket was also a well-filled money case, and in his mind the consciousness of pleasant quarters in his favorite hotel, and the knowledge that he was in the spot which he loved more than any other place on earth. Furthermore, he was pleasantly aware of the fact that he was in the immediate neighborhood of various interesting little rendezvous where restrictions as to any refreshment he might deem advisable for his welfare were nonexistent; where compatriots were always to be found and amusement plentiful. Mr. Samuel T. Billingham, brimming over with good humor, was an agreeable circumstance in a wonderful setting.

At half past eleven o'clock—Mr. Billingham was a man of regular habits—he quitted the promenade, crossed the Place in front of the Casino, and selected a table outside the Café de Paris. He selected it simply because it happened to be the nearest empty one and without even a glance at his neighbors. It was nevertheless, without a doubt, by the direction of that mysterious influence called fate that he should have chosen that particular chair and ordered his champagne cocktail with that clear and pleasant directness of speech which caused the two people at the adjacent table to focus their attention upon him.

"A champagne cocktail," he enjoined confidently, frankly ignoring the fact that he was addressing a foreigner, "and some of them little salted nuts—and say, get a move on!"

The waiter hurried off. Mr. Samuel T. Billingham looked around him genially and met the faintly amused, gently inquiring gaze of his neighbors. Mr. Billingham smiled back again, but at that moment no words were exchanged.

The man and the girl were of ingratiating, even distinguished, appearance. The former seemed to be about fifty or perhaps fifty-five years of age. He was tall and thin, dressed in dark clothes from which the first freshness had gone, and though no fault could have been found with his linen or the less important appurtenances of his toilet it was noticeable that his shirt cuffs were a little frayed, his patent-leather shoes a little cracked, his coat a little shiny at the seams. His face was gaunt, his eyes were deep-set, but his mouth had a most attractive and humorous outline. The girl with whom he was seated, and at whom Mr. Billingham had permitted himself a single glance of admiration, was young enough to be his daughter, but bore him no resemblance. Her hair was of a most attractive shade of brown, and her eyes were of the very darkest shade of blue. She seemed pale from the absence of all cosmetics, but her lack of color was, as a matter of fact, healthy and natural. There was something a little insolent about her expression, as though she were one of those often at war with the world and circumstances, but among the cosmopolitan little crowd by which they were surrounded she preserved an air of distinction which a keen student of his fellow creatures, such as Mr. Billingham, was not slow to recognize. He waited for his cocktail without impatience and with the air of one entirely satisfied with himself and this particular corner of the world. Meanwhile the man and the girl talked—the former in broken English—and, although they never seemed to raise their voices, every word they said was audible to their neighbor.

"It is incredible, Madelon," her companion exclaimed irritably, "that you should have been so careless! Our day is spoiled."

"I am very sorry," she replied humbly. "It is not often I forget such things. As you told me, I put three mille notes into my little sacque early this morning. Then, alas, the sun came out, I wore a different dress, and I brought the other sacque. There it is upon my dressing table!"

"And here are we," the man grumbled, "without a penny to pay for our *consommation*, to say nothing of luncheon. Furthermore, there are the Rooms and perhaps a fortune waiting. Last night I dreamed of fourteen three times following."

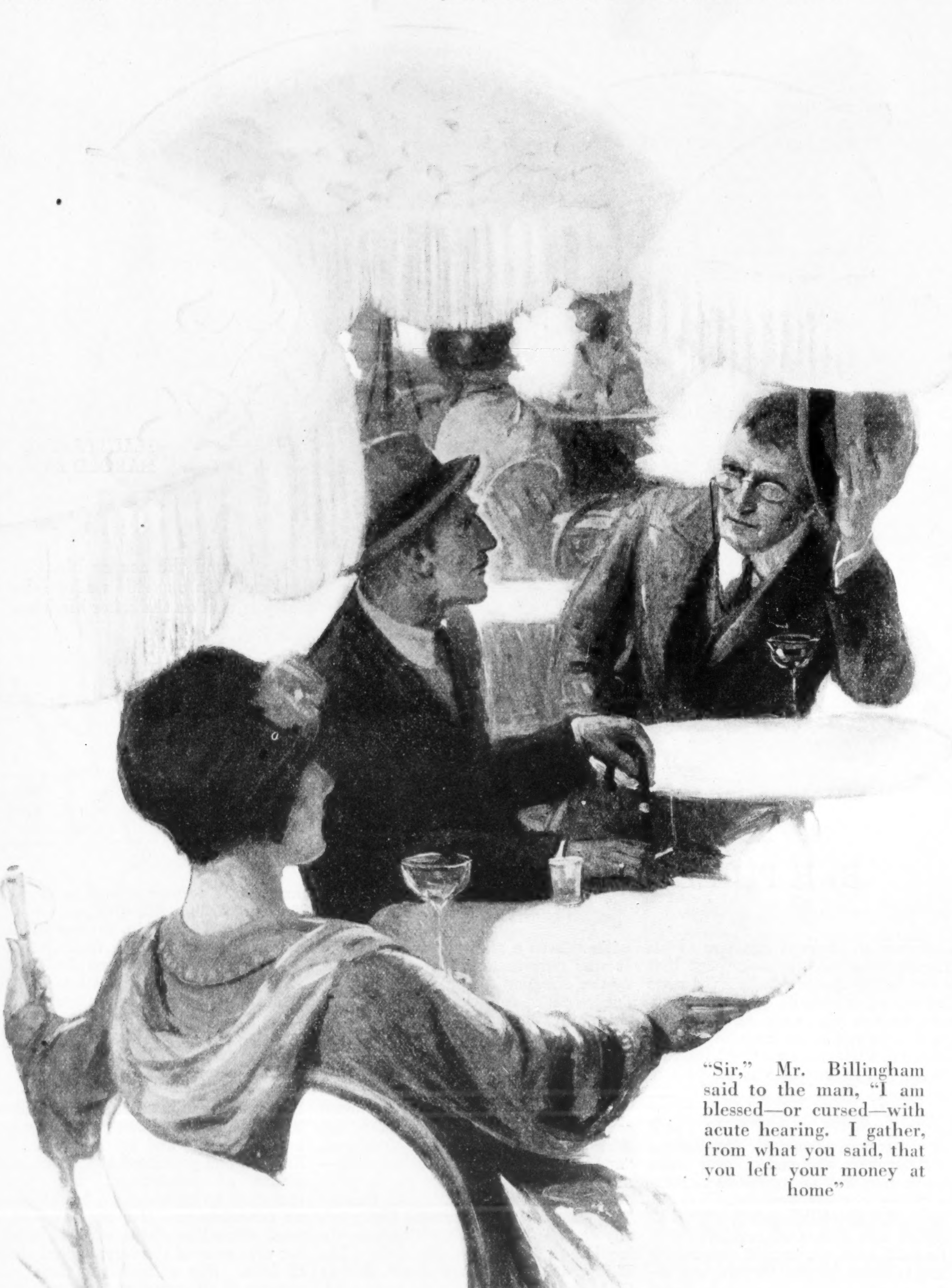
"It is not so wonderful," she declared a little pettishly. "You always dream of fourteen, but it never arrives."

The champagne cocktail, well frosted and with a thin line of sugar around the rim of the glass, was brought to Mr. Billingham, who accepted it with an air of content. The eyes of the man and the girl rested for a moment upon the glass with a veiled expression of envy. Mr. Billingham lifted his hat and leaned forward.

"Sir," he said, addressing the man, "I am blessed—or should I say cursed?—with acute hearing. From what you were saying to the young lady, I gather that you have left your money at home."

His neighbor, also with his hat slightly uplifted, listened with an air of grave embarrassment.

"Sir," he rejoined, "I regret that, in some temporary excitement, owing to the discovery of my niece's carelessness, my voice was a little raised. May I venture to suggest, however, that my conversation was not intended to reach the ear of a stranger, nor can I—pardon me—understand what significance it can have for him."



"Sir," Mr. Billingham said to the man, "I am blessed—or cursed—with acute hearing. I gather, from what you said, that you left your money at home"

"That's very well put," Mr. Billingham commented approvingly. "I'm rather a plain-spoken man myself, but what I figured out in my own mind was that this being my first morning in Monte Carlo after an absence of a good many years, and this being my favorite spot upon the earth, and the sun shining and my cocktail looking pretty good, I thought perhaps I might take the liberty of inviting you and the young lady to join me."

The elderly gentleman rose to his feet, hat in hand, and bowed.

"Sir," he said, "we shall accept your courtesy in—may I say—a spirit of reciprocity. Permit me to present my niece, Mademoiselle Madelon de Félan. I myself am known as the Marquis de Félan."

Mr. Billingham rose also to his feet, lifted his hat, fumbled in his pocket, and produced a card.

"Samuel T. Billingham is my name, sir," he announced. "I come from New York and I'm interested in linoleum—that is to say, I was, only I've recently sold out. Pleased to meet you both. . . . Garçon!"

Their prospective host accepted an invitation to bring his chair to the table of his new acquaintances, and the succeeding half an hour passed agreeably enough. Certain orders concerning champagne cocktails were given and repeated while the usual amenities of general conversation were exchanged.

"I was thinking of moving on to Ciro's presently," Mr. Billingham announced, glancing at his watch. "We might try one there and, say, why shouldn't you and the young lady join me in a bite of luncheon?"

The girl laughed at him pleasantly—and it was a very pleasant laugh indeed.

"I'm so hungry," she murmured.

THE marquis was touched. "Really, sir," he said, "your kindness is astounding. We will join you on the distinct understanding that we are allowed within the course of the next few days to reciprocate your hospitality."

"Good enough!" Mr. Billingham assented. "That goes, then! We'll move on as soon as the garçon has brought me my change. Now promise you won't go back on our luncheon engagement, whatever happens."

"Not a chance," the girl assured him, with that twinkle in her eyes which Mr. Billingham was already beginning to love. "I'm far too hungry and Ciro's is my favorite restaurant."

"Very well, then," Mr. Billingham concluded, drawing his chair up a little closer. "So long as it's understood that you don't take offense, I just want to ask you one thing. Do I look such an almighty hayseed that you should pick me out to try that old wheeze on?"

There was a moment's silence. The orchestra rattled on, corks still popped, a pleasant murmur of conversation swelled and flowed around. The man and the girl, however, remained speechless. The latter had lost that smile of pleasant anticipation; her face was suddenly a little drawn and troubled. The man seemed older. His manner, however, preserved its dignity.

"Sir—" he began.

"Cut it out," Mr. Billingham begged. "I know pretty well what I look like, but you see it's my job to look like it. Anyone would think I was what I want them to think me—an American traveler, over here, probably for the first time in his life, with plenty of the stuff. Well, I ain't! I'm from the United States all right, but I'm looking after a little bit of that stuff myself. Perhaps that's why I sized you two up so easily."

The marquis half rose to his feet. Mr. Billingham pulled him back into his chair.

"Look here," he insisted genially, "cut out the starch. I'm a bit of a crook—I'll admit that—but I'm not a bad sort, and I've taken a fancy to you two. We're going on to Ciro's and we're going to have that little lunch together. I can pay for it all right, and dinner afterward most likely. No reason why we shouldn't have a pleasant day together. We might even get to talking business."

The marquis coughed. He was beginning to recover himself.

"We shall certainly accompany you to Ciro's—er—Mr. Billingham," he assented. "In the meantime tell me, I beg of you, why you arrived at the conclusion that my niece and I were—er—?"

"I figured it out this way," Mr. Billingham interrupted. "You are both French. What did you want to talk in English for except that you wanted me to understand? That was enough for me to be going on with!"

"Our story is a sad one—" the marquis commenced.

"Say, we'll have that after luncheon," Mr. Billingham suggested, rising.

THE cocktails at Ciro's were equal to Mr. Billingham's anticipations, and the luncheon which he presently ordered was entirely satisfactory. Conversation, so far as his two guests were concerned, was a little stilted and diffident. Their host, however, was absolutely at his ease.

"I guess you wouldn't believe it, you two," he recounted, as they attacked a wonderful selection of *hors d'œuvres,* "but I was once a rich man, and I never got such fun out of life in those days as I am helping myself to now. I figure it out like this. When you've got your money in the bank, and more is coming in, you're kind of tied up with respectability. Now, since I was a lad I've always been for adventures, and there's only one sort of adventure that counts, and that is the adventure which sets your brain against another man's and brings you in the stuff if you come out on top. It don't seem to me that a rich man has got any fighting outlook on life. Do you get me, Miss de Félan?"

"I understand what you mean," she replied, a little dubiously, "but I am afraid I do not agree with you. You see, I have always been poor and I hate poverty."

"Might be kind of different for a young woman," Mr. Billingham conceded thoughtfully, "but for a man, to go about the world doing no one any particular harm but living by his wits and what he can make by being a trifle smarter than other people—that's my idea of a happy time! I don't mind telling you that my present job over here is to swindle a man out of half a million dollars."

"Half a million dollars!" the marquis gasped. "It is incredible!"

"What an imagination," the girl sighed. "What courage!"

"I guess I'm not out for pinching old ladies' reticules," their host confided. "I like a big deal. And," he went on, leaning a little across the table, "if I can make up my mind that you two are to be trusted—I'm not saying I mightn't let you in on this little affair. I need just the sort of help you might be able to give, and that's a fact!"

The marquis concealed his impatience with all the restraint which was doubtless an inheritance of his breeding. He polished a worn and scratched horn-rimmed eyeglass with a clean but frayed handkerchief and prepared to listen with tolerant partiality. The girl, however, was frankly eager. She leaned across toward her host, her elbows upon the table, her chin supported by her two hands. There was a light in her very beautiful eyes which was almost adoring. "Tell us about it, Mr. Billingham," she begged. "We are so very poor, and I am tired of being poor."

"My niece has the natural desire of the young for luxuries," the marquis observed tolerantly. "Frankly, I have outlived the necessity for wealth. My modest *déjeuner* here or at the Hôtel de Paris, my dinner, my bottle of Burgundy, my choice of brandies, *carte blanche* at my tailors, a mille or two to play with when the fancy seizes me, are all I wish for."

"You don't aim at putting together a pile for later on in life?" Mr. Billingham queried.

The marquis sighed. "That is beyond my hopes," he admitted.

"And you, mademoiselle?"

The girl was terribly earnest.

"If I had the chance," she said, "I would save. I love all the things which go to making life here so delightful, but more than anything else on earth I should love my independence. I should love to feel that it was no longer necessary for me to worry to-morrow as to how I was going to pay the next day's bills."

"Good spirit!" Mr. Billingham approved. "Good spirit, that!"

"Madelon is more practical than I," the marquis sighed. "And now concerning that little affair of business, Mr. Billingham, you were about to place before us."

Mr. Billingham's attention, however, had wandered. He was watching the approach of an obvious compatriot—a man the very antithesis of himself, but with equally distinct transatlantic attributes; a small man with a sallow face and little hair, teeth stopped plentifully with gold, a wizened expression about the mouth, a short-sighted squint, neat clothes and square-toed shoes. Mr. Billingham welcomed him as a long-lost brother.

"Say, if this ain't Joe Gascoigne!" he exclaimed. "Well, well, when did you get here?"

Mr. Gascoigne's reciprocating smile was frosty. His manner showed him to be a man of reserve.

"Paris, last night," he answered. "How's oil?"

Mr. Billingham shook his head gloomily. "Can't say those new lands are panning out quite as we expected," he admitted.

"No gushers?" Mr. Gascoigne inquired.

"Nothing of that sort reported up to the present," was the cautious but somewhat depressed reply. "Still, one never knows. Where there's oil there's hope! Where are you staying?"

"Hôtel de Paris."

"Fine!" Mr. Billingham commented. "Sold your option yet, Joe?"

"I guess I didn't come to Monte Carlo to talk business," the other rejoined as he turned to pass on his way down the room.

MR. BILLINGHAM was thoughtful for a moment or two after his friend's departure. The fact, however, did not impair his appetite.

"Why did you not present your friend?" the girl inquired. "I thought Americans always introduced everybody."

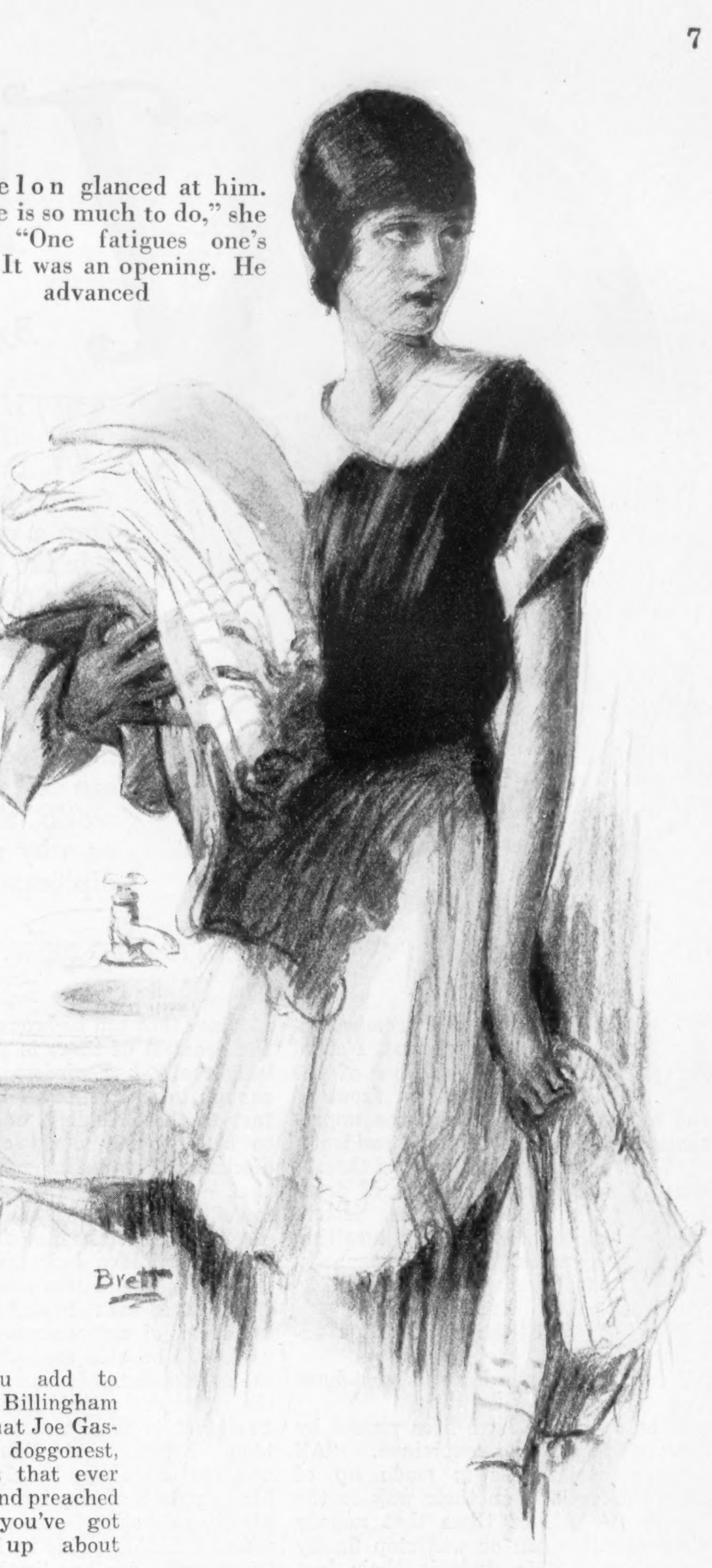
Mr. Billingham smiled. "That," he explained, "is the man whom we are going to rob. In case you come into the game, I didn't ask you to shake hands with him. He's as nearsighted as a clam and too vain to wear spectacles."

"He is presumably wealthy," the marquis ventured.

"He is of the genus known as 'Millionaire'," Mr. Billingham acquiesced.

The marquis nodded approvingly.

"To rob the rich," he murmured, "is a reasonable hobby."



Madelon glanced at him. "There is so much to do," she said. "One fatigues one's self." It was an opening. He advanced

"When you add to that," Mr. Billingham continued, "that Joe Gascoigne is the doggonest, meanest cuss that ever drank water and preached prohibition, you've got him sized up about right."

"To rob such a man," the marquis suggested hopefully—"or shall I say to assist in the redistribution of his wealth—would seem to be a charity. Five hundred thousand dollars, I think you said, sir?"

"Maybe more," Mr. Billingham assented. "It's like enough I'll take you two in, but we'll quit it now until later on. I've got to size you both up a bit more first. . . . Some salmon, this!" he added almost reverently as he laid down his fork. "The sauce tastes good to me too."

"Loire salmon," the marquis confided. "Very good fish, but short season."

"Supposing you get on with that sad story of yours, Marquis," Mr. Billingham proposed, as they waited for the next course. "I don't say as I'm going to believe every word of it, mind you, but I'd like to hear your own account of yourself and the young lady."

The marquis was a little stiff at first, but he gradually warmed to his task. He came, it appeared, of a noble but impoverished family, and his various attempts at earning an honest living had met with singular lack of success. He had been, in turn, a vineyard proprietor, a vender of wines, an insurance agent, and had interested himself in a cigarette business. In all these undertakings he had suffered from lack of capital. A year ago the daughter of his only brother, who had married an Englishwoman, was left with practically no one else to look after her. They had lived in Paris for some short time upon the very trifling sum of money which she had brought with her. A small investment in a lottery business had been a failure. Behold them at Monte Carlo, practically destitute! It was becoming indeed a question of money sufficient for a meal between them. Mademoiselle Madelon was ready to give French lessons and she had some knowledge of typing. The marquis had even gone so far as to offer himself as a sort of super-guide to strangers of wealth to whom the best restaurants and manifold pleasures of the place were unknown.

"Ever any trouble with the police?" Mr. Billingham asked.

"Not in these parts," the marquis hastened to explain. There had been some slight misunderstanding in Paris, he added, with reference to his mismanagement of a gambling club, and the investigation into his lottery business had made a hurried departure from the city advisable. Here, however, they had a clean sheet; had modest rooms at an unpretentious hotel, and so far had paid their way.

"I sized you (*Continued on page 44*)

INSIDE the

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By C. BASCOM SLEMP

WHAT does the President's secretary actually do? Here Mr. Slemp answers that question. He knows whereof he speaks, for he was Mr. Coolidge's secretary for more than a year and a half, when he "sat just outside the President's office door, at the desk that is the point of confluence for all the streams of business and people that seek executive attention." He leads us behind the scenes and shows us how the hidden wheels go round. He tells us how Mr. Coolidge is protected against bores, favor-seekers and other pests. He tells us who can and who cannot see the President, how he works, the way he passes his time. He shows us why a secretary, like his chief, must be a diplomatic "iron man," with every faculty alert.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

ON THE day after I became secretary to the President, I stood with a veteran member of the White House staff in front of the big mahogany desk in the unpretentious little office of the President.

"What in the world *are* all of them?" I asked, indicating the heaps of documents, reports, commissions, letters waiting to be read, letters awaiting signature, and all the heterogeneity of affairs that comes every day to the President of the United States.

"Bucks," was the sententious response.

I was a little puzzled and must have looked it.

"The ones that have been passed by everyone else," he explained. "All government business is made up of bucks, potentially on their way to the President. All of them that nobody down the line can or will stop finally come here. This desk is their last haven; their *ne plus ultra*, Land's End, farthest north, *ultima Thule, finis mundi*—oh, you know."

"But how do they all get clear up here?" I demanded.

"They don't—only the hard ones and the nuisance ones."

He gave an expert's appraising glance, and picked up a bunch of parchments.

"Commissions of notaries public for the District of Columbia," he sniffed. "President must sign them. A joint resolution of Congress declaring war on another country once got hidden under a notarial commission, according to office tradition. If it isn't true, it ought to be, as the classic juxtaposition of the big and the little ends of a President's duties. In between comes—just everything."

Since then I sat for a year and a half just outside the President's office door, at the desk that is the point of confluence for all the streams of business and people that seek executive attention. At that desk, the task is to control the flood; to divert some streams, to dam others back; to sort and select. The Presidential wheel must get the full flow that will add power and efficiency. It must not be clogged with drift. The task calls for all the patience, wisdom, experience and diplomacy that can be brought to it. But the greatest of these is patience. Nobody really has wisdom or experience enough to make him all that, as secretary to the President, one would want to be. Nobody could conscientiously discharge the duties without fearing that his chief must regard him as a merciless taskmaster, and knowing that disappointed claimants for the Presidential audience look upon him as a monster of relentless inhumanity.

But the task brought a wonderful array of compensations and pleasures. To be able somewhat to lighten the enormous burdens of a President is the greater satisfaction when that President is such a man as Mr. Coolidge. Nobody could live at his side, and see the daily, hourly evidence of his complete absorption in his duties, his utter devotion to the public interest, without feeling pride in his work and its success. He has lived with and in his task, and his singleness of purpose has been an inspiration to everybody who has had the privilege, even in the smallest way, to help him.

Moreover, the secretary to the President is necessarily called to a peculiarly close association with the family life of the White House. I wish it were possible to draw an adequate picture of that anomalous existence which is every moment in the full glare of publicity, and yet is so strangely isolated. Every attitude, interest, activity, emotion—I had almost said every thought—is of intense concern to the world just outside. This public interest is a beautifully friendly and considerate one. It is a source of strength and reassurance in those hours of anxiety or of sorrow that come to the highest as to the humblest homes. The truly affectionate concern of the American people for their First Family transcends all politics, section and faction. In a way that one cannot possibly understand until he has seen and felt it from inside, this beautiful loyalty enables the Presidential household to multiply its joys and divide its sorrows. To live so close to all this, to be made to feel so welcome a participant in it, is an experience which must deeply affect even the most unemotional person.

To have a good, efficient secretary one must have a good, efficient President. This would seem to be axiomatic, but it is not necessarily so. The President must make the important decisions, and he should be at the White House proper or in the office practically all working hours. The availability of the President to his cabinet and to members of Congress is of the utmost importance, second only to that of the private secretary. Decisions can then be quickly made. If the office hours of the President and his secretary and the clerical force do not coincide, then there is clogging, delay, misunderstanding and, in the end, overwork and dissatisfaction. In addition to being available at practically all times, both the President and his secretary must know government routine intimately—must be able, therefore, to give instant decisions or suggestions, and these decisions must be as nearly right as the human equation will permit. They will be right if based on knowledge and the motive is pure. The very position of the secretary in maintaining his relation with the public will guarantee the latter.

Working under such circumstances is a joy. Every moment is a thrill. The impact of the great American public on these two individuals constitutes perhaps the greatest mental stimulus and, consequently, offers the keenest mental exhilaration that can be had in the public service. I doubt if any experience in life is so stimulating. There is an art or a technique about it, of course—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." True six thousand years ago and true to-day. There is almost a supersensitiveness about a visit to the White House, and nowhere does kindness receive such a compensating reward. A secretary should rarely permit himself to have a preconceived notion as to what is in another's mind. Let the other fellow tell it, but listen with every faculty alert, the whole mind and soul concentrated on that interview. I might add concentrated sympathetically, because 95 per cent of the people come to the White House with the purest motives—certainly from their standpoint.

The corollary to what has been said about the affectionate regard for the Presidential household is a multiplicity and insistence of demands from the people that is beyond my capacity to describe and certainly beyond general realization. Nearly everybody seems to feel that his friendly sentiments entitle him to a personal share in the huge balance of good will and kindliness which is deposited by the public at the Presidential bank. The depositors naturally feel entitled occasionally to draw a check and have it honored. So the President is besought to do just about every imaginable sort of thing for his friends. If he made half the speeches that are asked, he would have to be a score of Presidents and even then the twenty of him would not be able to keep up to the schedule. When the invitation is regretfully declined, an alternative is instantly proposed. If the President can't come in person, surely he can give a few moments to a "little inspirational talk" by radio to our Americanization Conference, or to the Rotary Convention, or to the Annual Banquet of the Amalgamated Association of Master Well Diggers of the United States and Canada, or to the Boosters' Blowout that is going to put our town on the map, or to the assembled tens of thousands on the big day of the State Fair.

Every request of this kind represents good will. Far from dreaming that the aggregate of their demands would represent a draft on time and energies that could not be met by the united efforts of a hundred men, every one of these enthusiastic inviters quite sincerely believes he is paying a neat compliment to the President. Take for instance speeches to be delivered by telephone to distant gatherings. Just as our English friends boast that the sun never sets on their empire, so the American luncheon and dinner and banquet givers might almost proclaim that their functions are always in session. Everything from a high school commencement to a board of trade banquet, a community-chest conference, an Americanization meeting, a session of the state central committee, or an annual church synod; every conceivable variety of business or civic or social or industrial enterprise imagines that in extending to the President the opportunity to speak for just a few minutes to its gathering it is putting forth a particularly original, clever and assuredly welcome idea.

The Oratorical Marathon

THE luncheon-dinner-banquet segment of the American day extends from 12:30 P. M., Eastern time, without any break, but with a good deal of overlapping, to about 2:30 the next morning, Pacific time—eleven hours. A schedule of invitations received for one particular day, to deliver "little talks, not more than ten or fifteen minutes, just anything he wants to say on any subject he cares to choose," started at Portland, Maine, at 12:30 P. M., swept him across the continent in the trail of the sun, talking to luncheons and mid-day conferences; and before he had finished his last luncheon speech on the Pacific coast, jumped him back to the Eastern time zone, to begin a series of dinner and banquet addresses for the evening. To comply with all the invitations for this one

President's Office

day he would have had to talk continuously from 12:30 P. M. to 2:30 A. M., much of the time delivering two, three and four speeches simultaneously. He would have been talking at the same time to Duluth, Davenport, Decatur (Ala.) and Dallas; and when he finished the last speech, to a California banquet, he would have made the total of, I think, 69 "talks;" would have crowded about eighteen hours of talking into eleven hours of elapsed time; would have addressed audiences in seventeen states, and would have won the marathon oratorical championship belt.

But, having won it, he would have had to defend it inside a week. For just as soon as the story of that exploit got abroad a torrent of invitations would have swept down upon him, without end. The craving for Presidential oratory is one disease that will yield only to homeopathic treatment. For the President to make one speech is just as good as advertising for a hundred invitations to make more. To write one note commending a worthy civic movement is to remind a hundred other and equally deserving causes that they also need the Presidential endorsement. And as to triplets and quadruplets, I am convinced that the tendency to their production has increased fully 1,000 per cent since President Harding wrote a letter congratulating the somewhat dazed parents who brought a double set of twins into the world!

Of course, the pressure for personal interviews with the President is unending. Most such interviews, if granted, would mean sheer waste of the President's precious time: time that he needs to study the multifarious problems that come to him, to confer with his Cabinet secretaries and other administrative lieutenants; to discuss questions affecting every variety of national interest; to confer with authorities on all manner of public questions; to receive members of Congress and consider the multitudinous legislative questions that constantly arise.

What would you do if, being secretary to the President, a delegation of leading citizens should drop in to announce quite casually that they had come five hundred miles in order to present in person an invitation to the President to make a dedicatory speech for the new town hall at their home? Every minute of the President's time available for interviews within the next three days is already assigned. But these gentlemen simply *must* see the President. They wouldn't dare go home and admit they had not seen him. They give you every assurance that if they are "just admitted to shake hands" they will not even mention the invitation; and all the time you know that if they once get inside they will promptly forget the promise! I say, what would you do in such circumstances, if you were the President's secretary?

Coolidge Puts on Weight

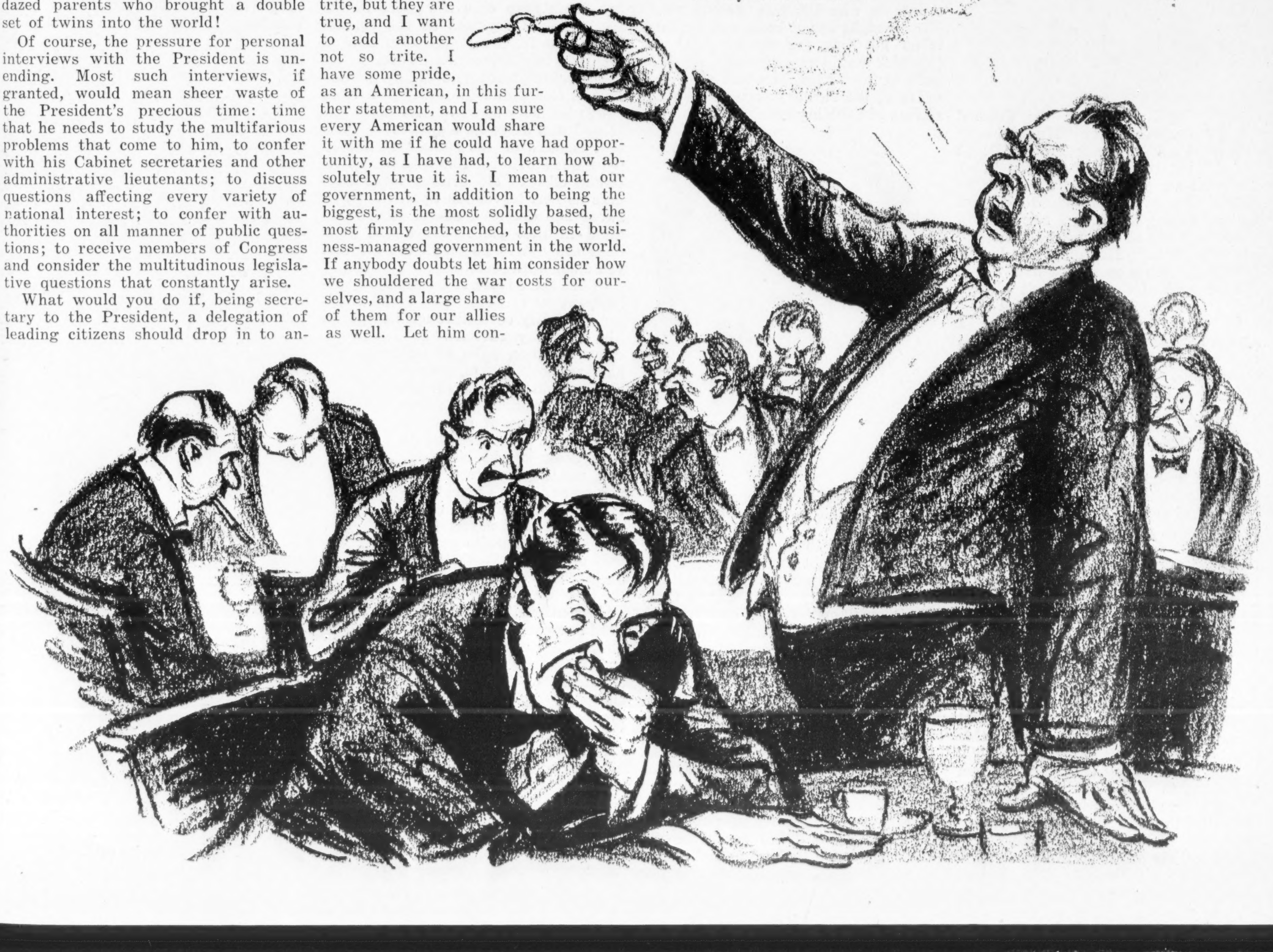
THUS far, I have scarcely referred to the great, serious, demanding tasks which confront a President. Their number is legion, their variety almost infinite. Our government is the greatest business and administrative establishment in the world. Our President represents in his own person more authority and responsibility than are centered in any other human being. I know these observations are trite, but they are true, and I want to add another not so trite. I have some pride, as an American, in this further statement, and I am sure every American would share it with me if he could have had opportunity, as I have had, to learn how absolutely true it is. I mean that our government, in addition to being the biggest, is the most solidly based, the most firmly entrenched, the best business-managed government in the world. If anybody doubts let him consider how we shouldered the war costs for ourselves, and a large share of them for our allies as well. Let him consider how quickly, after peace was restored, we balanced our budget, set about discharging our debt, maintained here the soundest money system and the best financial organization in existence, and brought this nation back to real peace, real prosperity and the place of power and influence it now holds.

The President is both the nominal and the real head of this stupendous governmental establishment. His place is that of the sovereign who reigns and of the ruler who actually governs. Every administrative policy is subject to his determination. He conducts our foreign relations. He is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

The last two Presidents before Calvin Coolidge broke down under the strain. It is not remarkable, therefore, that many people, giving thought to the enormous expansion of government business in recent years, have had misgivings as to whether flesh and blood and human nature could stand up under such a burden. *It is because I have had especial opportunity to form a judgment on this particular matter that I was glad to accept the invitation of Collier's to write this article. My answer is, that the Presidency is not an impossible task.* Efficient discharge of its duties requires the coöperation of the American people. They need to be urged to lighten the burden which, largely as a testimony of their confidence and affection, they impose upon their President. If this little sketch of my own experience shall serve in some small way to accomplish this, my chief object in writing it will have been gained.

President Coolidge is the living and vigorous testimony that the Presidential task is not beyond human strength. He is to-day in better physical health than when he came to the White House. *He weighs eight pounds more.* He says, and those who have long known him say, that he was never more physically fit. Of course, he has always taken good care of himself, and since becoming President he has been even more particular in this regard, because he has esteemed it a duty. He is regular, but not too regular, in his habits.

His custom is to take a good brisk walk in the morning before breakfast. He breakfasts (*Continued on page 36*)

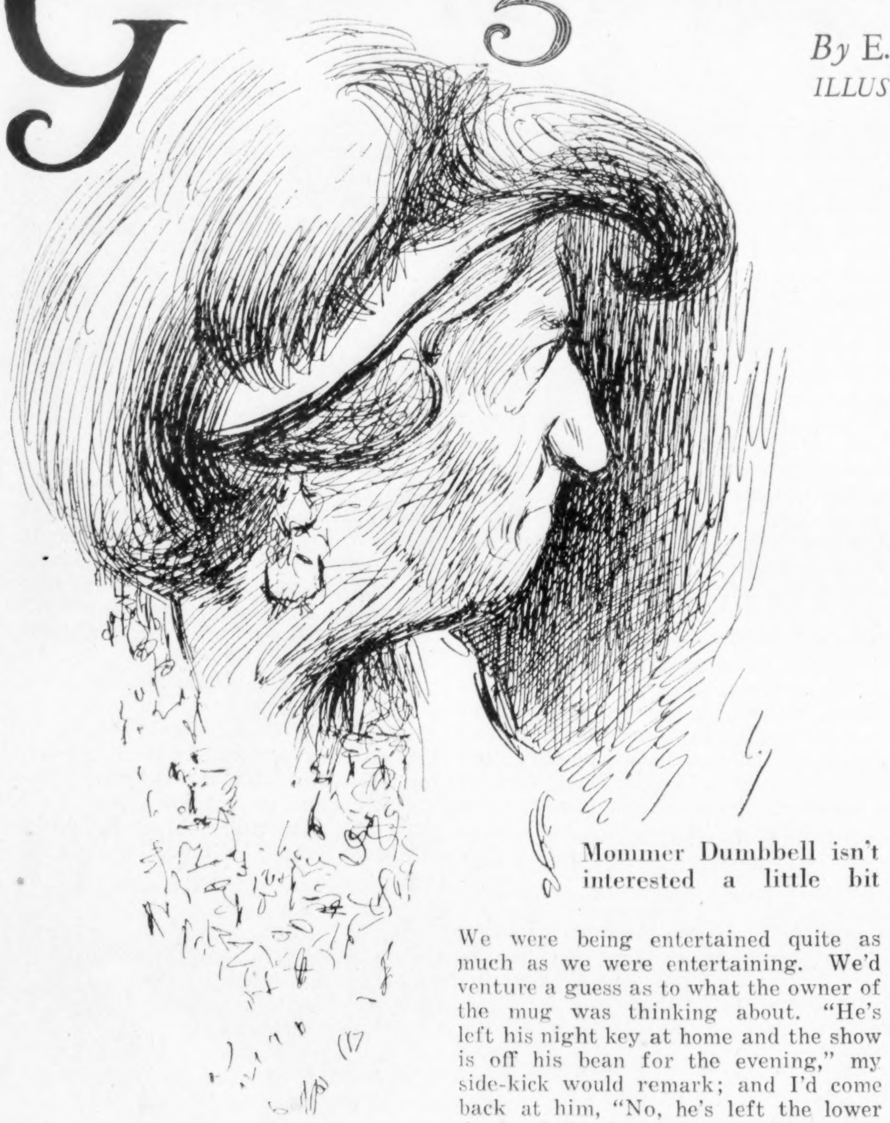


Luncheon, dinner and banquet givers are always busy and always want the President to say a few words

Getting the Actor's GOAT

By E. W. KEMBLE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



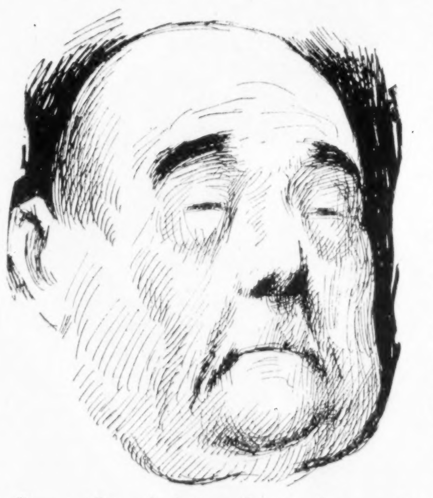
Mommer Dumbbell isn't interested a little bit

WHEN I handed the finished drawings for "Huckleberry Finn" to Mark Twain (I was but twenty-three at the time) I riveted my gaze on his face. As he looked them over and nodded his head without saying anything I remarked in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I'm glad you like them." He raised his kindly face and, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, remarked that it wasn't always safe to judge of a man's mental attitude by the expression of his face. I received a jolt and, fumbling for an answer, blurted out, "What is an illustrator to do?"

Leaning his splendid head against the back of his cushioned chair he half closed his eyes, and in that inimitable drawl of his related his experience on the lecture platform with that queer freak of nature, the man who never shows his feelings.

"I've had people sit through the whole evening with a stony stare on their expressionless faces and then shake me by the hand when the show was over and tell me how much they enjoyed my humor, but how they did get my goat!" he said. "I found that I was continually turning my eyes toward them, though inwardly I desired to avoid their stupid stare."

Years afterward I had the same experience in platform work, and as a member of one of the biggest minstrel organizations that ever toured this country I had ample opportunity, while sitting in the dusky circle that opened the show, to pick out the "duds," the "show killers" as my burnt-cork brethren called them. My side partner played the game with me, and in a whisper would call my attention to an odd face. We were being entertained quite as much as we were entertaining. We'd venture a guess as to what the owner of the mug was thinking about. "He's left his night key at home and the show is off his bean for the evening," my side-kick would remark; and I'd come back at him, "No, he's left the lower draft of the furnace open and he has visions of bubbling varnish on every bit of furniture in the house." But to the player of straight parts what a nightmare this awful person can become!



Cyrus Overfed has been dragged to the show against his will

In the snuggery of the Lambs Club, over Spanish omelet, I sat one day with Jack and Lionel Barrymore. We were discussing the art of caricature (both of those boys are wonderfully clever with the brush and pencil). As we sketched various faces on the menu we fell to naming the types, then Jack exploded: "At the matinée to-day an old he walrus sat just four seats back in the center aisle; his beety red face loomed up like a burning building; he got me in the graveyard scene. A fleeting glimpse of his grinning phiz and I had all I could do to remember my lines. I wanted to hurl poor Yorick's skull at his ivory dome. Ye gods, how he did get me! The poor nut evidently thought the play a farce. Hamlet a farce—wow! To be laughed at—again —wow! What the theatre needs to-day is a mental examination of every purchaser of a ticket and a medical test to exclude all 'barkers' and bipeds afflicted with the sleeping sickness."

During a performance of "Redemption" the coughing spells were so incessant among the audience that Jack stopped abruptly and announced that he would resume his speech as soon as the sea lions stopped barking. They stopped.

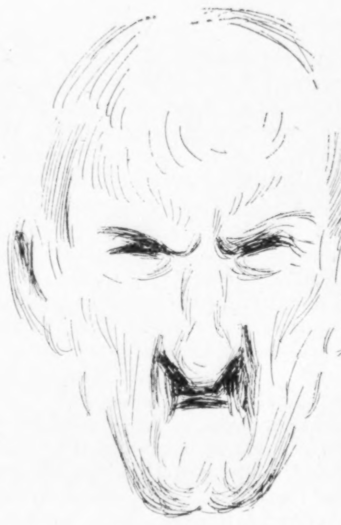
Lionel gives a wonderful imitation of old Joe Jefferson. Distending his blue-gray orbs, he pulls his upper lip down and through his tightened lips snaps his words, very much as the old comedian used to do. At the Lambs he used his gift to illustrate his remarks on the goat getters.

"Now let's see," he began, "first in the list, of course, is the frozen face, the blank, blank, blankety face that never changes. Next comes old Cyrus Overfed, the puffy old gent who has been hurried through a forty-seven-course dinner and dragged to the show against his will. He snarls and sputters as he stumbles down the aisle, gets in the wrong seat always, his being the second chair, fourth row from the stage, just at the angle where his swaying jowls peep over the glare of the footlights. He yawns as the curtain rises, and follows it up with several more during the opening speech. As the heroine enters, one of his glimmy eyes is closed and the other is a mere slit in its puffy socket. Now he begins to nod and after he has executed several chasers of the same sort, friend wife jabs him in the ribs with her stiletto-like elbow. He grunts, looks daggers at her, moves his lips in a silent swear and drops off again. Get interested in that piece of art and your lines are apt to go up in the air and you along with them.

"Then there is the intense, exotic, willowly-wispy creature who is all intellect; it fairly oozes through her pores. She sits way forward in her seat, elbow on knee, palm of left hand supporting chin, saucer-like eyes all aglow, eyebrows lifted and mouth open, showing a pearly row of opalescent teeth. She nods her head as each actor speaks his lines, and mentally mutters, 'Yes, yes, go on.' She's a goat getter for the ladies in the cast."

"How about the opera-glass dame—she generally perches well up in front,"—this from Jack—"the one who keeps the lamps on you all the time and continually turns her head to make some puerile report to her companion as to your make-up? You can mentally hear the drift of her remarks: 'Hasn't shaved to-day.' 'Got too much red on eyelids.' 'His teeth are very irregular.' 'Very large ears—very,' and so on. A woman like that makes me almost frantic. If a light happens to hit the glass of her binoculars they look like a pair of illuminated ostrich eggs.

"Oh, yes, lest we forget! A box party consisting of the opulent Dumbbell family. Oh, that is a joy! Mommer Dumbbell wearing steen millions' worth of jewels and suffering with indigestion, her nose curled as if she scented some unpleasant intruder and the sides of her mouth sagging. She's not interested in the play a little bit, but spends her time bobbing her head and stretching her neck as she ogles the audience during the whole performance.

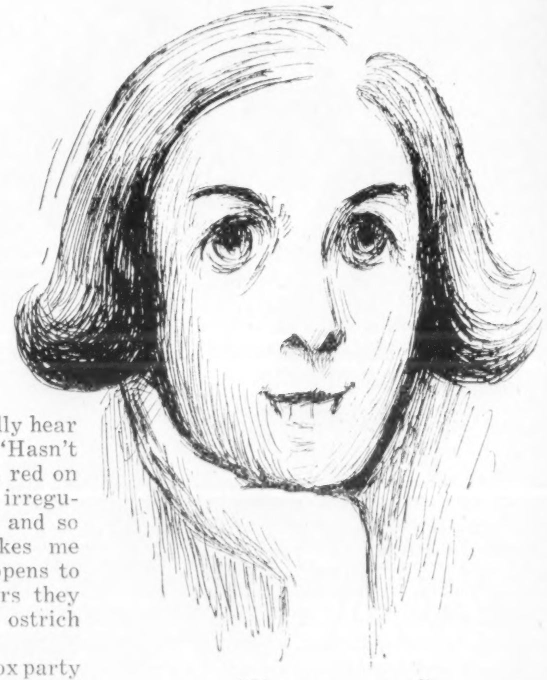


A cross-current

"The rest of the family are more interested in a forty-pound box of bonbons (Mommer Dumbbell calls them 'bonebones') than they are in the play. All jaws are working as their owners twist and turn and giggle and gulp; and this, mind you, in a lower stage box under your very nose. Nice bunch to play against.

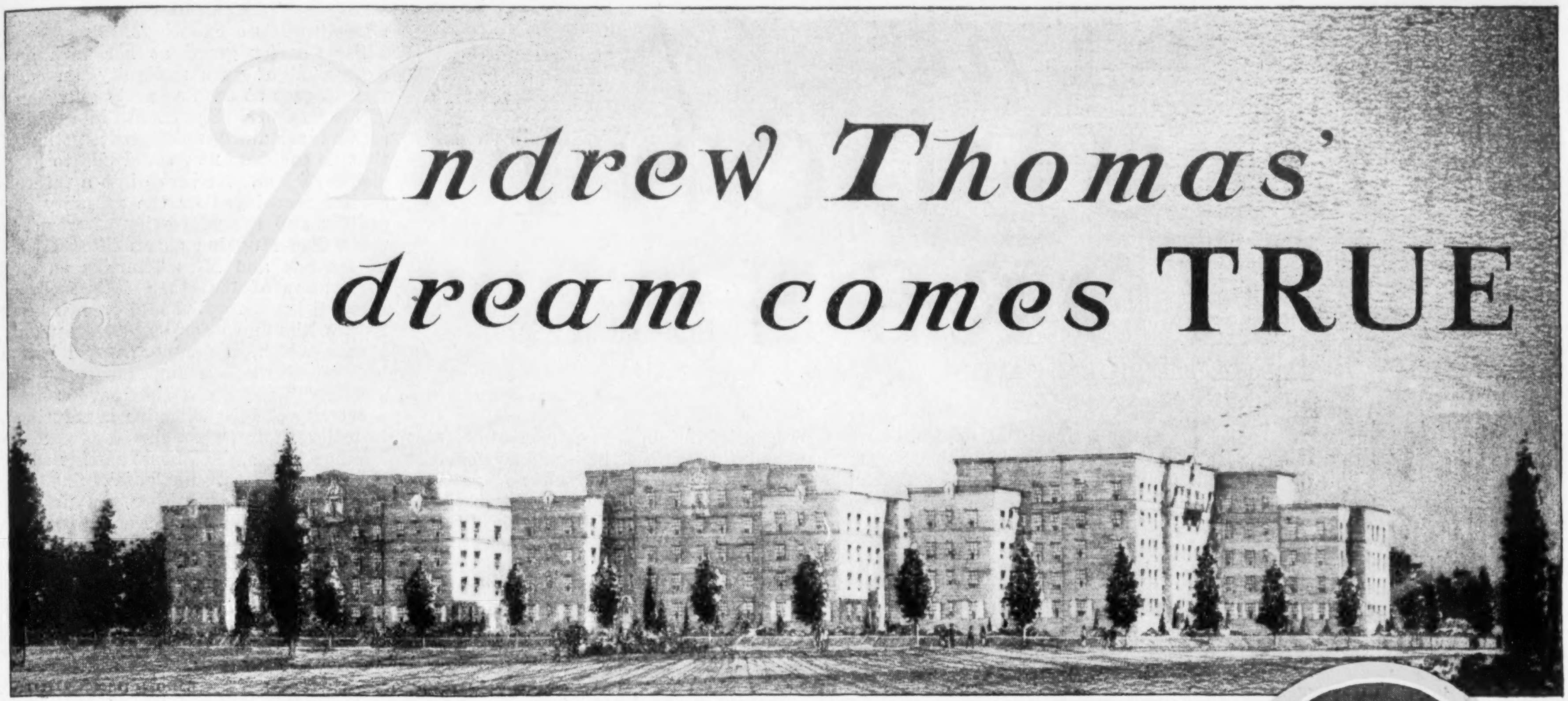
"Oh, their name is legion, these goat getters. They have their own way of pushing their gifts through a sea of faces. If they'd only sit back, way back where the actor cannot see them!"

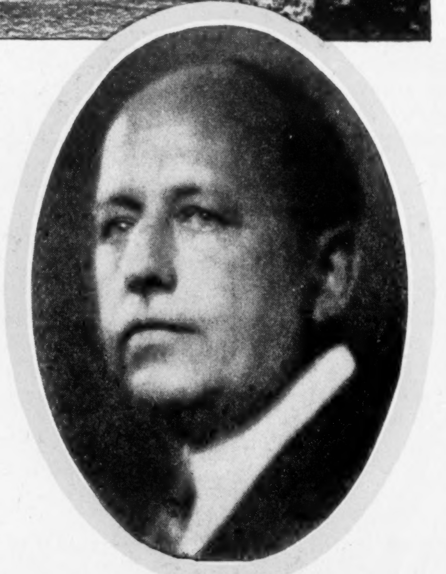
That's it, gentle reader, if you have a cross-current of facial expression, uncontrolled muscles, or a large, expressionless phiz, be considerate—give it a seat in M or N, or maybe O, where it won't hoodoo the performance. Pity the actor; he is sensitive; his nerves are delicately tuned by the muses.



"Yes, yes, go on"

Andrew Thomas' dream comes TRUE





The stuff the dream was made of—and the man who did the dreaming

By BRUCE BLIVEN

YEARS ago Mr. Thomas looked about him, did some figuring—and dreamed his dream. He saw that handsome, comfortable, healthful apartment houses, well within the reach of families of limited means, could be built so that they would yield a profit. But capital was needed and nobody would lend a hand. For ten years he pleaded and argued and fought for his idea; and now, at last—in Bayonne, N. J.,—his dream has come true. Of the result, a famous English architect—a man who has spent $100,000,000 on his own dreams—recently said: "It is the finest achievement in its field in the whole world!"

THEY were building some apartment houses in Bayonne, N. J., a few months ago, and it looked as if the work was going to halt. Bricklayers were scarce; and the men on the job, who were getting fourteen dollars a day, had been offered more elsewhere. Matters were critical when something unusual happened.

The architect who had planned these particular houses (his name is Andrew J. Thomas) got the bricklayers together and made them a speech. When he got through they agreed unanimously to stick on the job at the same wages no matter how much they were offered in other quarters. Not only that, but when they went back to work the productivity per man per day was so increased that the houses cost less than had been expected.

What did Architect Thomas say to those men, to accomplish so much?

I wasn't there; but I can pretty well reconstruct his speech. What he said was probably about like this:

"You men are working on apartment houses for the Bayonne Housing Corporation, which is a joint enterprise financed by several of the leading industrial organizations with plants here and by some of the leading citizens of Bayonne, headed by Mr. George E. Keenan. The houses when completed will be occupied exclusively by employees of these companies and their families.

"But this isn't just 'company housing,' which labor has come to look upon with well-justified suspicion. Not one of these companies will have any control over its men because it owns stock in the corporation which holds title to their homes. This is a real and serious attempt to solve the housing question for a lot of workingmen, partly for social reasons and partly because the managers of these big companies know by experience that a man does better work if he has a decent place to live in.

"You can see with your own eyes that no workingman in the United States or anywhere else ever had a better home than these will be. You can see that for every square foot of building there are two square feet of garden, lawn or playground. You can see that the rooms are large, light and airy; that every apartment has a private bathroom. You can see that there are no dingy interior courts.

"The Bayonne Housing Corporation is going to rent these apartments to the employees of the companies coöperating, at a rate which will just meet the expense of operation plus a banking return on the money invested. Over in New York, we are able to rent a similar group built a few months ago for *nine dollars a month a room*. Even if the rents were fifty per cent higher, housing like this would be a boon and a blessing.

"I appeal to you men to stay on the job and finish these apartments. I believe the experiment we are trying here may be the forerunner of thousands of similar enterprises all over the country, whereby industry will see to it that workers and workers' families get decent homes. I appeal to you to stay at the wages agreed upon at the beginning—partly because every dollar of extra cost will increase that minimum rental which we shall be obliged to charge; partly because, the whole idea being new, I am anxious to prove to the men and organizations behind it that with reasonable costs it will work."

Perhaps Thomas didn't say quite all this. He is a fairly modest man, though like all geniuses he is a monomaniac on the merits of his great idea. But at any rate he said enough of it to convince his audience. The men stuck. The new houses are now finished and people are living in them. They were built within the estimated cost, and the highest rate anyone will pay, for the desirable lower-floor apartments, will be ten dollars and twenty-five cents a room a month. The top floors will be only nine dollars a room a month. Yet at these amazingly low rates the Bayonne Housing Corporation will earn six per cent on its money.

If Thomas' speech had been made a few days later it might have been supplemented by some striking testimony from an expert source. Mr. G. Topham Forrest, supervising architect of the London County Council, lately visited America and looked at these Bayonne houses, and at the other group mentioned. Mr. Forrest has lately spent $100,000,000 on building homes for working people, and ought to know something about them. He declared with enthusiasm that these new apartments are the finest achievement in their field in the whole world. And as evidence that he is in earnest he has gone back to London to duplicate them.

Such approval as this must have fallen rather pleasantly on the ears of Andrew J. Thomas, the man who for more than ten years had been peddling his dream in the market place in vain.

What is the famous Thomas plan? The details are too technical for brief exposition; but the matter may be summed up as follows: Thomas insisted that at least one half the ground area —more when possible—should be left vacant, though the present New York law only requires that ten per cent of the land be unoccupied on corner lots and thirty per cent on others. He demanded that every room should be an "outside" room—abolishing all air-shafts and enclosed courts. Every room should have cross-ventilation. These houses must cost no more to build than would make them available as homes for average working-class families, even though built on city land with a huge value per square foot.

However, the Thomas type is not intended only for working people but for everybody. Like many other housing experts, he believes that "multi-family buildings" are the future standard type, for rich and poor, in cities and towns.

These were hard conditions to be set for himself by a comparatively young man just beginning his career as an architect in the nation's biggest city.

For years, as I have said, he studied and planned. Year by year he improved on his own designs, came closer to meeting completely the difficult conditions he had set himself. But when he sought an opportunity to express his dreams in steel and stone, he came up against enormous obstacles.

For the contractors and builders (on whom we shall have to depend for most of our apartment houses until we develop a good deal more initiative, patience and enthusiasm for coöperation than they have yet revealed) said "No." The bankers who lend the money on which apartment houses are built, also said "No."

There were two reasons for this. In the first place, contractors, builders and bankers are not architects, and were unable to understand the technical superiority of the Thomas design. Even to-day most of them don't understand it. And in the second place, it is part of the

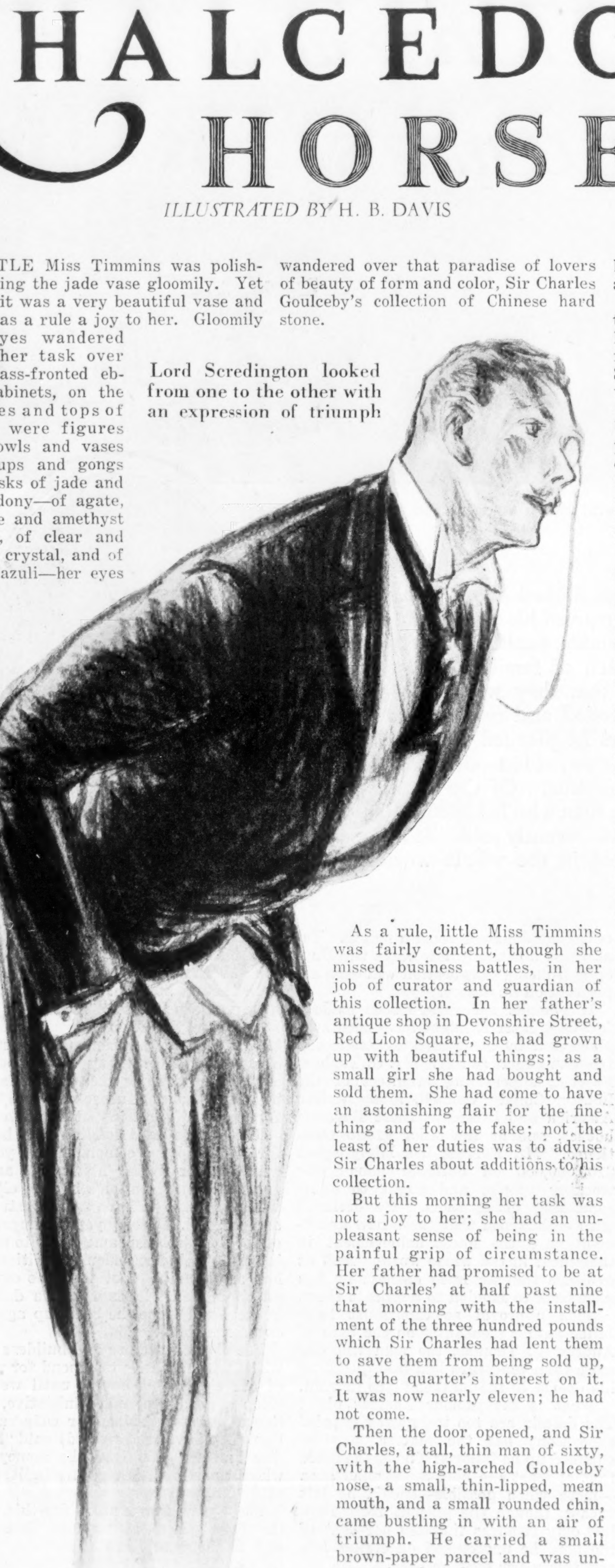
(*Continued on page 36*)

The CHALCEDONY HORSE

By
EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. B. DAVIS

LITTLE Miss Timmins was polishing the jade vase gloomily. Yet it was a very beautiful vase and as a rule a joy to her. Gloomily her eyes wandered from her task over the glass-fronted ebony cabinets, on the shelves and tops of which were figures and bowls and vases and cups and gongs and disks of jade and chalcedony—of agate, of rose and amethyst quartz, of clear and smoky crystal, and of lapis lazuli—her eyes wandered over that paradise of lovers of beauty of form and color, Sir Charles Goulceby's collection of Chinese hard stone.



Lord Scredington looked from one to the other with an expression of triumph

As a rule, little Miss Timmins was fairly content, though she missed business battles, in her job of curator and guardian of this collection. In her father's antique shop in Devonshire Street, Red Lion Square, she had grown up with beautiful things; as a small girl she had bought and sold them. She had come to have an astonishing flair for the fine thing and for the fake; not the least of her duties was to advise Sir Charles about additions to his collection.

But this morning her task was not a joy to her; she had an unpleasant sense of being in the painful grip of circumstance. Her father had promised to be at Sir Charles' at half past nine that morning with the installment of the three hundred pounds which Sir Charles had lent them to save them from being sold up, and the quarter's interest on it. It was now nearly eleven; he had not come.

Then the door opened, and Sir Charles, a tall, thin man of sixty, with the high-arched Goulceby nose, a small, thin-lipped, mean mouth, and a small rounded chin, came bustling in with an air of triumph. He carried a small brown-paper parcel and was unwrapping it as he came.

"A find, Miss Timmins! A real find! A mirror black vase! Small, but of very fine quality!" he cried in jubilant and excited accents; and his voice was high and squeaky.

Miss Timmins showed no gratification at the news. She cherished no longer any gratitude to Sir Charles for helping them out of their plight. She had found him out. His noble action was paying him very well indeed; he would get the three hundred pounds back in eighteen months and ninety pounds in addition. Also during that eighteen months he would get her services—she had already, at the end of six months, saved him nearly seven hundred pounds—for less than two pound ten a week.

She said in unbelieving accents: "A mirror black vase, Sir Charles?"

"Yes. And I got it for eighteen pounds! At Huggins'—in Oxford Street. I should have got it for eighteen shillings, if he hadn't seen I was so keen on it. Thank goodness, he didn't know what it was."

"You got it off Huggins? A mirror black vase for eighteen pounds?" said Miss Timmins in yet more incredulous accents. "But what Red Huggins doesn't know about china isn't worth knowing. Are you sure it's all right?"

"Of course I'm sure it's all right!" snapped Sir Charles scornfully. "Do you think I could make a mistake about mirror black? Besides, he'd got it stuck on a shelf at the back of the shop among a lot of Staffordshire rubbish."

"That's where Huggins would stick it," said Miss Timmins with a darkling air. "Directly he saw you coming," she added unkindly.

"Look at it! Look at it!" cried Sir Charles in shrill exasperation. And he thrust it at her.

SHE examined it carefully. Sir Charles watched her face for the look of admiration. It did not come. She flicked the vase with her finger nail to get the ring; then she frowned at it.

"It is a dud, Sir Charles," she said coldly; there was the faintest note of satisfaction in her voice!

"Nonsense!" he snapped. "Nonsense!"

"You ought to have telephoned to me to come and look at it before you bought it. That's one of the things you pay me for, isn't it?" she said severely.

"I tell you it's genuine! I'm certain of it!" he clamored shrilly.

"It isn't Chinese at all," said Miss Timmins with a kind of inexorable decision. "It isn't even a Japanese fake. It's French. And it's a good fake too —first class. I'd bet anything that it comes from that factory where they fake the Blue Worcester so well. I was taken in by a piece of that myself —once."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Sir Charles again but in less assured accents. "You're wrong. I'll take it to South Kensington and see what they say about it."

"Do," said Miss Timmins in a tone of the coldest indifference. "Not that it makes any difference what they say about it. It's a French fake."

Sir Charles gazed at her with an expression of pure malignity, an odd way to gaze at such a pretty guardian of his treasure. She caught him doing so and remained unaffected; nothing that he could do now could add to her dislike of him. He broke into a rather excited monologue on the rascality of dealers and the perversity of women, using Red Huggins as an illustration of the one and Miss Timmins as an illustration of the other. His feeling about the rascality of Red Huggins in letting him have for eighteen pounds a vase which, if genuine, would have been worth three or four hundred was stronger than his feeling about the perversity of Miss Timmins in refusing to believe it to be genuine.

When he stopped Miss Timmins said in a tone of rather unpleasant finality, "Well, I'm always telling you not to buy china without my seeing it, Sir Charles. It's the trickiest thing there is."

Sir Charles replied; but since he replied well under his breath, Miss Timmins really had the last word.

THE door opened; the butler ushered in Lord Scredington, a cheerful and wicked young nobleman, whom Miss Timmins believed to be her *bête noire*—because of his lack of respect for her.

"How are you, Uncle?" he said with a cheeriness which was certainly not called forth by Sir Charles' scowl of greeting. "I came in to consult your valuable curator about a piece, or I should say a lump, of chalcedony I have just bought. How are you, Miss Timmins?"

"I'm very well, thank you," said Miss Timmins with a certain stiffness.

Had not Sir Charles been present, he would probably have addressed her as "Baby darling" or "Beulah darling." She thought it cheek—great cheek.

"You're always wasting Miss Timmins' time," said Sir Charles sourly.

"Never!" exclaimed his nephew indignantly. "I'm of the greatest help to her. I cheer her in her toil. But it's a good thing in some ways you're here, Uncle—you'll like to see this piece yourself. You haven't got anything to touch it; and you never will have—not if you go on collecting for another hundred years."

As he spoke he set the attaché case he was carrying on the table at which Miss Timmins sat, opened it and lifted out of it a chalcedony horse.

It was over a foot long and five inches high, reclining in a posture in which a horse never yet reclined, with its legs tucked under it and its head turned and resting on its back, admirably carved to the last hair in its mane and tail out of a wonderful piece of the translucent stone.

Sir Charles made three quick steps to the table and stared down at the horse and gasped; Miss Timmins' eyes opened wide, and she bent a little to study it; Lord Scredington looked from one to the other with an expression of triumph.

"What do you think of it?" he said.

"It's very nice," said Miss Timmins.

"Nice? Nice? What a way to speak of a magnificent piece like this!" said Sir Charles scornfully.

"Well, that's what it is," she said stubbornly.

Lord Scredington nodded. "I know what you mean," he said. "You mean it's a charming and delightful piece but not what you call filling."

Miss Timmins nodded.

"Filling!" cried Sir Charles and snorted a terrific contempt. "Look at the work in it! Look at that mane and tail and those eyelashes! Wonderful! What did you give for it?"

"Twenty-five pounds."

"Twenty-five pounds!" Sir Charles almost howled.

"Well, what was I to do?" said Lord Scredington. "The dealer said it was compo. Apparently he'd never seen chalcedony. And he was so angry when I told him that it was not compo that I had to buy at his price to soothe him."

Miss Timmins grinned at him and said, "You'll never get another bargain like it."

Sir Charles' face had suddenly become suffused with a look of geniality. "It *is* a bargain," he said. "It's a pity it's not in your line, Roger—that you only collect good *small* pieces, snuff bottles, and buckle tongues and so forth. You could get a good many small pieces for the price of this."

"It depends on how much I get for this," said Lord Scredington cautiously.

Sir Charles not only disliked his nephew; he despised him as a foolish throwback to the vikings who had founded the Goulceby family in the ninth century.

He said in generous accents, "I'll give you two hundred for it—a hundred and seventy-five pounds on your bargain."

"But two thousand wouldn't be a hundred and seventy-five on my bargain; it would be more," said Lord Scredington, frowning as if engaged in arithmetic.

"Two thousand! Who said anything about two thousand?" snapped Sir Charles.

"I did," said Lord Scredington with an amiable smile. "One always talks in thousands about a piece like this."

"Don't be absurd!" cried Sir Charles.

"I'm never absurd," said Lord Scredington firmly. "But I'll leave it to Miss Timmins. Isn't two thousand a wretched price for a piece like this?"

MISS TIMMINS hesitated; then she shook her head. After all she was in the employ of Sir Charles. She said: "You've got to find a customer."

"I've found a customer," said Lord Scredington confidently, nodding toward his uncle.

Sir Charles' eyes had scarcely moved from the horse. At the moment his name appeared to be Greed. He said: "What *do* you want for it?"

"I want to take it to America—with Miss Timmins, as an expert saleswoman, to sell it for me. We shall have a ripping time and clear about four thousand," said Lord Scredington with enthusiasm.

"Don't be an idiot!" growled Sir Charles.

"Always this care for my intellectual welfare," said his nephew gratefully.

"I'll give you a thousand for it," said Sir Charles and groaned.

Lord Scredington scoffed at the offer. He went on to scoff at other offers till he brought his almost weeping uncle up to two thousand.

Then he said, "Two thousand, cash, was what I had made up my mind to take for it." A faint, wan brightness shone for a moment on Sir Charles' perspiring face, but it passed as his nephew added, "But not now and not from you, Uncle. This horse is going to bring us closer together; it's always going to be a kind of bond of union. You'll always be coming round to my flat to feast your eyes on it. We shall become comrades."

"Don't be a damned ass!" cried Sir Charles in exasperated accents. "I'll give you a check now."

"No—no. This horse has got to do this uplift job. I will never part with it till it has," said Lord Scredington firmly.

Sir Charles looked at him earnestly and perceived that he was not going to get the horse; damned his young kinsman under his breath; flung pettishly out of the room; slammed the door behind him.

The room was still trembling to the shock when Lord Scredington, as was his wicked way, grabbed at Miss Timmins. He grabbed the empty air; Miss Timmins was standing about four feet from the chair in which she had been sitting.

"If you don't stay where you are, I'll scream," she said in a tone which left no doubt of her sincerity.

"Elusive Beulah," he murmured mournfully.

THERE was a pause. They looked at one another as antagonists. Then she said, "Why don't you let Sir Charles have the horse?"

"Because he wants it," said Lord Scredington promptly and simply.

"You shouldn't be obstinate like that," she said severely. "It isn't as if the horse was really *it*. Then, of course, you couldn't—perhaps." She paused. "But it isn't really filling—not like—not like" (she grinned at him) "that lapis lazuli buckle tongue you bought from Mrs. MacArthur."

It was a challenge; he had thought to trick her in the matter of that buckle tongue; she had worsted him. He leaped; Miss Timmins dodged—unsuccessfully. Then she did scream—rather late.

Lord Scredington loosed her and leaped back. She wiped her lips with her handkerchief with every appearance of one suffering from nausea. As she did so she looked at him. It was odd, but every time he behaved in that outrageous and disrespectful manner she found him better looking than ever. His eyes were certainly nearly as blue as hers and they were of an astonishing brightness.

"No gentleman would behave like that," she said with biting scorn.

"Don't you risk it," he said and smiled.

She told herself, as she had had to tell herself before, that his smile was perfectly charming.

"You know I hate it," she said.

"Of course you do, Beulah darling. But *you* know *I* can't help it," he said and smiled again.

In spite of herself and especially in spite of her better nature, she was disarmed.

"You'd much better let Sir Charles have the horse," she said.

"I had. But he shan't," he said.

He put it back in the attaché case and went, leaving her with brighter eyes and much more color in her cheeks than when he came. She pondered his dreadful manners, frowning, for some time. But now and again she smiled.

Then the butler ushered in her father. Mr. Timmins' dim blue eyes looked upon the world through old-fashioned horn spectacles; his lank gray hair hung halfway down his Gladstonian collar; his black tie was narrow; his frock coat was dingy; his boots were roomy.

Miss Timmins arose and went to him hastily, saying, "Good morning, Daddy;" kissed him; untied and began to tie straight his tie; asked anxiously, "Have you brought Sir Charles his money?"

Sadly he said that he had not, that it was fourteen pounds short, that he had not been able to get from Huggins the thirty pounds owing for a Worcester tea service. She was distressed, declaring that Sir Charles, who always craved for the punctual payment of his money, would be furious; that her father had better get out of the house before he saw him. Mr. Timmins protested loudly and firmly that he was the proper person to bear the brunt of Sir Charles' anger, not she. She would not hear of it; she bustled him down the stairs and out of the house, telling him to go to Red Huggins and tell him that if he didn't send round the thirty pounds to her in the course of the day she would come round herself and talk to him about the dud vase he had sold to Sir Charles.

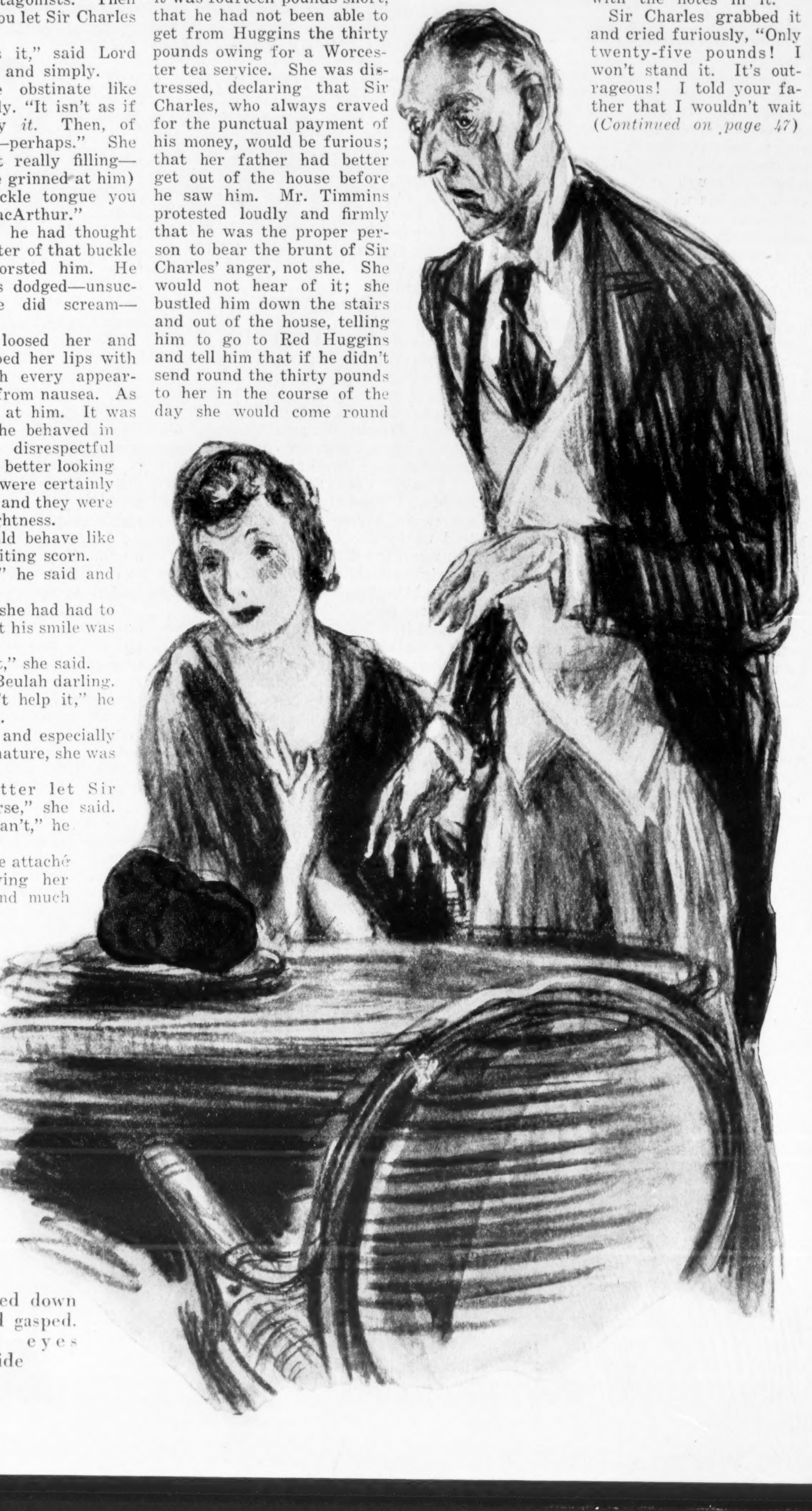
She had just got back to her work when Sir Charles, still flushed, flung into the room again. To have acquired a fake and failed to acquire the chalcedony horse in the same hour had let loose the worst in him; and there was plenty to let loose.

"So that young ruffian has gone, has he?" he growled. "Has your father brought the quarter's installment and interest? It's four days overdue already."

"He's brought twenty-five pounds of it. He couldn't get some money that Huggins owes him," said Miss Timmins, holding out to him the envelope with the notes in it.

Sir Charles grabbed it and cried furiously, "Only twenty-five pounds! I won't stand it. It's outrageous! I told your father that I wouldn't wait

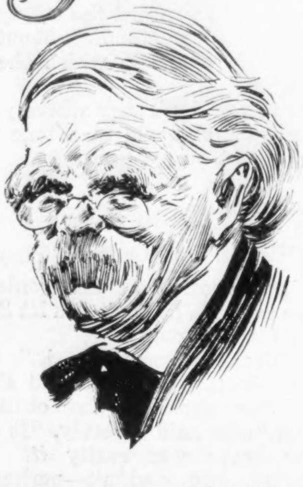
(*Continued on page 47*)



Sir Charles stared down at the horse and gasped. Miss Timmins' eyes opened wide

Mudguards for the HOME

Uncle Henry says: "We have a lot of privileges that look like rights if you close one eye and stand far enough back, but absolute rights went out with cave dwellin' an' raw meat"



"IF IT keeps on," gloomily muttered Mr. Stubbs, "we'll have to sneak up in the attic when we take a chew of gum, an' hide in the cyclone cellar if we want a cigarette."

"If what keeps on?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Oh, all these attacks on personal liberty—this continual, never-endin' interference with the lives, rights an' habits of the individual citizen. Virtue is gettin' so darned rampant that every policeman's got housemaid's knee from peepin' through keyholes, an' a man can't kiss his wife without a marriage license in one hand an' a doctor's prescription in the other.

"I used to love the movies, but since all these censorship laws came in I might as well stay home an' read seed catalogues. Nowadays all interesting parts are left to the imagination, an' half the time I've got to turn to some young girl near me to find out what the picture is hintin' at. Even in the desert island films, nakedness has been cut down a full fifty per cent, an' jes' when it looks as though the villain was goin' to justify his reputation he remembers his mother or somebody butts in.

"Now they're after literature an' the drama. All over the country they're agitatin' Clean Book bills, an' in New York they've actually got a citizens' jury to pass on the purity of shows. It's all right for rich people, but what's a poor man to do? Class legislation, that's what it is! I had to pay $15 for the last book the vice societies suppressed, an' they tell me speculators have run up the price of tickets until only millionaires can afford to see a New York hit.

"An' all this in what's supposed to be a free country! Why, every time I meet a policeman I've got to remember almost as many things as though I was about to hit a golf ball. There's cloves for my breath, a letter from my pastor, the library card showin' that I've jes' drawn an Elsie book, an' an affidavit from David Belasco that I've never set foot in any of his theatres. Where are our rights, that's what I'd like to know? What's become of our inalienable rights?"

"You haven't any," said Uncle Henry. "That's somethin' you an' the other radicals don't seem to be able to get through your heads. You have a lot of privileges, to be sure, that look like rights if you close one eye an' stand far enough back, but in a civilized society, 'Lonzo, there are no such things as absolute rights. They went out with stone hatchets, cave dwellin' an' raw meat."

"You're crazy," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs. "What about the right of free speech an' a free press that's guaranteed us by the Constitution? An' do you mean to sit there an' say I haven't got rights in this store? Or in the home I bought an' paid for? Or to my hat an' these here clothes I got on?"

"You have not," Uncle Henry replied. "Try walkin' down Main Street in a snappy sack suit made out of fishnet, an' see jes' how much right you've got in your clothes. Or put on a green velvet hat six feet high, ornamented with pinwheels an' signs of the zodiac, an' watch some cop run you in for disturbin' the peace or blockin' traffic. Your clothes are *your* clothes only so long as you conform to society's ideas of what clothes ought to be.

"No question about your home bein' your castle—that is, of course, unless you build it in defiance of fire laws or until the community wants to run a street through it. Or jes' try comin' out of your bathtub an' standin' in front of the window without pullin' down the blind.

"I'm also willin' to admit that this has every appearance of bein' your store, barrin' the first and second mortgage an' a few mechanics' liens, but jes' put in some canned goods that violate the Pure Food Act, sell some hooch with a Vanilla Extract Label on it, let your plumbin' get defective or place a French postal card in the front window, an' see jes' how long your rights operate.

"As for free speech, you make me laugh. Only last month you were goin' to sue Miz' Smith because she said you ought to give away gas masks with your eggs. Even in the case of bachelors there's no such thing as free speech, an' never has been. It's free jes' so long as it takes darned good care not to run counter to a thousand an' one laws against libel, slander, sedition, obscenity an' incitement to riot, an' if the speaker doesn't violate traffic an' public nuisance ordinances.

"An' what a blessin' it is! Think of what a world it would be if mouths were above the law—if people had the right to say anything an' everything without bein' held responsible in any degree! Before a week had passed you'd see a Standin' Room Only sign outside the Mammoth Cave. No, 'Lonzo, the only free speech in the United States is in the Senate, an', considerin' their salaries, it isn't so darned free at that. City councils an' state legislatures are strictly within the limits of their power when they pass censorship laws, an' all this howl about invaded rights is plain hogwash. It's no good talkin' about the Declaration of Independence an' the right to life, liberty an' the pursuit of nastiness. If you want to beat censorship, prove that it's *bad*, not only for the people themselves but also for literature. An' if you ask me I'll say that it's easy to prove.

"Look how books have improved since the dawn of the New Freedom. I was readin' Oliver Twist over again the other night, an' it made me ashamed to remember how I once thought Dickens a great writer. The idea of buildin' the story around Oliver instead of Nancy! An' not callin' it a Romance of the Underworld or Gutter Passions! There he had a Street Woman an' her Man right in his hand, an' he goes along mixin' 'em up with Rose Maylie an' Mr. Brownlow until there's nothin' in the book a child can't read.

"An' they talk about his command of language! Good Lord! Why, from the first page to the last, neither Bill nor Nancy uses a single word that even a teamster would feel like addin' to his vocabulary. Any good modern writer could take a couple of characters like that an' get dialogue that a mule driver couldn't read without the aid of chloride of lime.

"Hugo was another of the so-called masters who shrank from portrayin' Life in the Raw. Fantine's experience as a street walker isn't given in detail, and she's so mixed up with nuns an' bishops an' other respectable people that you don't get any good out of her at all. Give Eugene O'Neill a woman like that, an' watch how *he* would make her stand out. An' all through Les Miserables there isn't any language that you could rightly call language.

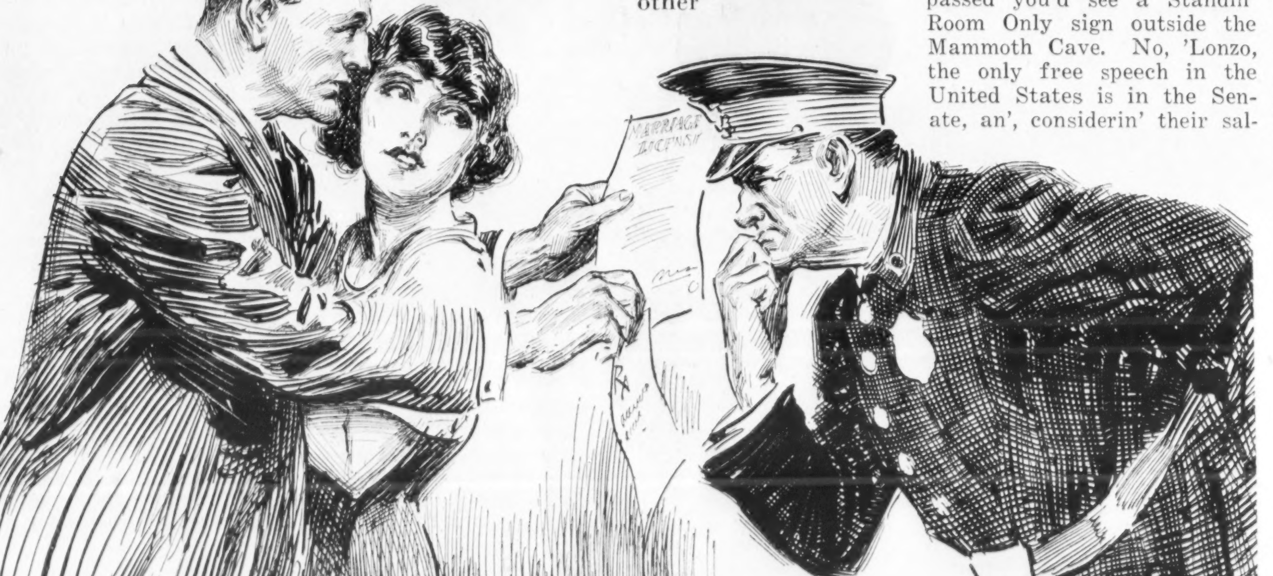
"Shakespeare's not much better when you come down to it. Even after you've read Hamlet for the sixth time you're still in doubt as to the exact relations between him an' Ophelia. An' look at him callin' that play As You Like It instead of Desire Under the Oaks an' developin' the sex note! An' even the youngest writer to-day would have seen the importance of havin' Juliet workin' on baby clothes, hidin' 'em every time anybody came in the room.

"No question about literature bein' broader to-day than ever before. Anything can get through.

"There's still another reason why censorship laws are bad. Vice isn't a fixed quantity by any means, an' there are as many different ideas about it as there are races, creeds, communities an' individuals. Ibsen an' Shaw were both banned twenty years ago, an' if personal prejudices were given the authority of law, there isn't a masterpiece, written or unwritten, that would not be threatened. Anyway, the remedy does not lie in law but in the *home*. If parents—"

"That's right," said Mr. Stubbs. "The home ought to supply its own safeguards."

"Not safeguards, 'Lonzo," corrected Uncle Henry. "Mudguards."



"A man can't kiss his wife without a marriage license in one hand an' a prescription in the other"

Make your Sport fit your AGE

By
WALTER CAMP

A FEW weeks before death tapped Walter Camp on the shoulder he brought to this office three articles on physical fitness, the subject that was dearest to him. This is one, and the remaining two will be published in early issues. If he had known they were to be his last work for Collier's, for which he had written so much, we think he would not have changed a line, for they contain completely the principles and the vigorous philosophy he advocated always. Walter Camp was the apostle of the full life, and he practiced what he preached. At sixty-six he had the body of a trained athlete and the enthusiasm of a boy. Death came at the end of a busy day when he had done joyfully every task that had come to his hand.

I ONCE went to a Southern golf course for a winter rest of a month. A day or two after my arrival I was urged by a friend, who had lost his partner, to go into a two-ball foursome tournament. We played through to the finals.

The next week I qualified for the President's Cup and went through to the finals there. The week after I qualified for the March Cup and went through to the finals there. I had the satisfaction of seeing my handicap reduced five strokes, and of just failing to make the gross qualifying score in the third tournament; but by the time I had finished the four weeks of competitive play I needed a vacation much more than when I arrived. It was the only time I have ever made that mistake.

I was physically fit. But fitness varies with different ages. It is not the same in a man of fifty or sixty and a youth of twenty. That is obvious; but there are still many men of sixty who try to do the strenuous work of the twenty-year-old on the tennis courts, the golf course or elsewhere; and many of those men pay the penalty.

There are individual idiosyncrasies, of course, and there are often marked exceptions. There are youths of twenty who should not indulge in too strenuous physical exertion, and there are men of sixty who may play games quite out of their class, so far as years are concerned. But, after all, the main principles prevail; the average man should conform to them.

Hundreds of promising young athletes have been "burned out" in their early careers at preparatory schools. In the past decade that condition has been considerably improved but by no means entirely corrected. A boy who is able to star in two or three track events, as well as in one or two other sports, is very apt to become too ambitious and, instead of building up, dissipate his great assets of the future for the more immediate and pressing school advantages. I have known many cases of boys who should have been remarkable in college, but who failed because of injuries or weaknesses developed by too great strain in schoolboy athletics.

We take the decade between the ages of ten and twenty as the free-play period. Generally it comprises the time of school play; at least the first half of the decade does; the second half is the college age for some and the beginning of the working age for others. We shall make some distinction between these two.

How can we determine what the schoolboy should be able to do? In general, the average is shown in certain well-known sports. I do not speak of the specially trained boy. The ten-year-old boy should be able to run the 100-yard dash in somewhere between 15½ and 17 seconds; at eleven years he should be able to run it in 15½ seconds (a few exceptional boys at times getting under 15 seconds). At twelve he should come nearer to 15 seconds, with possibly some star getting just under this. At thirteen a few more boys can get under 15 seconds. At fourteen practically the majority of them should be between the 14 and 15-second time, and at fifteen the majority should be able to run it close to 14 seconds and a few just under that.

The running hop, step and jump the ten-year-old boy should do somewhere between 17 and 18 feet. The eleven-year-old boys should do something over 18 and possibly a few of them 20. The twelve-year-old boy should clear somewhere over 19 feet. The thirteen-year-old boys should almost as a class do over 20 feet and some up to 21. At fourteen the distance should be between 21 and 22, and at fifteen some boys should get up to 23 and even 24 feet.

In the high jump, the ten-year-old boy is something under 3 feet. The eleven-year-old boy gets up to 3 feet. The twelve-year-old boy goes just a shade above 3 feet. The thirteen-year-old boy is just a shade better than that, but the fourteen-year-old boy gets up to 3½ feet and the fifteen-year-old boy can generally do 3½ consistently and get up to an inch or two above that.

In the second half of this decade from ten to twenty a boy takes on more serious work, either in college or in business. In the case of those who go to college there is as much time to play as there is at school. For those who go into business the time is cut down quite materially. To the man in the advanced grades of the preparatory school or in college, physical fitness means ability to try for the various sports. If he makes good he comes under the direction of expert trainers, who should (although it is not always certain that they do) put him in good physical trim.

The tendency, just as it always has been, is to overtrain, but this is being very largely remedied nowadays by greater wisdom on the part of the trainers. Hence our measure of physical fitness in this age may be devoted more largely to the case of the boy who has gone to work in a mill or an office or in some pursuit for financial gain. Here physical fitness is a prime necessity if he is to advance or even keep his job, although of course there are many exceptions who manage to drag through without it. The boy who is working needs vigorous physical exercise on his Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, and if he gets this he can, by a reasonable use of exercises (like the Daily Dozen and walking) plus the play he gets in the summer, keep himself fit. By fitness I mean the condition which, while it may not be tested out by ability in athletics, enables the boy to awaken in the morning refreshed, with the fatigue and weariness of the previous day entirely gone, so that he feels ready to use his utmost endeavors physically and mentally in his tasks.

I have given a sort of sports gauge of the boy from ten to fifteen because there he is treated more in the mass. From fifteen to twenty he can also be measured by his sports, but not so much by his records. He is not physically fit if he seems sluggish or tired. Too many boys in the past have been "burned out," as it were, by their sports. The modern school has in a measure corrected this, but not entirely, especially in the case of the "star," who just because he is so good is asked to do too much. His future college athletic career may be quite ruined, even if his health is not, by overtaxing him in that period. Just as soon as a boy at this age begins to lose his full enthusiasm he is on the danger line and should be rested. Whenever on the day following a hard test, either time trial or team contest, a boy shows distinct signs of lethargy he is going beyond the limit and is being asked to do too much. If at any time he loses his appetite or does not sleep well he is being worked too hard. On the other side, many boys do not have enough physical exercise. They lack the incentive of the team or ambition or are too diffident to try hard. Such boys need the stimulus of competition. Exchange the "movie" and the indoors for outdoor contests and they soon improve.

A transition period is always a difficult one, and there is a distinct transition period when a boy comes out of his advanced school or college days and begins to make his way in the world. Too many make it with a sudden jump, giving up all exercise and "buckling down to work" as they call it. A year or two passes with safety, but then signs begin to appear which are Nature's warnings—headaches, lethargy, lack of ambition—and if these warnings are not heeded real illness is apt to supervene.

From twenty to thirty we meet a point where participation in violent games like football may not be precluded by age, but is as soon as a man leaves college (*Continued on page 43*)

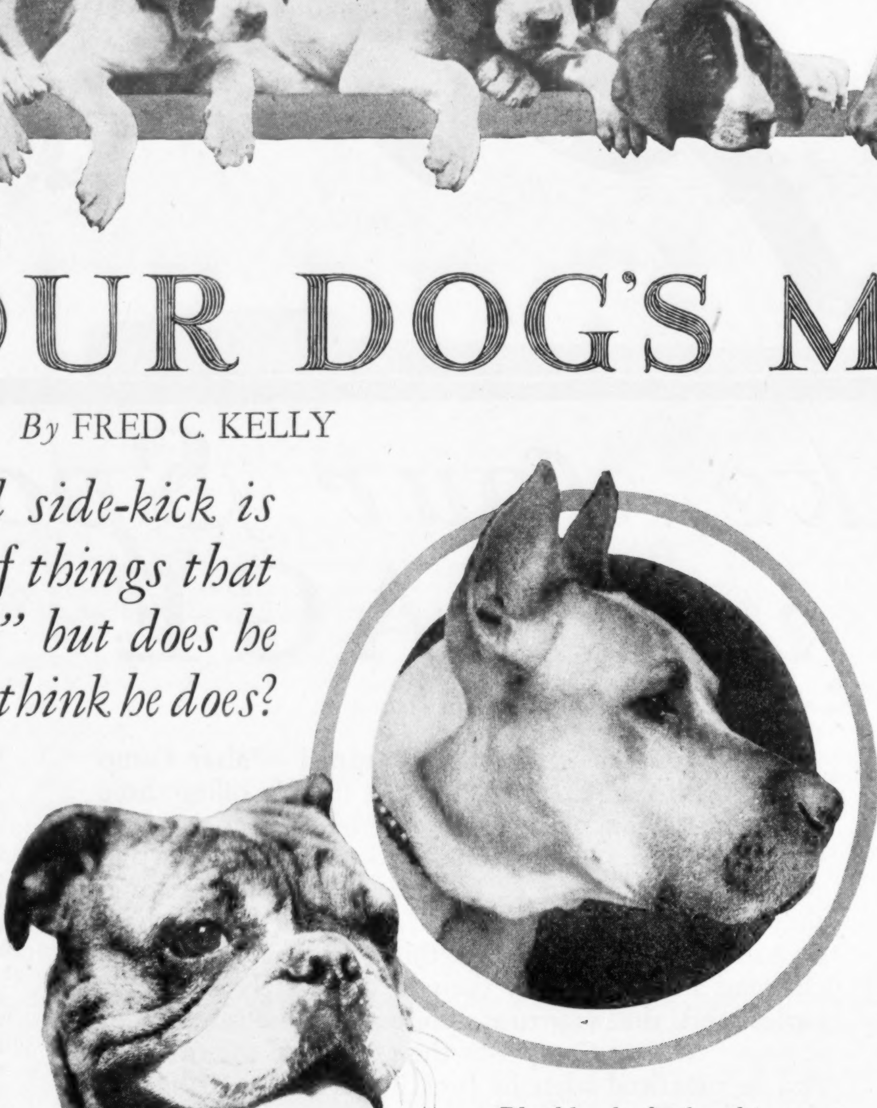
YOUR DOG'S MIND

By FRED C. KELLY

Doubtless your loyal side-kick is clever; he does a lot of things that are "almost human;" but does he know as much as you think he does?

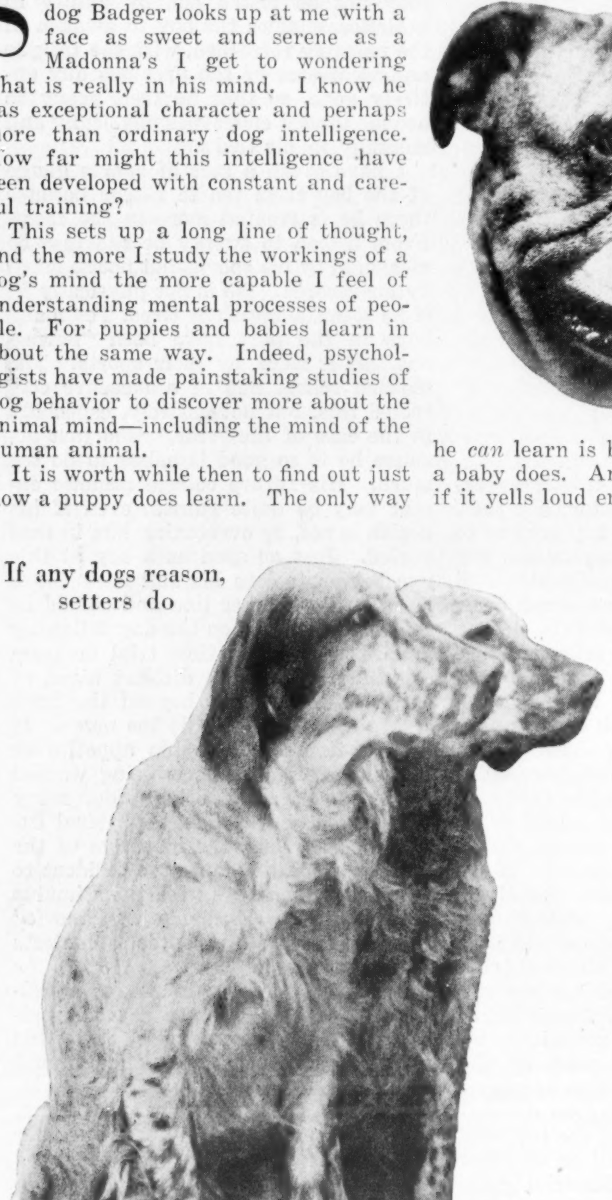
SOMETIMES when my faithful old dog Badger looks up at me with a face as sweet and serene as a Madonna's I get to wondering what is really in his mind. I know he has exceptional character and perhaps more than ordinary dog intelligence. How far might this intelligence have been developed with constant and careful training?

This sets up a long line of thought, and the more I study the workings of a dog's mind the more capable I feel of understanding mental processes of people. For puppies and babies learn in about the same way. Indeed, psychologists have made painstaking studies of dog behavior to discover more about the animal mind—including the mind of the human animal.



Bluebloods both—this great Dane and this bulldog; but can they reason?

It is worth while then to find out just how a puppy does learn. The only way he *can* learn is by association—just as a baby does. An infant discovers that if it yells loud enough and long enough somebody may pick it up or amuse it—and a puppy locked in the woodshed hits upon the same plan—only we are more intelligent toward a puppy than toward a baby and discourage the puppy from forming such objectionable habits. Since this article is to be about dogs rather than about babies, however, I must let the reader draw his own analogies.



If any dogs reason, setters do

One of the first lessons a dog must learn is to come when called, or whistled for. The average dog owner makes no special point of teaching this. He probably calls him first to feed him. After that the dog gradually associates the calling or whistling with possible food and is glad to come. It doesn't matter whether one yells at the dog, whistles, or rings a bell; once the dog associates the signal with food, he responds. After a time the habit is so fixed that he comes just as readily at his master's whistle when he *isn't* hungry and expects no food.

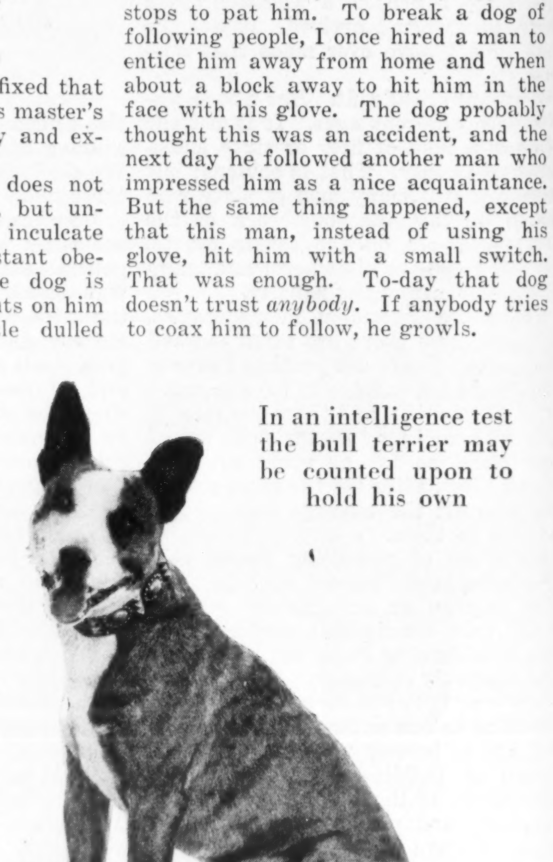
An occasional dog owner does not trust to haphazard training, but undertakes systematically to inculcate into his dog the idea of instant obedience. He waits until the dog is especially hungry and then puts on him a training collar with little dulled spikes on the inside. These spikes, while not sharp enough actually to harm the dog, do give him a little discomfort when the leash is taut. Mister Dog is allowed to roam at the end of perhaps one hundred feet of twine. The owner whistles, calls, rings a bell, or blows a horn, at the same time pulling sharply on the long leash. When the dog arrives he pets him and offers him food—something that he particularly likes; such as, say, a chunk of liver. Here we have the ideal conditions for building up an association—reward when he obeys, punishment (the feel of the spiked collar) when he fails to obey; even if he doesn't respond to the desire for food, to avoid feeling the little spikes on his neck when his master begins to pull on the leash, he goes.

Sometimes one more association is added, by having another man threaten the dog with a switch at the identical moment his master signals. Thus the dog finds four good reasons why he should run to his master. After a few trials, he obeys promptly without the food, leash, spiked collar, or other incentive. He has the habit.

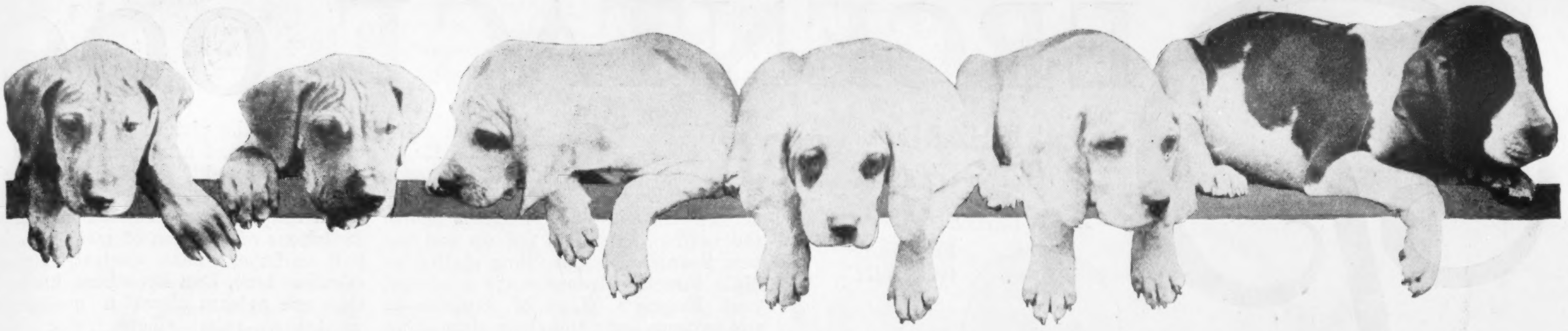
It's surprising how many persons haven't sense enough not to make a dog *afraid* to come to them. I saw a little boy call a puppy and when the puppy didn't understand the boy slapped him. That of course made the puppy less likely to mind than ever.

This forming of associations may be put to many practical uses in a dog's training. I had friends whose dog had a bad habit of growling and showing his teeth at their little boy. They were afraid to have him about and were going to shoot him. A neighbor suggested that they let the boy feed him for a few days and give him no chance to get food elsewhere. At the end of a week the dog naturally regarded the boy as his best friend and growled at him no more.

When about six months old a dog usually feels so friendly toward the world that he may follow anybody who stops to pat him. To break a dog of following people, I once hired a man to entice him away from home and when about a block away to hit him in the face with his glove. The dog probably thought this was an accident, and the next day he followed another man who impressed him as a nice acquaintance. But the same thing happened, except that this man, instead of using his glove, hit him with a small switch. That was enough. To-day that dog doesn't trust *anybody*. If anybody tries to coax him to follow, he growls.



In an intelligence test the bull terrier may be counted upon to hold his own



My dog learned how to guard an automobile in the same way. At first he just sat in the front seat and wagged his tail at everybody who came along. One night a man took a robe out of the car. He supposed the man knew what he was about and paid little heed to him. The next day another man came up to the car and tapped the dog across the back with a light cane. A similar episode occurred the next day. Nobody gets a chance to hit him now when he's sitting in the car. The minute anybody comes too close he barks and shows his front teeth.

Does a dog teach *himself* by association?

Of course he does. When he is out in the cold and barks at the front door and somebody lets him in, he goes to that door and barks the next time he desires to come in. But if he is admitted sometimes at the front door, and sometimes at the kitchen door, he finds it wise to try barking first at one place and then at the other. In other words, he uses his repertoire of efforts, not knowing which will avail.

Do dogs learn by imitation?

That is a much-debated question among experimenters. Many would answer yes, because when a young dog sees another dog go and chase a rabbit, sniff at a rabbit hole, or peer into a crack, it is likely to imitate an older dog. But this is instinctive imitation—that is, doing something that it would soon have done anyhow even if it hadn't seen it done. That is probably not what one means by imitation. The real question is whether a dog, after seeing his master or a trained dog perform a certain act, will catch the idea to try it himself. Tests by Dr. John B. Watson at Johns Hopkins University a few years ago all indicated that a dog totally lacks this kind of imitative faculty, and in this he was confirmed by the experiments of Professor E. L. Thorndike and others.

Dr. Watson put a dog on a leash about one foot too short to let him reach a bone he wanted. Previously he had trained him to carry a little rake with a wooden handle in his mouth. Dr. Watson took the rake in his hand and pulled the bone toward him. Then he gave the rake to the dog. He took it in his mouth and could then have reached the bone, but he did not try. Watson did it before him one hundred times, occasionally even taking the handle of the rake in his own mouth, to show the possibilities of the scheme, but, though the dog had been considered smart, he never offered to imitate his teacher.

Thorndike performed similar experiments. He would open a certain box before untrained dogs to show them how. But they never profited by seeing it done. One dog had been trained to jump on top of a box, then sit on his hind legs and beg for food. Thorndike had him do this 110 times in the presence of an untrained animal, but the latter never tried to imitate the act—just looked on in bored fashion as if he thought the capers altogether silly.

Do dogs reason?

Taking reasoning power to mean the ability to figure out a new problem, Dr. Watson denies that dogs have it. He mentions this bit of negative evidence: If you roll a ball along a floor toward the wall, at an angle, and hold a dog where he can observe that the ball will return within two or three feet of the starting point, he might decide to stay where he is and grab the ball when it comes back. But, instead, he chases the ball clear to the wall and back again in a futile effort to overtake it. Watson made this experiment hundreds of times on different dogs without ever finding one that could figure out the short, easy way.

Watson believes that the search for reasoning in animals will forever remain futile. Why? "Because," he points out, "the big gap between mankind and brutes is made by the lack of language habits in the lower animals. Just stop and think what would happen to us if none of us humans were able to talk or communicate with one another. How much reasoning power would we develop?"

On the other hand, one or two experimenters, including L. T. Hobhouse, in England, disagree with this conclusion, and believe they have seen ample evidence of dogs learning by imitation. Hobhouse made observations of dogs' ability to find their way about a new place. He says:

"I carried a fox terrier in a box to a room on the first floor of my house and asked her master to call her from outside. After being let out from the box and going to the window, she appeared for a short time to be puzzled, but soon started off and went steadily out of the door, downstairs, out of the house door and around the corner to her master. Her total time was twenty-seven seconds. Apparently she was guided by what in a human being we should call common sense. Familiar with other houses, staircases, rooms and doors, she knew how to get out of the room and out of the house."

Lloyd Morgan, a famous student of animal psychology, quotes a story about two dogs, the larger of which had a bone. So long as the smaller dog thought the other one was near, he let the bone alone. But when he heard the larger dog bark out of doors he evidently decided he was safe and at once took the bone.

Some years ago scientists were much interested in the astonishing feats of Don, "the talking setter," owned in Germany. He was supposed to have a speaking vocabulary of eight words which he could be induced to say when food was present and certain questions asked. But an investigation showed that to get the right responses the questions had to be always in the same order, and even the dog's barking sounds required some little imagination to be interpreted as words.

Hugh MacNair Kahler, the writer, has an Airedale terrier in Princeton, N. J., that is said to make use of taxicabs on his own initiative. He evidently discovered that when he jumped into a certain type of automobile with his master they soon reached home. He built up this association until it seemed natural to him to leap into such a car in moments of fatigue and nostalgia. An obliging taxicab driver did the rest.

Still more resourceful was a dog, Twinkle, belonging to a woman in Washington. Twinkle was sent to a hospital for a few days to be treated for a minor ailment. Some weeks later he was left alone in the yard all day. Toward evening he grew hungry and his family were later returning than they expected.

When they did return Twinkle had disappeared. His mistress learned that he had trotted up to the front door of the dog hospital, where one of the men recognized him and offered him refreshments. Twinkle presumably had said to himself:

"Well, there's nobody home to feed me, so I guess I'll go down to that other place where they took such good care of me."

All this seems to prove merely that, while dogs learn only by the associative method, they also have instinctive abilities that enable them to perform seeming feats of reasoning that we humans cannot well explain.

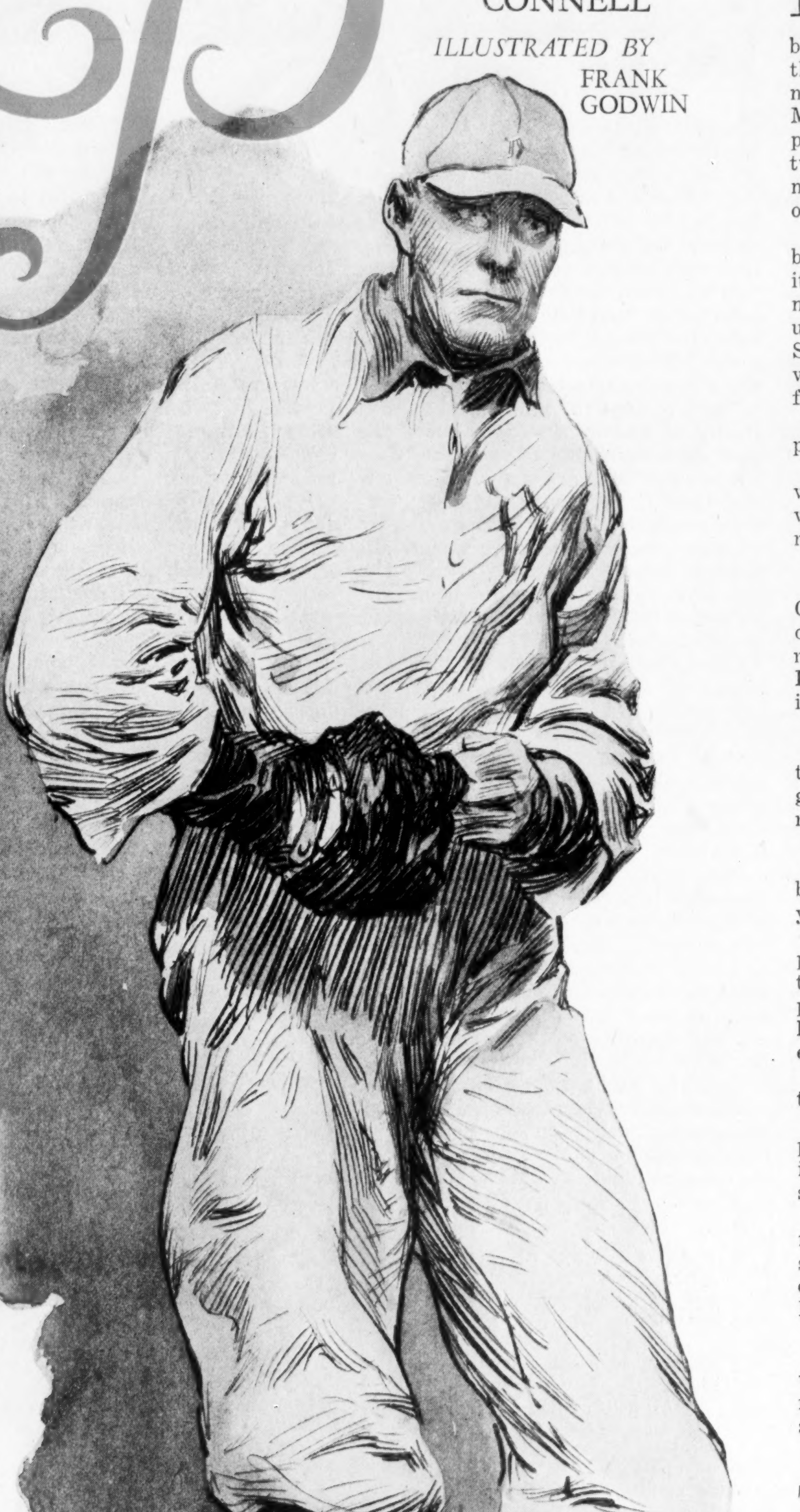
Speaking of intelligence
—let's not forget the
Irish terrier

How about the bloodhound
and the Scotch terrier?
Can they reason?

PERCENTAGE .000

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



Buggsy Nolan pulled his belt a notch tighter; there was resolution in the way he did it

EVERYBODY in Clinton City knows Buggsy Nolan. He is one of the sights of the town, ranking in interest somewhere between the white marble Greek temple the savings bank has put up and the new Spanish Mission filling station on Main Street. Strangers are conducted past Buggsy's place of business—a two-by-four news-and-cigar store down near the depot, and Buggsy is pointed out to them.

"That," says the guide, "is the celebrated Buggsy Nolan." And he says it with that contemptuous toleration a normal, thriving citizen feels for an unsuccessful but amiable lunatic. Sometimes the guide accompanies his words by significantly tapping his forehead.

"Cuckoo?" inquires the stranger politely.

"As a Swiss clock," replies the guide, with some little local pride. "That's why we call him Buggsy. His right name, I believe, is William."

"A native of the town?"

"No; he's something of a mystery. Came here eight-nine years ago. No one knows where he came from, or much about his history. But, say, if Buggsy Nolan is all right there's nothing the matter with anyone."

"Harmless?"

"Oh, yes; you'd hardly notice anything was wrong with him unless you got him started on his mania. He's a monomaniac, you see."

"What's his bug?"

"Step up there to his counter and buy a nickel Perfecto de Cabbageo and you'll see," says the guide.

The stranger, if he possesses the priceless gift of curiosity, steps up to the tiny counter, and accosts the short, plump man behind it, a rather shabby little man with friendly but crossed eyes.

"Got a good five-cent cigar?" asks the stranger.

Buggsy Nolan looks up from the paper wherein he is conning the sporting page with puckered brow, and says, with a touch of cheerful sadness:

"Here you are. Not bad for a nickel, these. But say I wish I had some of the good ole five-centers a man could get when I was with the Detroits—"

"Ah, you were a ball player, then?"

Buggsy Nolan squares his shoulders, which time and eating have made round and soft, and replies in a voice solemn, almost reverent:

"Yes—I was with the Detroits."

THEN the stranger, his eyes having grown accustomed to the dimness of den-like shop, notices its decorations. The place of honor, directly over the cash register, is occupied by an enormous chromo in an ornate gilt frame, an enlarged photograph, probably, in which art has been called to the aid of science, for the cheeks have been touched with pink paint, the hair has been made sandy, and the eyes are as blue as a dramatic critic at a successful play. Unmistakably those are the incisive, alert features of the classic Ty Cobb. Flanking the portrait of the illustrious Cobb on one side is a picture of a widely grinning young man, who, although he has never shot an elephant nor fallen from a horse, manages to get his picture copiously in the papers by hitting a baseball to spots where no one is and to which no one can get; in brief, Babe Ruth. On the other side of Cobb is the picture of a man with craggy chin and a mansard nose, that well-remembered Titan of the diamond, Hans Wagner.

All the walls are crowded with constellations of pictures of men in baseball uniform. That ancient, almost fabulous hero, Dan Brouthers, his batting eye agleam above a prodigious mustache, rubs elbows with the smooth-jawed modern Sisler. There hangs the handsome Mathewson, and there the diminutive Keeler. McGraw looks bellicosely from that corner, and the eagle-eyed Speaker peers out from the other. Everywhere except on the ceiling are pictures—galaxies of bright names—Hornsby, Kelly, Walter Johnson, Walsh, Collins (Eddie and Jimmy), Plank, Donlin, Lajoie, Anson, Burkett, Jennings, the imperturbable Home-Run Baker, Hal Chase, Delehanty, Gore, Bender, the lean and peppery Evers, Huggins, Tinker, Frisch, Chance, McGinnity of the Iron Arm, Clarke, Pipp, Peckinpaugh, Wambsganss, Roush, the mighty brothers Meusel, Ames, Wright (with whiskers), Wheat, Barry, the two Cys, Young and Seymour, Richardson, Hanlon, the memorable Rube Waddell who pitched and acted left-handed, Kid Gleason, Heilmann, Doyle—

In a glass case are a number of baseballs reclining regally on pads of purple plush, and each bearing on its pale brow marks indicating that it has seen service, and an inscription in Buggsy Nolan's child-like handwriting:

"Ball used in World Series 1912. Red Sox beat Giants."

"Ball hit for home run by Babe Ruth, off Dauss, 1921."

"Ball pitched by Rube Waddell when he fanned three men in one inning."

There must be a dozen or more of these historic spheres.

BEFORE the innocent stranger who has dropped in to buy a cigar can defend himself, Buggsy Nolan has fixed him with a glittering eye, has cornered him, buttonholed him and has begun to talk baseball. Instant and resolute flight is the only known means of escape. Time and space mean nothing to Buggsy Nolan when he begins to talk baseball. His face lights up, he seems younger, more animated; he grows eloquent. Worldly cares drop from him, and he is oblivious to everything but his grand passion. On, on, he goes, without pause, forever. His knowledge of the game is encyclopedic. Ask him (at your risk) who won the pennant in the Three I League in 1922, and he will answer, at once, without batting an eye:

"The Terre Hautes, with a percentage of .625. The Decaturs was second with .574. The Peorias was third. It wasn't a very clost race because—" And, if permitted, he will tell why, in detail.

Strangers, hearing him, write him down a liar, or, anyway, a romancer who, having wanted with all his heart and soul to play in the big leagues, has come to believe in time that he actually did so. Surely there is nothing in Buggsy Nolan's appearance to suggest a high-class baseball player. He is too small, and his cross eyes impart to his features a curious benign squint. At first Clinton City was highly skeptical, too. Buggsy Nolan an ex-big leaguer! A ridiculous idea! And yet it was true.

In a squat, old-fashioned safe, Buggsy kept a book, a thumbed, tattered, dirty book, and to one or two of the most dubious of the doubting Thomases he showed it. It was a baseball guide for the year 1910. In it were listed the games won and lost by the pitchers in the American League, beginning with the gifted artists who had won twenty or more and lost but two or three, and ending, ingloriously, with the least successful ones. At the very bottom of the list was this entry:

Pitcher	*Club*	*Games*	*Won*	*Lost*	*%*
Nolan, W.	Detroit	1	0	1	.000

IT CANNOT be said that the discovery that Buggsy Nolan actually had been with the Detroit team improved his status. Before the citizenry had been incredulous; now it was derisive. Percentage .000. A one-game man! A failure! An up-and-coming place like Clinton City has no use for failures.

Had Buggsy been simply a dreamer who had dreamed himself into the big league, Clinton City would have been mildly sympathetic. But here was his shameful story, spread on the records of the game for the world to read. He had had his chance, and he had bungled it. He had had his start up the hill of success and he had failed to make the grade.

He must know that when Clinton City is not jeering at him it is pitying him, and yet he doesn't seem to mind. He jogs along in his little store, taking in pennies for newspapers and nickels for cigars and frankfurters, and living in a room in the rear of his store, no bigger than a Shetland pony's stall, just big enough, in fact, to contain his cot, an oil stove and his collection of bats used by noted batters. Those bats, and the balls in the glass case, have cost Buggsy a lot of money, first and last, and he is no millionaire. Indeed, Clinton City sometimes wonders how he manages to exist. He lives on a very simple scale; but now and then madness seems to seize him and he gives way to quixotic extravagances. These spendthrift bursts are always connected directly with baseball.

There's a favorite tale they tell in Clinton City about Buggsy Nolan and the two itinerant gentlemen of leisure who came into his store one night seeking nourishment after a hard day of sleep in a box car. In the fall and winter Buggsy sought to add a bit to his never robust income by selling hot frankfurters and coffee. Generally, each spring he depleted his savings to the vanishing point by presenting uniforms to the Swamp Angels, the semi-professional team of his neighborhood, and by giving baseballs and bats to numerous small boys.

He was surveying his stock of frankfurters and coffee, and lamenting the fact that business was so poor it was practically invisible one night, when there entered the two nomads, El Paso Joe and Soapless Pete, who had long ago decided that work was the curse of the drinking classes, and also that to pay for anything is absurd. Having been assisted to alight at Clinton City by a committee of brakemen, they were cruising about looking for a suitable victim for their wiles. Suddenly, in front of Buggsy's store, Soapless Pete stopped and sniffed.

"Dogs and Java," he ejaculated.

"It's Buggsy Nolan's place, or I'm a Hindoo," said El Paso Joe, who was no Hindoo.

"Know him?"

"Naw; but he must be the guy that's dippy about baseball. Seattle Slim tipped us off to him in Chi. Remember? This Nolan slipped Slim eleven bucks for an old bat Slim found, because Slim told him Speaker had once used the bat."

"Sounds soft," said Soapless Pete, "but a heluva lotta good that does us. We ain't got no bat."

"Let's brace this bozo, anyhow," said El Paso Joe.

So they entered, with a great show of nonchalance. Buggsy Nolan looked up and perceived, from their toilet, that as customers they would be so much red ink. He was in no mood for losses. He simply couldn't afford any. So his greeting was frosty.

"How about a team of dogs and a couple vats of Java for me and my fren' the duke?" began El Paso Joe blandly.

"Nothing doing to-night," said Buggsy shortly. He cast a meaning glance toward the door. El Paso Joe shrugged his frowsy shoulders.

"Come, Algernon," he said to his companion, "we'll stop slumming and drive to the Ritz."

They started for the door; but before they opened it, El Paso Joe addressed Soapless Pete in the tone of one continuing a previous argument.

"Say what you will, Algernon," remarked El Paso Joe loudly, "Ty Cobb is not a good base runner."

"Just a minute there," called Buggsy Nolan. "What's that about Cobb?"

"I remarked to the duke," said El Paso Joe loftily, "that a certain ball-playing person named Cobb runs bases as if he had snowshoes on."

"Say, how do you get that way?" queried Buggsy warmly. "Cobb's the best base runner that ever wore spikes. He could steal a Masonic temple while the lodge was meeting; that's how good Ty is. Why, when I was with the Detroits—"

THE two brake-beam cavaliers edged back to the counter.

"Now let me tell one," broke in El Paso Joe. "This Cobb couldn't steal a handful of sand at Atlantic City; how about those dogs and Java?"

"He couldn't, hey?" flashed back Buggsy irately, his hands absently dragging frankfurters from a steaming can, and filling mugs with coffee. "Say, when I was with the Detroits Cobb stole three bases in one inning. He coulda stole the catcher's undershirt off'n his back if he'da wanted to. We was playing the Athaletics and this here now Schang was catching, and he ain't exactly got a soap arm, you know. Well, Ty is up and he belts one to right for a base. On the first ball Ty goes down, and he hooks into second so quick he coulda wrote a post card before Collins got Schang's peg. On the very next pitch—"

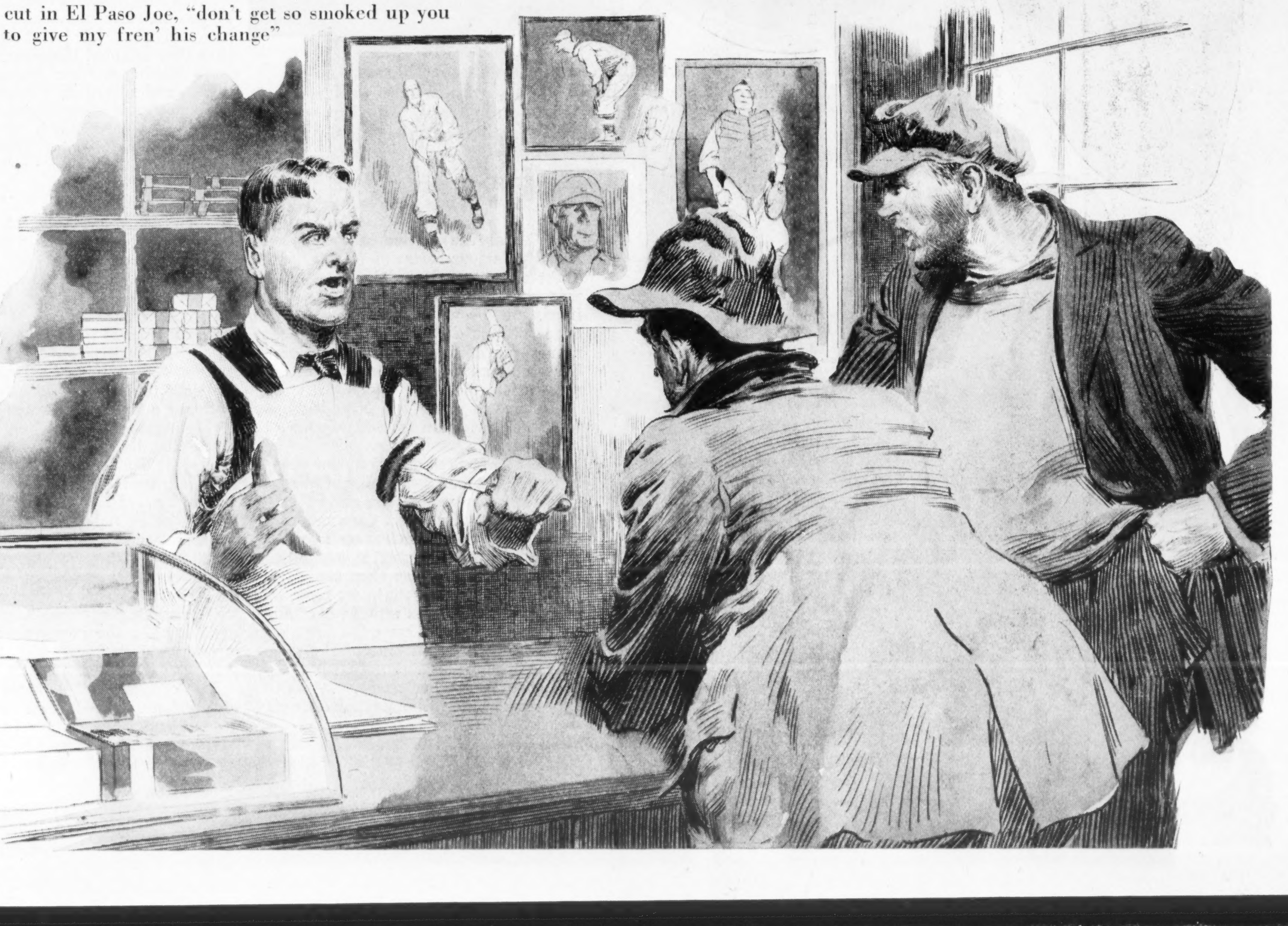
"Aw, Cobb was lucky that day," interrupted El Paso Joe. He spoke thickly, for his mouth was full of hastily bolted frankfurter and coffee. "Schang musta juggled the pitch, or something; say, we ain't seen those dogs yet."

"Schang done nothing of the kind," retorted Buggsy, handing out two fresh frankfurters and refilling the coffee cups. "It was a clean pitch-out, and Wally Schang's peg woulda caught any other man but Cobb flat-footed. Just look what happened on the next pitch—if you think Ty ain't a speed merchant—"

"Speed merchant?" grunted El Paso Joe from a full mouth. "Say, he couldn't catch a barrel rolling uphill."

"Couldn't he? Couldn't he?" Buggsy was stirred by the excitement of controversy and inflamed by this slight on his hero. "Well, get this. They was layin' for Cobb, and the Athaletic infield in them days was no young ladies' cemetery, I'm here to tell you. Schang signaled for a wide one and Cobb lit out for third. He didn't move no faster than a safe fallin' outa a ten-story window. Schang's throw was good, but Cobb pulled that sweet fall-away slide of his'n and Baker might just as well have tried to tag a gale of wind. And on the next pitch—the very next one, get that, Cobb broke for the plate—"

"Say," cut in (*Continued on page 38*)



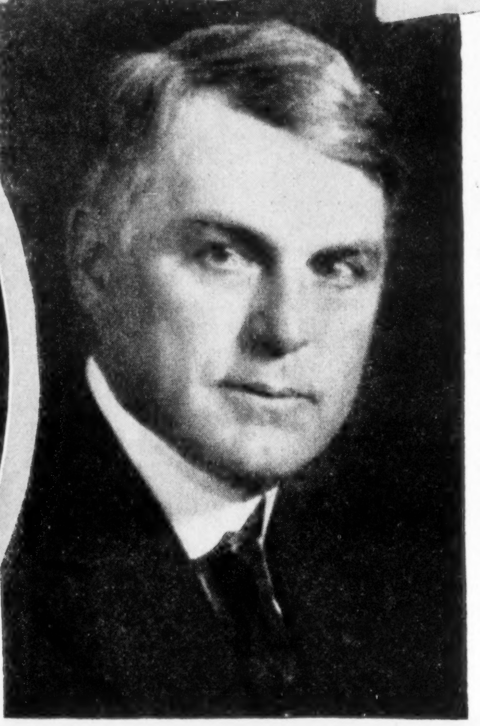
"Say," cut in El Paso Joe, "don't get so smoked up you forget to give my fren' his change"

By formal legal process, Cecily Fairfield (left) is rechristened "Rebecca West"

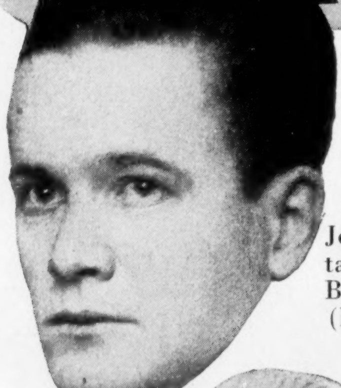
PEN

By
CHARLES
PHELPS
CUSHING

Harold E. Porter (above) signs as "Holworthy Hall"



Two subtle humorists these: Dikran Kouyoumdjian (at left), who wisely prefers "Michael Arlen"—and Frank McKinney Hubbard (at right), our own "Abe Martin"



John C. Mellett (left) does tales of sport as "Jonathan Brooks." Gilbert Patten (below) is author of the "Frank Merriwells"

AT THE very outset of this inquiry into "Who's Who in Pen Names" a whispered rumor reached us that the author of an internationally famous series of exciting Wild West novels was not the two-gun he man that she was supposed to be. She lives, we heard, in "the wide open spaces," out in Nevada, where she manages a silver mine; and she knows her people and her local color from long association, *but*—

No time to journey to Nevada, so we took the first train to Boston, there to interview her publishers.

One of the first questions we sought to have answered concerning this celebrity and other writers on our list was, of course: "Why don't they use their real names?" A generation ago hundreds of authors wrote under pen names, because it was then the vogue. But that vogue, for the most part, has gone out. Why does anyone continue?

The answer, from her publishers, was spontaneous and emotional. They threw up their hands in horror and implored us not to print her name. A decade ago, they related, this author once had posed for photographers, on her ranch and at her mine, and the story of her identity had been given wide publicity. The immediate effect of this was to cause a tremendous falling off in the sales of her current book.

"Print that story again," they wailed, "and her new novel, just out, will drop 20,000 copies in sales. The minute her readers—most of them young men—hear that their favorite author is a woman, thousands of them will walk out on our show. A woman can't get a 'fair break' in that field of writing."

This first answer in regard to the motives of an author in adopting a pen name was one we were to hear often in the course of our inquiry. Most of the writers who appear in our gallery chose to use an alias not because they were nervously bashful but because at the time they adopted their pen names they were seeking a "fair break" from the public, and feared they might not get it if they signed their christened names.

Ray Stannard Baker is one of the best examples in point. His name had been associated so long with "militant muckraking" that when he turned to writing some papers on "Adventures in Contentment" he thought it wise to sign his new series with a name having no disturbing associations. Hence he chose to be known as "David Grayson."

Another conscientious seeker after even-handed justice is a short-story writer known to the readers of Collier's as "Jonathan Brooks." This is the alias of John C. Mellett of Indianapolis. Mr. Mellett's first successful attempt at fiction was a lively race track yarn. One of his brothers read it and liked it so much that he advised submitting it to Collier's. But Johnny shook his head. Another brother was, at that time, managing editor of our National Weekly—and Johnny couldn't see getting into print in a place where anyone might suspect him of having a "drag." The difficulty was solved by adopting the pen name of "Jonathan Brooks" and borrowing a friend's address. Collier's bought the story and the editor brother didn't know who "Jonathan" was until the signed check came back.

Two of England's younger authors of distinction acquired *noms de plume* for

NAMES

Some of your favorite authors may be here—with their aliases

As "Beaunash" he is an authority on "What the Man Will Wear." His real name is Alfred S. Bryan

"Lucas Malet" (at left) is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, author of "Sir Richard Calmady" and a daughter of Charles Kingsley

To the adventures of Frank Reade, Jr., Lu Senarens signs "Noname"

The Rev. Charles W. Gordon was popular in uniform as a "sky pilot" of Canadians in France. But he is better known as "Ralph Connor"

"practical purposes" in the beginning and later came to like their pen names so well that they formally adopted them, for private life as well as for authorship. Miss Cecily Fairfield can't be blamed for choosing "Rebecca West" in preference to a cognomen which sounds more appropriate to a jingle maker or a music-hall star than to a serious-minded political writer, book reviewer and novelist. But why that brilliant young Armenian-Briton, author of "The Green Hat," should have changed from Dikran Kouyoumdjian to "Michael Arlen" is something about which we hesitate to pronounce.

Harold Everett Porter began as a fiction writer with a series of tales of Harvard life; so he thought it fitting to sign with the name of one of the campus dormitories, "Holworthy Hall." Once he had made a reputation under that name, he had to continue to use it or face the task of building up another reputation. A lot of hard labor would be involved if he made a change.

Gilbert Patten can vouch heartily for the truth of the latter statement. After seventeen years spent in building a reputation with his "Frank Merriwell" series, under the signature of "Burt L. Standish," he began anew under his christened name. But the fifteen years of hard work since have not yet sufficed to make "Patten" as popular a trade-mark in the print-paper fiction markets as "Standish."

A veteran rival of Mr. Patten's in the field of "haymow literature" is Lu Senarens, whose adventures of Frank Reade, Jr., bore no signature but "Noname." This Yankee Jules Verne forecast thirty years ago in nickel novels a score or more of modern inventions and discoveries—including the air-propelled ice-scooter, the tank, the automobile, the armored car and future explorations of the North Pole by dirigible. Thousands remember "Noname," but as Lu Senarens he is known chiefly to manuscript venders as the editor of a magazine specializing in mystery yarns.

© Paul Thompson

It was a secret for years that "David Grayson" (above) was Ray Stannard Baker

When Rudolph Block writes a short story he signs his pen name of "Bruno Lessing"

Mrs. Mary McNeill Fenollosa writes novels in Japan; her pen name is "Sidney McCall"

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APRIL 25, 1925
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"AL" SMITH'S POLITICAL MIRACLE

NEW YORK has just witnessed a stirring political battle which means much to the entire country.

On one side stood "Al" Smith, the Democratic governor, fighting almost single-handed. Against him the Republican majority in the legislature was arrayed in hostile formation. The Republicans had substantial majorities both in the assembly and in the senate. They had the votes and by every rule of practical politics they should have been able to do as they pleased. Yet a minority governor virtually compelled these unfriendly majorities to vote for his measures. The strategy he used was simple enough. When the legislature refused to consider the merits of his proposals "Al" Smith good-naturedly appealed to the people, and they responded.

The man who lives in the executive mansion at Albany knows the people of New York. Born in an East Side tenement, the son of a truck driver, he has worked his way up through the hardships of a great city. Through all his years he learned to know people, to think straight about public questions and to keep his word.

So when for the third time he was a gubernatorial candidate the same New Yorkers who voted Republican ballots for Calvin Coolidge and for the legislature marked their crosses in the Democratic column for "Al" Smith.

It seemed a futile and ridiculous thing to do. Why waste two good years by electing a governor of one party and a legislature pledged to opposition? To have elected a lesser man than "Al" Smith would in truth have been a vain and fatuous compliment to pay to a popular leader. His genius saved the day.

Governor Smith made many sound recommendations to the legislature. They were opposed chiefly because the majority thought it impolitic to agree to any proposal made by a leader of another party. The enemy must get no credit for constructive achievement.

The governor urged a reduction in the state income-tax rates. Nothing could be less partisan. A Republican President and Congress have lowered the federal taxes. The New York politicians, however, would not assent even to a tax reduction at the behest of a Democratic governor.

Again "Al" Smith made sensible suggestions with a view to reducing the number of automobile accidents at grade crossings. His program was fought, not because his plan was wrong, but because it was his.

That kind of politics does not work. "Al" Smith talked over the heads of the legislators to the voters. He literally did talk—he used the radio, and the sound of his voice stirred thousands who never read below the newspaper headlines. His opponents used extravagant words and said he demanded the prerogatives of a king. The governor laughed and, remembering his birthplace amid the tenements, said, "Yes, King of Oliver Street."

The men and women who vote meanwhile were aroused as they saw the prospect of having to pay needlessly high taxes merely because a Republican legislature wanted to humiliate a Democratic governor. The voters made their wishes known, and the papers, Republican as well as Democratic, forgot partisanship and supported Governor Smith. Under this fire, the ranks of those who set out to break "Al" Smith cracked and soon the legislature professed its eagerness to do the governor's bidding.

Smith's popularity was of course a factor. He was helped too by his uncanny ability to cut to the heart of a complex problem and lay it open to the public view. His radio talk on the income tax was a marvel of clarity. Our office boy was listening, and he understood it. Smith's political skill also counted. But the vital element in his remarkable victory is to be found in the fact that his policies were right, and his opponents, and the people as well, understood the situation perfectly. Partisan prejudice always will fall before an aroused public opinion.

There's a lesson in this for politicians and others.

What Makes Us Tick?

"KNOW thyself" was the advice given nearly twenty-five centuries ago by a Greek philosopher. Nearer our own times Alexander Pope expressed the same notion when he said "the proper study of mankind is man."

Probably this idea is as old as thought itself. Yet, though we have learned a vast amount about the stars, the earth, the animals, insects and plants, and the human body, we have found out very little about the thing inside of us that makes use of the body.

We neither know ourselves, nor can we run ourselves, half so well as we do our automobiles. We do not know what it is that makes us tick. We cannot tell where our emotions originate, and why it is that we, as individuals and crowds, do many things of which we are afterward ashamed. We cannot say what causes crimes, riots and wars any more than what makes men play the hero in sinking ships. To borrow the words of Dr. Alexis Carrel: "No one suspects the manner in which memory, intelligence, courage, judgment and imagination are connected with the brain cells."

Yet the more we gain and apply information about other things the more necessary does information about our inner selves become.

Chemistry and spiritual progress seem far apart, yet the secret of both may be in the same bubble in the brain. Some of the saints of past ages retired into the woods and deserts. Who knows but those of the future will be found in laboratories? And our sins, like our bodily diseases, may be cured by a more perfect knowledge.

Two Million Laws

"THERE seems to be one law for the rich and one for the poor, and about two million for the middle class." Thus, with wit tinged by pathos, the Memphis "News-Scimitar."

A general sigh of relief goes up at this season, when Congress has ceased to rumble and the state legislatures are running down.

This year our books will be the richer by, say, 15,000 new state laws; that was the number bestowed upon us in the last odd-numbered year. Congress makes about 300 laws a year, not counting the "private bills." Besides, there are 18,000 county and municipal bodies, which probably make more than ten ordinances apiece per year. Altogether it comes to 200,000 annually.

The grand total now in effect is estimated by William P. Helm, Jr., to be above 2,000,000, which happens to be the very figure hit upon by our plaintive newspaper friend in Tennessee.

It is a solemn thought, and sets one to wondering how many kinds of a lawbreaker it is possible to be at one and the same time. Probably none of us makes the daily trip from house to office without innocently transgressing at least twice or thrice. And what a pest a man could be by really knowing all the laws, spying on neighbors and passers-by and pointing them out to the policeman on the beat.

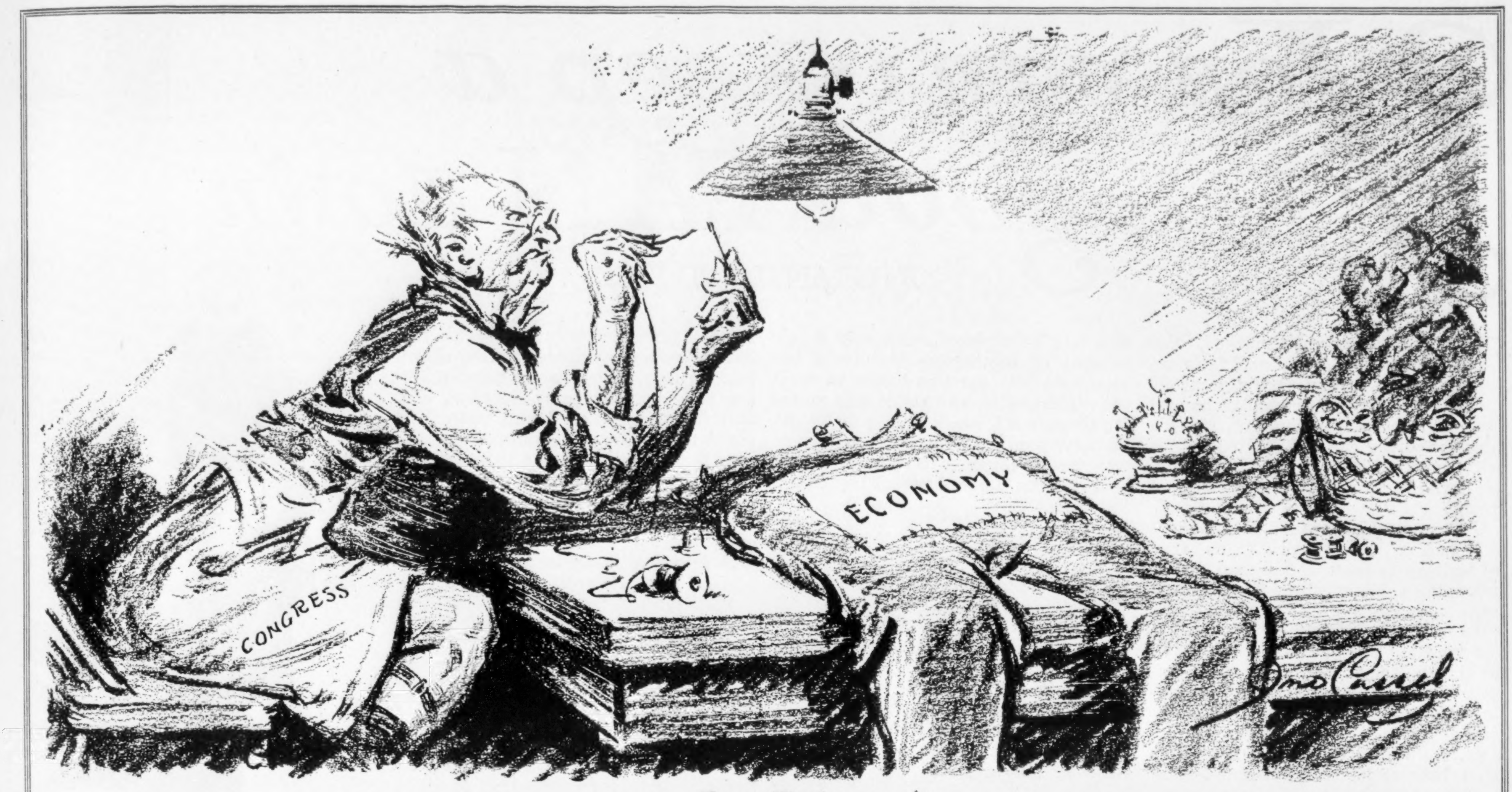
Buckle says somewhere that "the best laws which have been passed have been those by which some former laws were repealed." It might be a good idea to have in each state, and at Washington, a repealing body, charged with the duty of repealing two old laws for every new law passed. We suggest that there ought to be a law to that effect!

"Clear-Visioned Though It Break You"

TEN years ago Rupert Brooke died—"died for England on the day of St. Michael and St. George." He was the young Shelley of the twentieth century, and more than his own countrymen loved him for the gay eagerness of his early poems.

And then 1914, and a martial note in the sonnets dedicated to that dark year: "Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead. . . . These laid the world away; poured out the red sweet wine of youth." Before another year he had joined that legion. He died happily, thinking that "Honor had come back, as a king, to earth."

Would he think that now, after ten years, he who was so brave and honest in his thinking? Would he again give up that glorious promise of later years, of poems unwritten and of work undone? Was that happy, costly sacrifice in vain?



Home Work

HAS AMERICA TOO MANY CHILDREN?

By Louis I. Dublin, Ph. D.
Statistician, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

BIRTH-CONTROL propaganda to date has emphasized almost altogether the necessity for population reduction as though there could be no doubt of overpopulation in the United States. I am willing enough to admit when I go home by subway that there are too many people in the world, and I have often felt that way with reference to the congested areas of our large cities. These undoubtedly represent ineffective community organization. On the other hand, we have a problem of underpopulation in our open rural areas. But neither picture alone justifies a snap judgment on the present status of our population.

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A sound population analysis is called for which would attempt to relate our present population structure to the natural resources of the country and the efficiency with which we utilize our resources. These are highly technical matters which cannot be decided out of hand, not even by generous and high-minded people. If there ever was a question which called for expert handling, it is this one.

The impression in some places that our numbers are increasing too rapidly might perhaps follow from a cursory examination of the population figures of the country, but not from a more intensive study of the facts. It is true that past decades have shown large increases, but we must not forget that this growth, certainly in recent years, has been mainly the result of immigration and the relatively high fertility of the newcomers. It is only in the southern states and in the rural communities that the native population has much more than maintained itself in late years.

Now that immigration has been almost completely cut off as a source of population increase, we must look to the fertility of the groups within the country and learn what the conditions of natural increase are among them. After careful study of the situation, I have become convinced that we are, in fact, rapidly approaching the condition of a stationary population. Our study shows that the accepted rates of natural increase in the United States are spurious and misleading.

If the age distribution of our population were the result of a prolonged continuation of our present rate of procreation, unaffected by padding from immigration, we should find that the ratio would fall from 23 per 1,000, which it is approximately to-day, to well below 20; and the corresponding death rate would increase from a little over 12 per 1,000, the present figure, to well over 15. These two corrections reduce the rate of natural increase from over 1 per cent per annum to only one half of 1 per cent. Our birth rate, moreover, is falling rapidly. It has declined more than 30 per cent in the last thirty years and the end is not yet. Even at its present level and with our current death rate, it will take more than 120 years to double our numbers. These figures agree with the estimates of Professor Pearl, who on biological assumptions forecasts a population of less than two hundred millions in 2040.

It is not true that we are multiplying too rapidly and that we must resort to a nation-wide policy of birth reduction to keep our population within reasonable bounds. The real danger, if there is one, lies rather in the change in our internal composition which will follow a too rapidly declining birth rate and our approach to a stationary population. There is always grave danger, in such a shift, of weakening the social organization by increasing the proportion of defective and dependent stock. For it is always the least desirable parents who are the last to curtail their fecundity. We likewise unduly increase the percentage of old people, whose support falls, more or less, upon the young, who, therefore, face the prospect in coming years of carrying greater burdens. Reduce the proportion of our young people, as we shall by curtailing birth rates, and at once the whole spirit of our intellectual and economic life will be modified.

Gynecologists and obstetricians of the highest standing have been very suspicious of some of the contraceptive devices in use and have traced serious affections back to them. I know nothing so tragic as the case of young people who avoid children in the first years of their married life only to find later that they cannot have them when they want them. The number of childless marriages is rapidly increasing to the point of becoming a serious problem, and there is evidence that contraceptive practices by young people may have a good deal to do with it. What is the usual effect on the spiritual life of those who through continued control keep their families down to next to nothing? This is probably the most serious single consequence of the current fashion, for the sterility of the body often leads to the even more serious sterility of the soul. A family without children to live for and to work for is tragic. This misfortune is courted by those who practice birth control.

You can't keep a good FAN down

By GRANTLAND RICE

"YES," my friend remarked, "I've turned into a real golf fan now. I'm a real bug. It's a great old game." Whereupon we handed our golf bags to his chauffeur, stepped into his touring car and started for his golf course, with its palatial clubhouse, its lawnlike fairways and its carpet greens.

Upon our arrival we found that there were half a dozen players at the first tee waiting to start and several others massaging the turf about the first few holes.

Whereupon my friend's entire day was spoiled. The blue had gone out of the sky and the gold had departed from the glint of the sun. "That's the trouble with this game," he said, "and if it gets any worse I am going to give it up. I hate to wait around the first tee, I hate to be held up, and I hate to play through people. It spoils all the fun."

And then I thought of some other "real golf fans," who are slightly different. I thought of those men and women who arise before dawn on a Sunday morning and take the subway to Van Cortlandt Park, which happens to be one of New York's largest and most popular public courses. One can picture them leaving the subway with the stars still shining overhead, or possibly walking on through utter blackness with threatening rain at hand, marching on to the official starter's headquarters to have their tickets stamped and so be among the first to get away. One can picture the long lines of others that follow later on and wait hours for the opportunity to play back of slow-moving masses who are frequently quite content to get a hole in eight, ten or a dozen strokes and make the round in four hours or more.

At various times we have attempted to make an intimate study of various fanatical types in the sports world, the idea being to discover which of the lot is the most rabid breed. For example, we collected a number of vital and valuable statistics regarding the baseball fan last fall at Washington during the world series—an ideal time to study bizarre specimens at close range, since Washington was in the throes of its first world series. We promptly decided that the baseball bug must be awarded the main prize for frenzied fidelity.

It was well known that every reserved seat had been placed, with only a fair amount of seating space left in the bleachers. So the line began to form the night before, and early next morning thousands came marching up to join the never-ending formation—thousands who were willing to stand hour after hour in the faint hope of squeezing through.

The Stuff That Fans Are Made Of

IN THE first place, it takes a soul something like 100 per cent fanatical to face an all-night vigil and an all-day stand, ten hours under the stars and ten hours under the sun, to sit in the bleachers and see one ball game. The first arrivals knew they would get in. But those who came early in the morning of the game were taking the chance of standing six or seven hours without peering into the promised land. Those who stand in line like that are the real fans of baseball, the backbone of the professional trade.

When the final game began, with Washington's hopes rising and falling and rising again, we decided we had never seen a real fan before. There was none of the placidity which New York and other cities so often show. There was either joy and jubilation or anguish and despair. There were wild shouts of triumph or there were boding silences of despondency. There was no neutrality. Not a touch. The souls of those Washington fans lay open and exposed.

No exhibition of untrammeled fanaticism will ever surpass the thundering roar which came from Washington hosts as Johnson won his final game; and no one will ever forget the human tidal wave which swept across the field from bleachers and stands as Washington's ball players fled to the clubhouse for their lives and were besieged for hours afterward.

After that world series game there was a feeling that the fan crown should be awarded to baseball.

A few weeks later football put on its display. The big test came on the day of the Yale-Harvard game at New Haven. Morning came on with black skies and a cold, driving November rain. Those who started from fifty and a hundred miles away knew what they were facing. Yet over seventy thousand started—and got there.

For over two hours seventy thousand football fans, men, women and children, old and young, sat under a wind-blown, beating rain, which rarely eased up, to see two football teams flounder, skid and slip through mud and water and soggy turf. The wind whipped the rain into their faces, and the rain in turn filtered through protecting garments as a bedraggled multitude cheered and sang and followed with eager interest every play.

A heavy vote has to be cast for the football fan, after all.

We have mentioned before the playing type of real golf fan. There is also the gallery type to consider. In a way this type vies with the baseball and football fanatic for membership in the Rabid Club. An Open Championship is under way. Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones are paired together. Thousands are banked around the first tee, and as the two drives fly far and straight down the course the big stampede is on. Here is the "thundering herd" in action. It might be noted here that the golf spectator doesn't sit quietly or noisily or any other way as the baseball, football or tennis spectator does. After that first drive from the first tee he immediately becomes a combination sprinter, broad jumper and marathon runner. No one in a big gallery will get to see the second shot by walking leisurely and sedately along. Some are sprinting, others are jogging and the rest are either walking at a fast clip or heading over for position on the next hole. Those who follow a big championship match for thirty-six holes run and walk from eight to ten miles over rough country, up and down hill, crossing brooks and often climbing fences.

No one who was a member of the Chick Evans-Reggie Lewis gathering at their championship meeting over the Engineers' Club course will ever forget the complete exhaustion which gripped them at the battle's end. Evans and Lewis had been nip and tuck, ding and dong, all day long. Evans squared the match on the thirty-sixth green by a marvelous recovery and an almost miraculous putt. Off they went, with the big gallery in pursuit hole after hole, thousands of nerves well-nigh shattered as the ball hit the cup or just slipped by the rim.

Evans won at the forty-first hole—and those who had followed the match from the start

(*Continued on page 43*)

When the Giants played in Brooklyn last fall, Ebbets Field was stormed by the faithful

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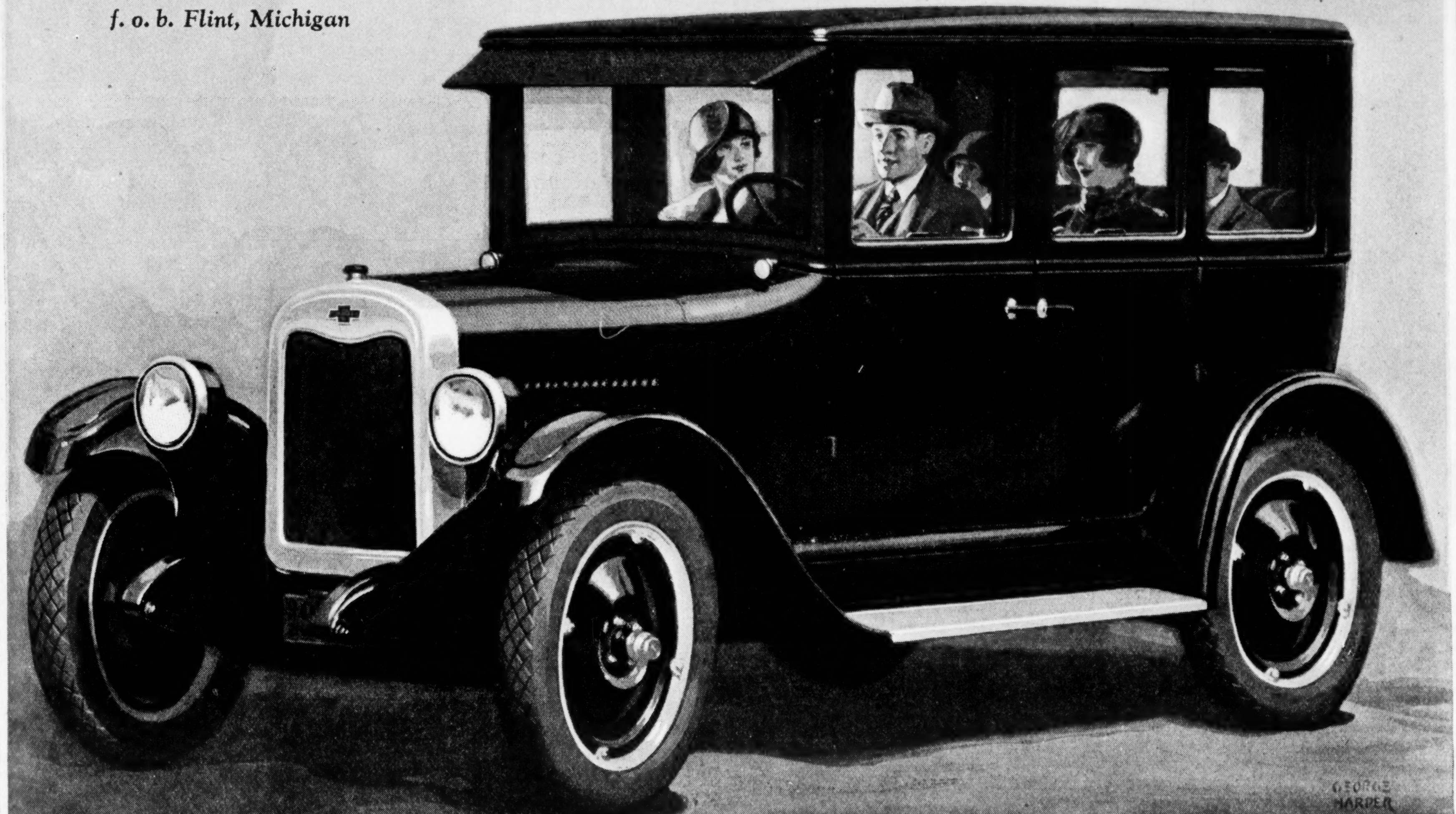

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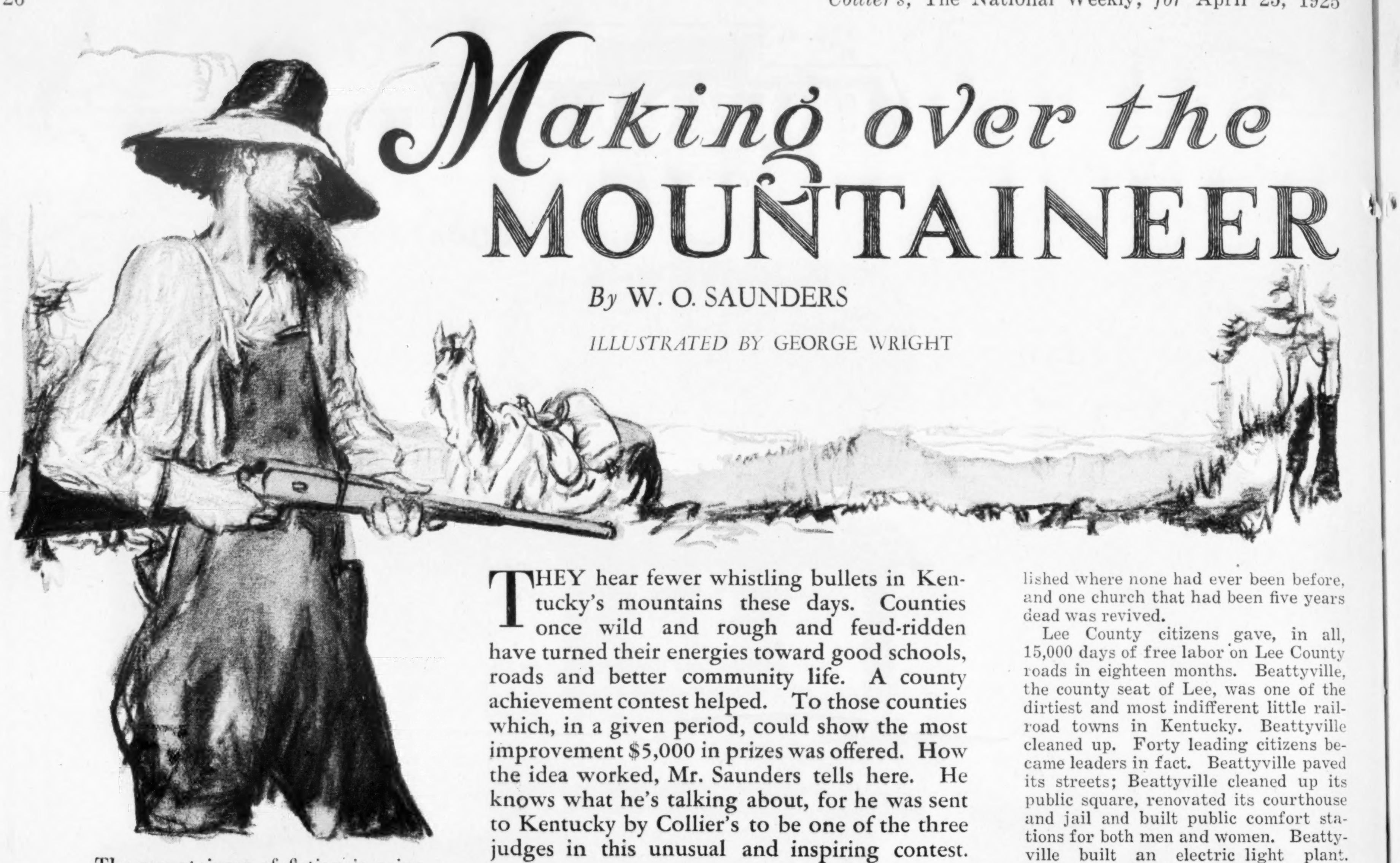
QUALITY AT LOW COST

Making over the MOUNTAINEER

By W. O. SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



The mountaineer of fiction is going

THEY hear fewer whistling bullets in Kentucky's mountains these days. Counties once wild and rough and feud-ridden have turned their energies toward good schools, roads and better community life. A county achievement contest helped. To those counties which, in a given period, could show the most improvement $5,000 in prizes was offered. How the idea worked, Mr. Saunders tells here. He knows what he's talking about, for he was sent to Kentucky by Collier's to be one of the three judges in this unusual and inspiring contest.

IN Breathitt County, Kentucky, the old-timers still shoot on sight; and such informal pistol practice not infrequently follows the drawing of a gun in a crowd. But old Breathitt ("Bloody Breathitt") isn't what it used to be. Down there nowadays they are thinking of something besides quarreling.

True, when I entered Breathitt's courthouse two deputy sheriffs searched me. But that was merely a matter of form. Even the small boys are different. Once they went armed. To-day they are enrolled in Pig Clubs and Corn Clubs. To-day they are going to school and thinking of things other than future feuds.

I listened to County Judge O. H. Pollard addressing a Kiwanis Club. "Fellows," said the judge, "we are making progress in good old Breathitt. Just look at our progress in law and order. Why, here in Breathitt we have disposed of twelve murder cases in two weeks while the big and mighty city of Chicago has been getting under way with one!"

I checked up the judge next day. I found that Breathitt is really progressing. There were only 400 cases on the docket of the July term of court in 1924 as against 700 in 1922.

Something has happened to Breathitt. And something has happened to all Appalachian America. A great drama is being unfolded down there. Ideas are meeting, and one idea in particular, born in the mind of a youthful Kentuckian a little more than two years ago, promises to restore the land of Appalachia to America and points a way to the regeneration and rejuvenation of every backward county in America.

At Berea, in the foothills of the Cumberlands, is Berea College, the greatest school of the underprivileged in America. For more than fifty years Berea has been carrying education and uplift to the Southern mountaineer; 2,700 mountain boys and girls receive education from Berea annually.

Around Berea there are thousands of stalwart, blue-eyed Americans of the finest colonial stock who, beleaguered by Nature, are living to-day about as their forbears lived in the age of Shakespeare.

Before the American Revolution thousands of Scotch-Irish, Palatine Germans, French Huguenots and other superior European stocks, coming to America in quest of land and freedom, pushed westward where lands were abundant and where they would be far from the reach of the laws of the crown. West they met hostile Indians and more hostile French, and the human tide that might have flowed on into Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere, moved on down the Valley of Virginia and into the southern Appalachian mountains. They found the peace and freedom which they sought, but they lost their contact with the rest of civilization.

The Mule-Puller

TWENTY years ago Berea started extension work among the people of that section, sending teachers, lecturers, doctors and health workers into remote mountain communities, stirring the people up to ideas of a new and better life. But the work was slow, painfully slow. You can start to help people and go right on helping them if you do not inspire them to help themselves. Then the big idea was born.

Marshall E. Vaughn, secretary and director of extension work of Berea College, remembered that a bundle of fodder tied three feet in front of a mule would cause the animal to keep going straight ahead. Enough! Professor Vaughn set out to find a bundle of fodder.

He talked things over with Judge R. W. Bingham, owner and editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Judge Bingham supplied the fodder. With $5,000 in prize money which he was authorized to offer by Judge Bingham, Mr. Vaughn invited twenty backward mountain counties in eastern Kentucky to compete for stakes in a County Achievement Contest, a first prize of $3,000 to be awarded the county making the most progress in a given period, with a second prize of $2,000. The contest lasted almost two years.

Counties were to be given points on schools, health and sanitation, home and farm improvements, agricultural and live-stock progress, church and Sunday-school attendance, Community Club work, Junior Club work, roads and public buildings, newspaper circulation and social work. An ingenious plan was outlined by which the county judge, the county superintendent of public instruction, the county health officer, the county farm agent, the home demonstration agent, the county nurse, the ministers, the school teachers and forward-looking citizens should be knit together in one compact, sympathetic, militant group organized on a definite program of uplift and progress, all directed by a county chairman.

Ten mountain counties entered the contest: Breathitt, Jackson, Knott, Knox, Lee, Morgan, Owsley, Pulaski, Rockcastle and Whitley.

Every citizen of every county was canvassed and besought to do his part. Every citizen could help his county win by adding points to its score. The purchase of a thoroughbred pig, cow or sheep; the building of a new barn; putting in a pasture; painting the home; the cleaning up of premises; the purchase of labor-saving devices for the home or farm; subscribing to a newspaper; attending Sunday school and church—everything counted.

Lee County had a Sunday-school attendance of 513 in 1923. At the close of the contest the attendance was 2,377. Sunday schools were established where none had ever been before, and one church that had been five years dead was revived.

Lee County citizens gave, in all, 15,000 days of free labor on Lee County roads in eighteen months. Beattyville, the county seat of Lee, was one of the dirtiest and most indifferent little railroad towns in Kentucky. Beattyville cleaned up. Forty leading citizens became leaders in fact. Beattyville paved its streets; Beattyville cleaned up its public square, renovated its courthouse and jail and built public comfort stations for both men and women. Beattyville built an electric light plant. Beattyville put in a telephone system. It established an independent weekly newspaper. And so it went.

Roads and schools were improved in every competing county. People everywhere took a new and lively pride in their homes and farms. Rockcastle County farmers brought in so many improved cattle that milk production became a factor in that county for the first time and a creamery was established. Jackson County built a new courthouse and jail. And in Jackson County, where the churches had always been at odds, and where ministers had never fraternized, a ministerial union was formed. And all the counties entered upon an era of law enforcement; the jails were filled with moonshiners and bootleggers.

The grand jury in Breathitt County in July brought in 250 indictments for violations of the liquor laws, and Breathitt outstripped all other counties in the contest in schools and in health and sanitation.

The women of Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt, cleaned up that feud town and planted flowers even in the jail yard, where only a rubbish heap had existed before. Churches in Jackson took on new life; the Methodists built a new church costing $81,000; the Christians built a new church at a cost of $35,000; and the Baptists, not to be outdone, have a new and handsome house of worship.

Lee County won the first prize of $3,000 in the County Achievement Contest, with Rockcastle and Jackson tying for the second prize.

"But we all win," said Pete Frye, the county agent of Owsley. "We've won in better roads, better schools, better Sunday schools, better farms and better homes; we've learned what we can do when we try and there'll be no letting down; we'll go marching onward and upward to a better rural life all the time; we lost the little money prize, but we won more than all the prize money could ever buy."

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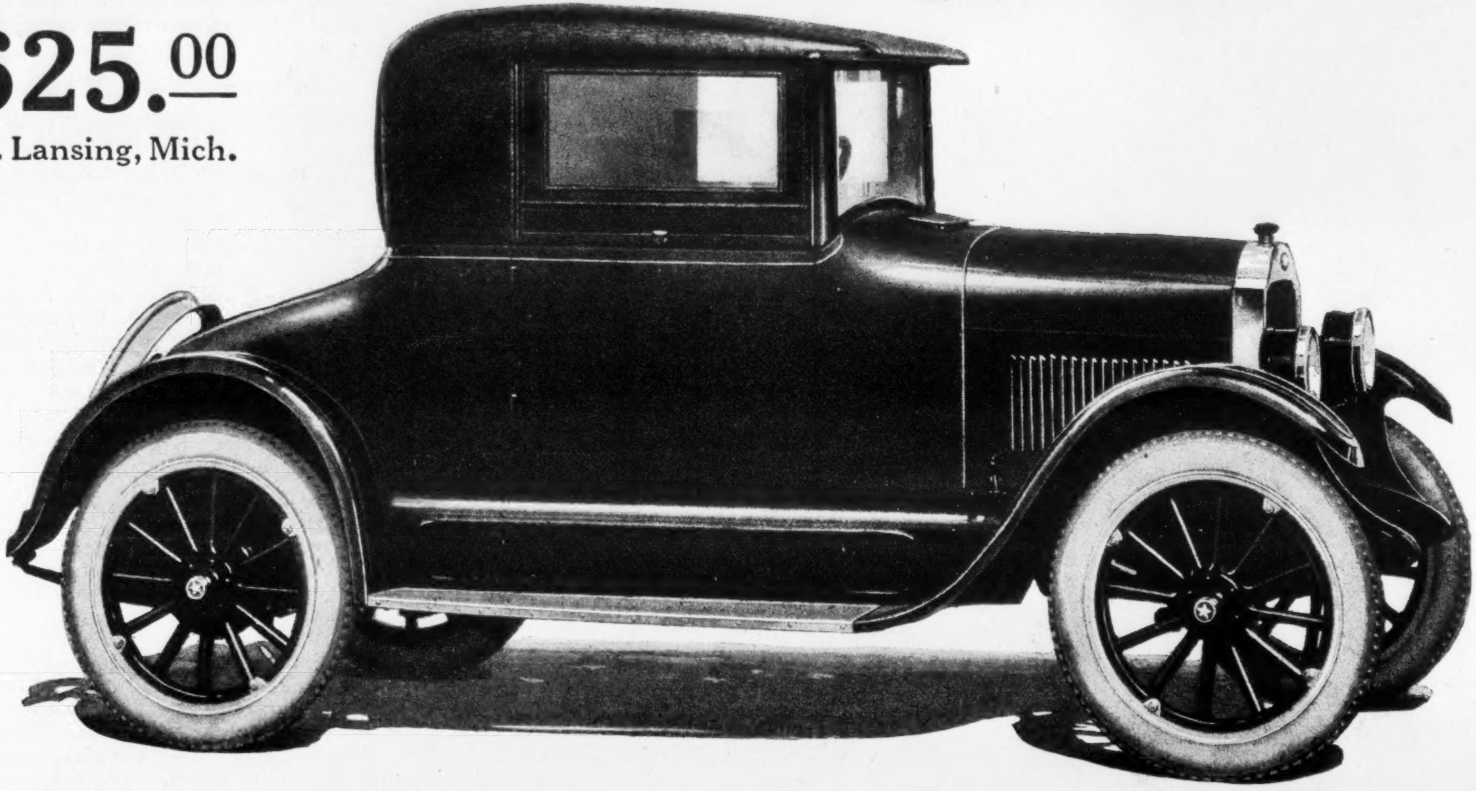

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SARGON, King of Kings

By H. G. WELLS

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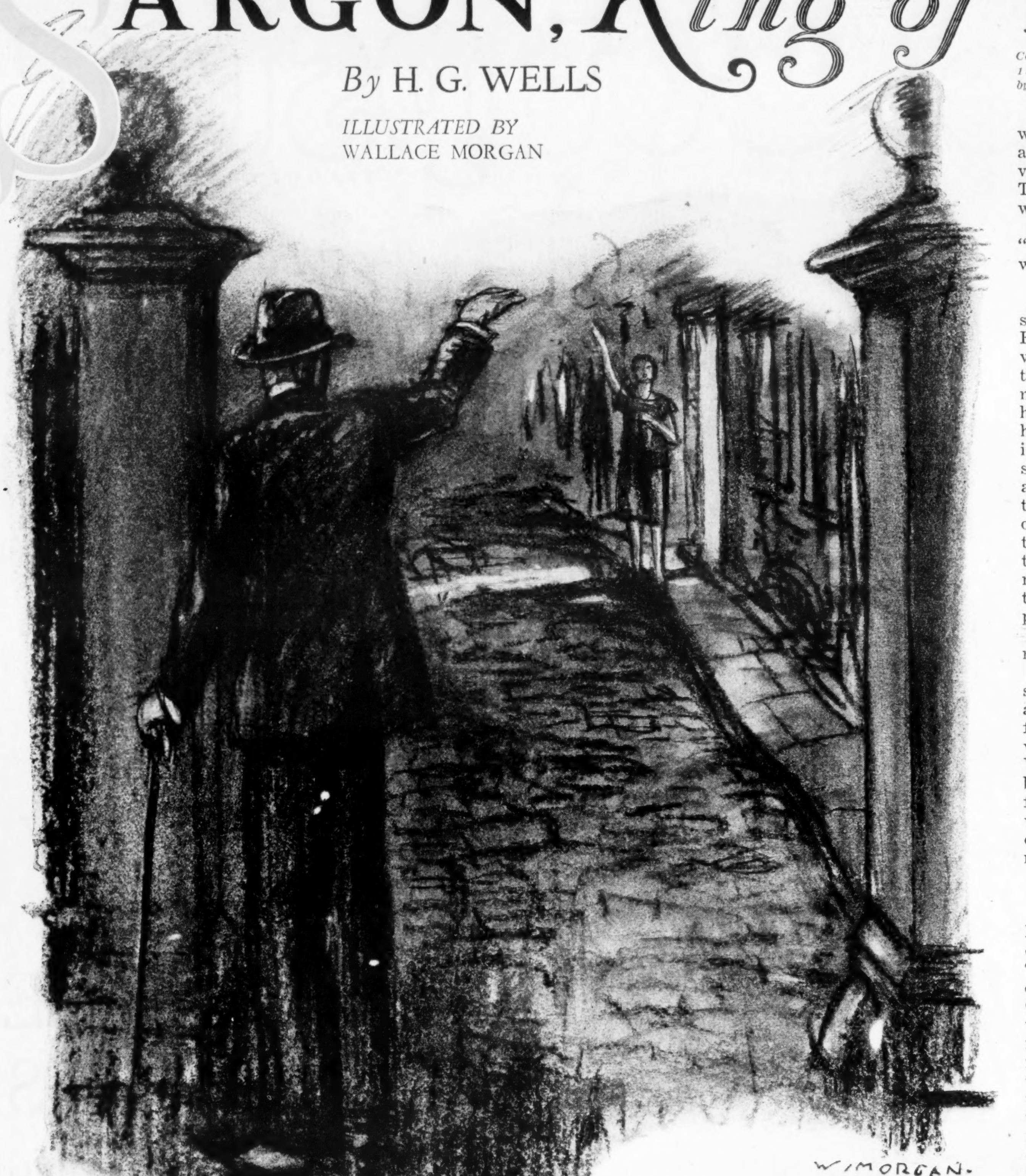

At the top he turned and waved his hand to her before he disappeared

Chapter X

IT WAS a little more than two days before Christina Alberta, to use her own expression, "got back" to her lost Daddy.

Those two days were full of immense excitement. Devizes was the most wonderful fact in the world. She exploded into love for him. She had the most vivid impression of him, dark and tall, rather grave, watchful and amazingly understandable. Yet, vivid as her impression was, she doubted every detail of it and wanted to go back to him and verify it all over again. It was their quality of mutual understanding that was at once the most delightful and the most incredible aspect of the whole affair. Their brains, no doubt, were unlike, as every two individual brains must be, yet their unlikeness was not a mere accumulation of accidental differences but the unlikeness of two variations of one theme. She could feel his intentions beneath his words. Her mind had jumped with his realizations, and there must be kinks and turns in her brain, kinks and turns that just made her difficult and queer for most people, which would find the completest parallels in his. She didn't believe there was a thing in her thoughts and acts that she would be surprised at his knowing and comprehending.

She had never before thought of parentage with any enthusiasm. She had viewed it rather in the spirit of Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw and conceived of parents generally in relation to their children as embarrassed hypocrites with an instinctive disposition toward restraint and suppression. She had made an exception of her own particular pair; Daddy had been a great friend anyhow, though Mother, for the most part, had been a concentrated incarnate "Don't." But she had never realized there might be something rather intimately interesting in consanguinity. And then suddenly a door had opened, a man had come in and sat down and talked to her and discovered himself the nearest thing in life to her. And she to him. She wanted to go to him again; she wanted to see more of him, be with him. But he made no sign, and she could think of no decent excuse for a call upon him. The very intensity of her desire made her unable to go to him easily. She wrote the various letters they had agreed she should write and then decided to master mental science and lunacy generally. That and the case of her "Daddy" she perceived to be her formal link with Devizes.

She set out for the Reading Room of the British Museum, for which she had a student's ticket, and she tried to concentrate her mind upon the book she had requisitioned, instead of letting it wander off into the strangest reveries about this miraculously discovered blood relation. In the afternoon she rang up Lambone to be given tea, with the intention of learning everything that the wise man could tell her about Devizes and generally turning him over conversationally. But Lambone was out. The next day the craving for Devizes was overpowering. She rang him up.

"May I have some tea?" she asked. "I've got nothing much to say, but I want to see you."

"Delighted," said Devizes.

When she got to him she found herself shy and him as shy as herself. For a little while they made polite conversation; it might almost have been the conversation of two people at a formal call in a country town. He called her "Christina Alberta," but she called him "Dr. Devizes," and he asked her if she played or danced and whether she had ever been abroad. She sat in an armchair and he stood over her on the hearthrug. It was clear that the only way through to intimacy lay through her Daddy. She felt that if this sort of talk went on for another minute she would have to scream or throw her teacup in the fire. So she plunged.

"When did you first know my mother?"

Devizes' attitude stiffened, and he smiled faintly at her boldness. "I was a Cambridge undergraduate reading for the Natural Science Tripos and I went down to Sheringham to read. We— We picked each other up on the beach. We made love—in a scared, furtive, desperate, ignorant sort of a way. People were primitive in those days—compared with what they are now."

"Daddy wasn't there?"

"He came in afterwards."

Devizes considered for a moment. He decided that it wasn't fair to oblige her to go on questioning him. "My father," he said, "was a pretty considerable old bully. He was Sir George Devizes, the man who invented the Devizes biscuit and cured old Alfonso, and he was celebrated for being rude to his patients. He would smack their stomachs and tell them they ought to be scooped out. He helped make Unter Magenbad. He suspected me of being a bit of a soft, though as a matter of fact I wasn't, and he generally had the effect of laying up for a quarrel with me. He kept me pretty short. He wasn't particularly nice to my mother. He used to get at my mother through me. I didn't dare to have a scrape of any sort. I was really afraid of him. If I saw a scrape blowing up, my habit, my disposition was to run away."

"I see."

Devizes considered the implications of that "I see." "Not that I ran away from any definite scrape that I knew of at Sheringham," he said very carefully.

"What was my mother like in those days?"

"A sort of subdued fierceness. A flushed, warm face. She was pretty, you know, and very upright in her carriage. And she had a swift decision beneath her stiffness. Her wishes would suddenly crystallize out, and after that there was no bending her."

"I know."

"I suppose you do."

"She wore glasses then?"

"Oh, yes."

"Was she fresh then? Was she happy?"

"A little too fierce to be happy."

"Did you—ever—love her?"

"It is a long (Continued on page 30)

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(*Continued from page 28*) time ago, Christina Alberta. There was—seaside lovemaking. Why do you cross-examine me like this?"

"I want to know. Why"—Christina Alberta had a momentary terror at her own boldness—"why didn't you marry her?"

Devizes made no pretense of surprise at the question. "There was no reason manifest why I should have married her. None at all. I can't conceive what my father would have done if I had come back from Sheringham engaged to a chance acquaintance. And, anyhow, why should I have done anything of the sort?"

His eyes defied hers.

"I left her my address," he added. "She could have written to me. She never did."

"My imagination was just running away with me," said Christina Alberta, and her color rose.

She hesitated and trembled at the next words she had resolved to say, but she said them, with a forced offhandedness. "You see—I might have fancied you as a father?"

It produced no catastrophe. He looked her in the face and then smiled. After that smile she felt that they understood each other completely and it was very pleasant to think that. "Instead of which, you have to adopt me as a cousin," he said deliberately. "Cousins it is, Christina Alberta. It's the best we can do. We have to put our heads together and think of your Daddy. He's our common concern. I'm interested in that little man. He's defended himself against many things by those dreams of his. Very willful dreams they may have been. Who knows? Necessary protective dreams."

Christina Alberta did not speak for a little time. She nodded. She was glad at their manifest understanding, and yet she was disappointed, though she could not have told herself what else she had expected. This man a yard away was the nearest thing in the world to her, and always there might be this invincible barrier between them. They were linked by an invisible tie, and they were separated by an unfathomable necessity. Never before in her life had she known what love could be; she wanted to be free to love him; she wanted him to love her.

She realized that she was standing quite still and that Devizes was standing just as still upon his hearthrug, watching her face. His mouth and eyes were quiet and serene, but she imagined he must be gripping his hands together behind him. She had to obey him. There was nothing for her to do but follow his lead.

"Daddy's our common concern," she said. "I suppose I shall begin to hear from some of those people to-morrow."

CHRISTINA ALBERTA got back to her Daddy in a dream.

It was a queer dream. She was going about the world with Devizes, and they were locked together in such a way that she and he could never look at each other, but were always side by side. But also, with the sublime incoherence of dreams, they were at the same time great ebony images, and they sat stiffly side by side like a Pharaoh and his consort, and they looked over a great space; they were very big effigies indeed and their profiles were alike. All through the dream she thought of Devizes and herself as black. The space before them was sometimes a sandy desert and sometimes a gray cloudy expanse. Then suddenly something round and white came bounding into the midst of this arena and became a little man, a familiar little blue-eyed man, tied up into a ball with ropes and sorely maimed, who rolled about and panted and struggled to be free. Oh, but he struggled pitifully! Christina Alberta's heart went out to him, and yet, impelled by some tremendous force within her, she rose and Devizes rose beside her and they marched stiffly forward. She could not help herself, she could not control the rigid movements of her hands and feet. They stepped high and forcibly. She was voiceless, she tried to cry out, "We shall trample upon him! We shall trample upon him!" But there was no more than a hoarse inarticulate sound of horror in her throat. . . .

They were upon him. She felt the body of her Daddy writhe under her. He was like a bladder. His soft, ineffectual body with her feet upon him bent and bulged about. She forgot there was anything else but her Daddy and herself. Why had she treated him like this? Devizes disappeared. Her Daddy was clinging to her knees and now a crowd of vile figures had appeared and sought to drag him away. "Save me, Christina Alberta," he was pleading, though she heard no sounds. "Save me. Save me! Every day they torture me." But they dragged him away, and she could not put out her arms to him. Because she was made of ebony and all of one piece with Devizes.

THEN someone, a bird or a Sphinx with the face and voice of Lambone, came into the dream. "Listen to your Daddy," he said. "Do not despise him or simply pity him. He has much to teach you. The world will never learn anything until it will learn from ridiculous people. All people are ridiculous. I am. I am ridiculous. We learn in suffering what we teach in song." She saw that her Daddy was now sheltering between the paws of the Sphinx and that the evil men had vanished.

She became intensely aware of a revealing absurdity in her dream. No previous incompatibility had shocked her at all, and she had never thought that she was dreaming up to this point. But now she became intensely oppressed by the idea that the Sphinx was an ancient Egyptian and classical figure and that Sargon was a still more ancient Sumerian. The dream was going wrong. The periods, the cultures, were mixed. She conveyed this to Sphinx-Lambone, and he turned his head to answer her, and immediately the evil figures were back and, taking advantage of Lambone's inattention, were dragging her Daddy away. She tried to call Lambone's attention to that, but he said there would be plenty of time to recover her Daddy when the point about the Sphinx was settled. He wasn't a Sphinx, he explained, but a Winged Bull. He never had been a Sphinx. Or why should he be wearing a long curly stone beard? She wanted to argue that it was a false beard and that he had only just put it on. And, anyhow, it was just like him to start an inopportune discussion. Meanwhile her Daddy was receding into wretchedness. She became aware of this rapidly and painfully. It was her Daddy still, but his body was different; it was not a human body any more, but a basket of fruit overturned. Unless she did something at once, it would go rotten and be bad forever.

She tried to cry out words of comfort and reassurance to the poor, tragic little figure before the dream came to an end—for now she knew surely that it was a dream. Of course he was suffering intolerably. Why had she not written to him or telegraphed to him? Surely they would give him a letter or a telegram! A profound self-detestation for her incompetence and negligence and a great horror of pain and cruelty came upon her, and she awoke completely to black night and infinite dismay in her little hard bed in her stuffy little bedroom in Lonsdale Mews.

BUT the impression of her Daddy, desolate and broken-hearted and in danger, remained with her, terribly vivid. It clung to her. She got up in the morning anxious and depressed by it.

"I am not doing enough for him," she said. "I am letting days slip by—and for him they must be days of despair."

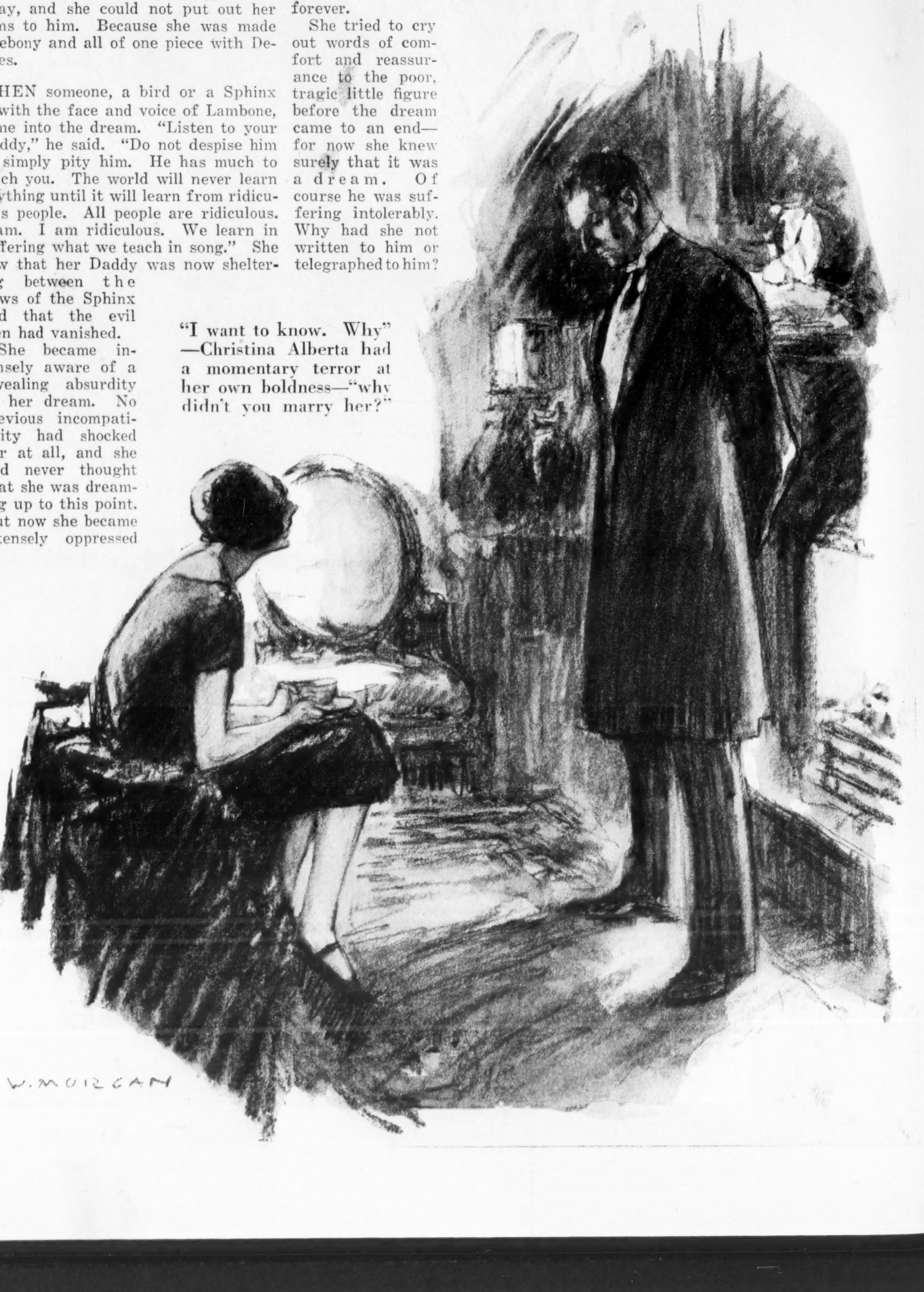
"Sure, th' 'Sylums'nt so ba-s-at," said Fay. "Sure y'r overrating it."

"But to live among lunatics and be classed as a lunatic!"

"They've *bans* play-them. Foxhill 'Sylum there's *buful* ban. 'Ntainments nors-sorts treats," said Fay.

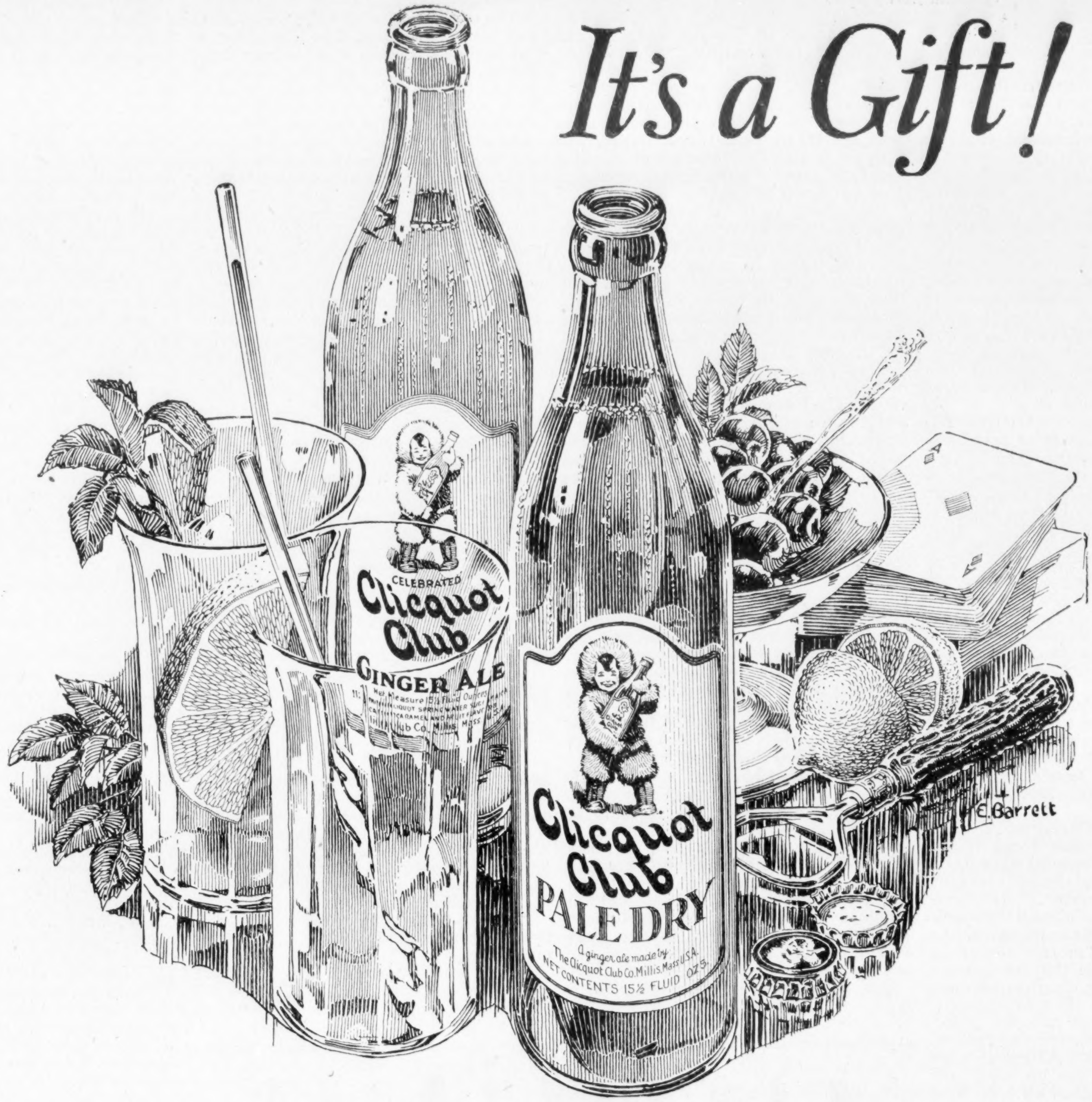
Christina Alberta refrained from bad language.

"You getting ill ove' all this," said Fay. "You doing no good 'n Lun. Youffar be'r (*Continued on page 32*)



"I want to know. Why" —Christina Alberta had a momentary terror at her own boldness—"why didn't you marry her?"

It's a Gift!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E. Barrett

Certainly, *anyone* can buy fine ginger and pure sugar and sparkling crystals of fruit juices. ¶ And there's quite a lot of good, pure water in the world that doesn't belong to us. ¶ *Anyone* can get that, too! ¶ But let this thought sink in: *Nobody* can put these things together in the Clicquot Club way—*nobody but Clicquot Club.* It's an art, for the full-pint bottles of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale (Regular or Pale Dry) contain a priceless ingredient that can't be bought—*forty years of knowing how to make good drinks.* ¶ Regular Clicquot Club is full of zest and vigor. Pale Dry Clicquot Club is extremely mild and subtle. ¶ Believe us—*it's a gift!* The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 30

come dow' Shore'm. The's th'ouse spoilin'. In this las' bit of fine w'r."

For the October weather was holding out that year quite wonderfully, a succession of calm, golden days, and the Crumbs had been offered the loan of a bungalow on the beach at Shoreham by a friend who had used it throughout the summer. They wanted to go down to it before the weather broke, but going down to it meant leaving Christina Alberta all alone in the studio, and they did not want to do that. But they meant to go to Shoreham. Christina Alberta, now that she had discovered Devizes, could not endure the thought of getting out of telephone range of him. London, she argued, was manifestly her proper center. She could get down to Cummerdown Hill in an hour; she could keep in touch with everything. The Crumbs might go, but she *must* stay.

About eleven o'clock Christina Alberta went to the post office telephone booth and rang up Devizes.

"Can't something be done to hurry things up?" she asked. "I've got Daddy on my nerves. I can't bear to think of him there day after day. I've been dreaming of him."

"Worrying is no good. We— I've got some bad news for you. So put all your controls on."

HE PAUSED. Christina Alberta, for all her love of Devizes, had to restrain her violent desire to snap, "Oh! what is it?"

"Visiting day was yesterday. He had one visitor. I suppose that's the agreeable relation you described—what was his name? Wiggles? Widgery? But your Daddy can't be seen again by the outer world for a week. Not until next Tuesday."

"Oh, damn!" said Christina Alberta.

"Exactly. I'll do what I can to arrange some sort of special access. I got on to the Medical Superintendent himself. But he's queer. He's evidently quite friendly and well disposed, but he fences about. He can't say either Yes or No. Odd! I'm free to-day in the afternoon, but I'm tied up to-morrow. I was for going down to see *him*—the superintendent I mean—for a talk after lunch. 'Better in a day or so,' he says. Hope there's nothing wrong that he's keeping back. Afterwards he promised me to ring me up later and then abruptly he switched off. So hold yourself ready there. What's your telephone number?"

"Haven't any. You must telegraph."

"Or I'll chase round in a taxi and pick you up. Sorry to hold you up like this, Christina Alberta."

"I don't mind anything so long as it's getting toward Daddy."

The telegram came after an interval of two hours, two hours which had been devoted to a rambling dispute with Fay about the Shoreham difficulty. The message ran as follows:

> *Has your father turned up he escaped at dawn this morning in slippers and dressing gown and nothing seen of him since if not appeared meet me Victoria two seven for Cummerdown telephone Gerrard 0247 if there.*

But Mr. Preemby did not turn up anywhere. He just vanished.

Christina Alberta, in a state of incredulous astonishment at this fresh disappearance, went down with Devizes to Cummerdown. They found a Medical Superintendent by no means so amazed as they were.

"This place isn't Portland," said the Medical Superintendent. "They get back all right. I give him a day. He's probably coming back now. He may be hiding up a mile away. I'm chiefly anxious about his catching cold. Pneumonia is the standard death of a lunatic. But it's wonderfully warm for the time of year. I've never known such an October."

He was much more desirous to talk to Devizes about lunacy reform and convince him that he was a highly progressive and able Medical Superintendent than to discuss the case of Mr. Preemby.

"I wonder if Cousin Widgery can throw any light on this," said Devizes.

"Widgery?"

"That was his visitor yesterday."

"*Was* it?" said the Medical Superintendent, and reflected and went to his desk as if to look for a paper. "I thought it was a different sort of name—rather more like Goodchild. Perhaps I've mixed up the names."

"Mr. Sam Widgery," said Christina Alberta, "would be the last person who'd want Daddy to get out. He probably came to make sure that he wouldn't. He may have come just for the pleasure of gloating over him. Uncle Sam's not a pretty soul. He may have wanted to make sure the wall went all the way round."

They returned to London completely baffled. Christina Alberta was for a visit to the Cummerdown Police Station and for a search in the villages round about, but Devizes explained that this might do more harm than good. Until now Christina Alberta had never heard of that one kindly weakness in the British lunacy laws, the release of the fourteen days' freedom. If the lunatic can get away from the asylum and remain at large for that period, he or she becomes legally sane again and cannot be touched without a fresh examination and a new certificate. To set the whole countryside hunting for Preemby might merely lead to his recapture by the asylum authorities. And whatever happened the mystery must not get into the papers.

"But while we do nothing, he may be lying dead in some out-of-the-way ditch," said Christina Alberta.

"If he is dead he won't mind a little delay in finding him," said Devizes.

No, the only thing was to wait at Lonsdale Mews against the chance of his returning thither. The Crumbs went off to Shoreham and Christina Alberta was left alone in the studio, but after one endless day of it Paul Lambone thought of a convenient agency called "Universal Aunts" and a suitable lady was sent to relieve her from a continuous vigil.

One, two, three days passed. There came no sign from Sargon, no news of any fresh calling of disciples or visits to the King. He had evaporated. A vision of a little crumpled-up body in a ditch replaced the tormented figure in the cell in the distressed imagination of Christina Alberta. But the mind refuses to go on with a painful fancy that leads to nothing and Christina Alberta's imagination presently ceased further dealings with her Daddy until fresh material came to hand. She returned to the urgent and extraordinary problem of herself and her relationship to Devizes.

"THE supply of good rye and Scotch is falling off," said William G. Shepherd a few weeks ago. But do conditions throughout the country confirm this statement?

Shepherd and W. O. Saunders set out to see for themselves. The facts they uncovered will be printed in

WHO *is Drinking in America—and* WHAT?

in next week's

COLLIER'S

IT WAS manifest that he was almost as excited as she was at their mutual discovery. The possible proceedings of Sargon, fantastic as they might prove to be when they came to light, remained, for him as for her, a matter of urgent importance, but the thought of this strange relationship completely overshadowed it. Each had a reciprocal desire to get at the other, to discover what magic of sympathy and understanding might not be latent in their consanguinity.

The evening after the Universal Aunt was installed he took Christina Alberta out to dine with him at a pleasant little Italian restaurant in the corner of Sloane Square and afterwards he came back to the studio with her and talked until nearly one in the morning. He showed himself shyly anxious to find out her aims and purposes in life and what she was doing and what might be done to let out her possibilities. He was evidently disposed to shoulder just as much parental responsibility as he could, subject to the preservation of appearances and a proper care for the self-respect of the vanished Sargon. She attracted him and he liked her. Her feelings for him were more tumultuous and abundant and indefinite. She didn't particularly want help or support from him. The idea of being dependent upon him for anything repelled rather than attracted her, but she wanted to get hold of him, to please and satisfy him, to be better than he had expected and interesting in fresh ways. She wanted him to like her—to care for her more than mere liking. She wanted that anxiously and tremendously.

SHE liked a sort of ease and confidence he had with waiters and cabmen and the common services of life. He seemed to know just what people would do and they seemed to know just what he would do; there was no tension in these matters, no nervous "H'rrmping."

Over the dinner he talked at first about music. He had had no music in his education and now he was discovering it. A friend of his had been taking him to concerts and he had got a player piano, "so as to spell it out at home first." But Christina Alberta's education had missed out music too, and she hadn't as yet discovered it. So that topic died out presently. He tried her about pictures, but there again she wasn't particularly interested. They had a little silence.

He looked across at her and smiled.

"I'd like to ask you all sorts of questions, Christina Alberta, if I dared," he said.

She blushed—absurdly. "Any questions you like," she said.

"Immense questions," he said. "For example—generally—what do you think you are up to?"

She understood what he meant at once. But she was so unprepared with an answer that she became evasive.

"Up to!" she said, playing for time, "I suppose I'm looking for my lost Daddy."

"But what are you up to generally? What are you doing with your life? Where are you going?"

"I'm at sea," she said at last. "Lots of my generation are, I think. The girls especially. You are older than I am; I'm only beginning. I don't want to seem cheeky, but aren't you better able to say what *you* are up to? Suppose"—her slightly scared gravity broke into an impudent smile that Devizes found very congenial—"suppose you play first."

He considered that. "Perfectly fair," he said. "I will. Have another olive. I'm glad you like olives. I do too. Nobody's called me to account for a long time. What *is* my game? It's a fair question."

But not an easy one evidently.

"I suppose one ought to begin right back at one's philosophy," he said. "A long story. But I started the idea."

Christina Alberta was greatly elated at her successful repulse of his projected cross-examination. Instead of making a display herself she could watch him. She watched him over the flowers on the table and had to be nudged by the waiter when he brought the pheasant to her elbow.

"How *should* one begin?" he plunged. She had heard of Pragmatism? Yes. She was probably better read in that sort of thing than he was. He was, he considered, a sort of Pragmatist. Most modern-minded, intelligent people he held were Pragmatists as he understood it. Pragmatist? As he understood it? He met her eye and explained. In this sense he meant it: we none of us had a clear vision of reality; nobody perhaps would ever do more than approach reality. What we perceived was just that much of reality that got through to us, through our very defective powers of interpretation. "They've done this pheasant en casserole very well," he broke off. "Three minutes' truce we ought to give it. Do you find I'm talking comprehensibly? I doubt it."

"I'm hanging on," said Christina Alberta. . . .

"Perhaps I'm beginning too far off."

Pheasant. . . .

"To come back to my confession of faith," he said presently. ". . . Mind you, Christina Alberta, you've got to say your bit afterwards."

"It won't be as definite as yours," she said. "Some of yours I shall steal. But go on—telling me."

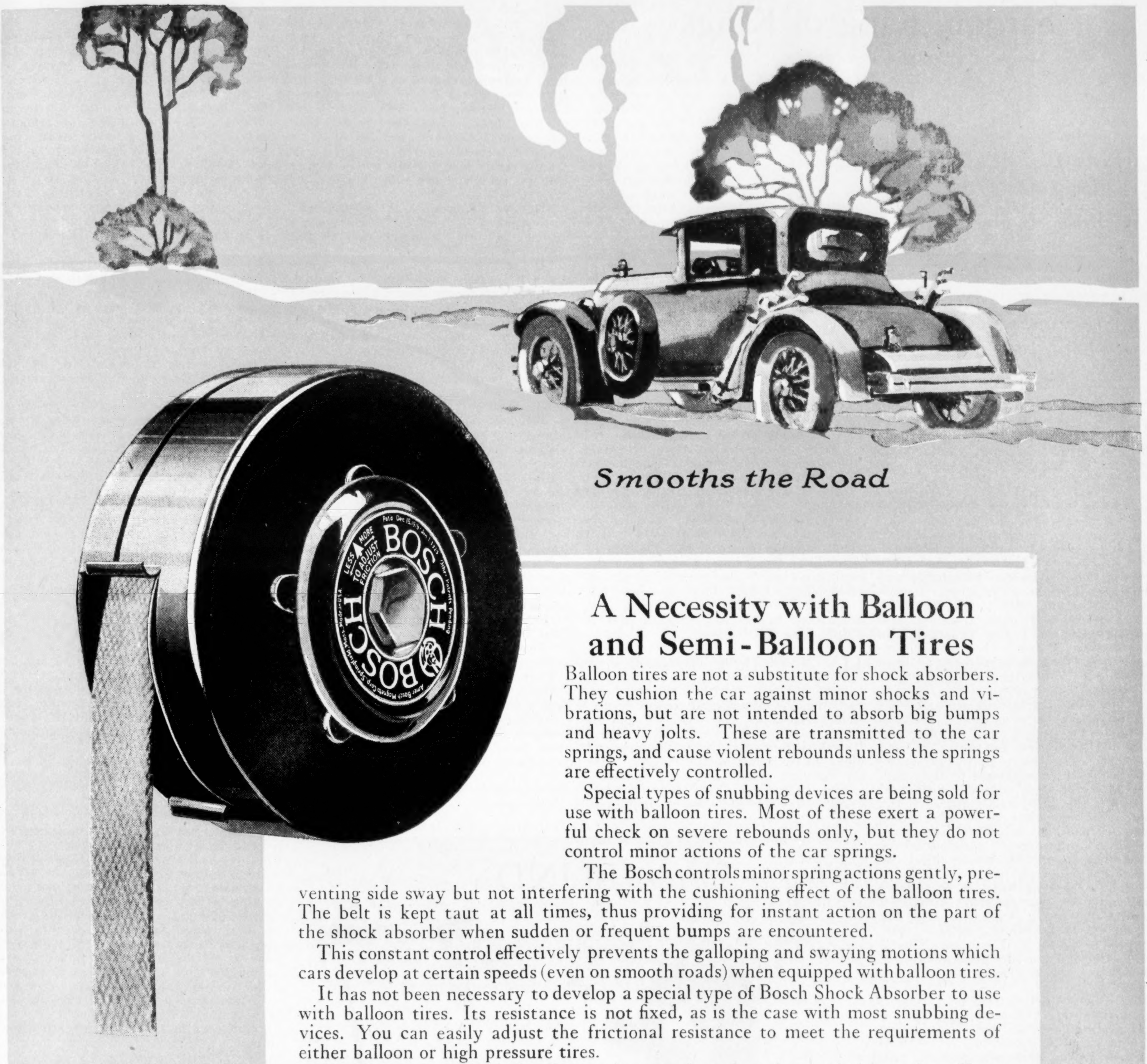
"Well, keep hold, Christina Alberta. I feel I'm going to be at once hesitating and condensed. And I'm not sure of what you know or don't know. If I say I'm an Agnostic about the nature of the universe and how it began and where it ends, does that convey anything to you?"

"Just what I think," said Christina Alberta.

"WELL." He started afresh and got into parenthetical difficulties. The Pêche Melba came to interrupt and permit a fresh start. He unfolded a psychologist's vision of the world for her inspection, a curious and yet attractive vision to her. He expressed himself in terms of mind and understanding. She was used to hearing everything expressed in terms of labor and material necessity. Life, he said, was one continuous thing, all life was connected. He tried to illustrate that. The conscious life of most lower animals was intensely individual; a lizard, for example, was just itself, just its instincts and appetites; it received no teaching and no tradition; it handed on nothing to its kind. But the higher animals were taught when they were young, learned and taught others and communicated with each other. Men far more than any animal. He had developed picture writing, speech, oral tradition, scientific record. There was now a common mind of the race, a great growing body of knowledge and interpretations. . . .

That was his general philosophy. He was coming to the question of himself now, he said. He became very earnest over the coffee cups and ash tray on the swept tablecloth. He spread elucidatory hands before her. He was conscientiously explicit. He saw in himself two phases, or rather two levels of existence. Roughly speaking, two. They had links and intermediate stages, of course, but they could be ignored when one just wanted to express the idea. First of all, he was the old instinctive individual, fearful, greedy, lustful, jealous, self-assertive. That was the primary self. He had to attend to that primary self because it carried all the rest of him, as a rider must see that his horse gets oats. Deeper lay social instincts and dispositions arising out of family life. That was the second self, the social self.

(*Continued on page 34*)



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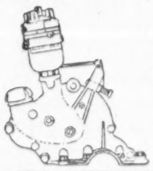

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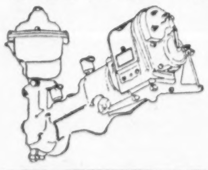

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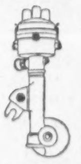


Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 32

Man, he threw out, is a creature that has become more and more consciously social in the last two or three hundred thousand years. He has been lengthening his life, keeping his children with him longer and longer, enlarging his community from family herds into clans and tribes and nations. The deep-lying continuity of life was becoming more apparent and finding more and more definite expression with this socialization of man. To educate anyone in the proper sense of the word was to make him more and more aware of this continuity. The importance of the passionate, feverish self was then reduced. True education was self-subordination to a greater life, to the social self. The natural instincts and limitations of the primary self were in conflict with this wider underflow; education, *good* education, tended to correct them.

"Here am I," said Devizes, "as we all are, a creature in a state of internal conflict, quicker, fiercer mortal instincts at issue with a deeper, calmer, less brightly lit but finally stronger drive toward immortal purposes. And I am—how shall I put it?—I personally am to the best of my ability on the side of the deeper things. My aptitudes and temperament and opportunities have brought me to psychology—as a profession. I work to add to the accumulation of human knowledge and understanding about the mind. I work for illumination. My particular work is to study and cure troubled and tangled minds. I try to straighten them out and simplify them and illuminate them. And above all I try to learn from them. I seek the mental or physical cause of their distresses. I try to put down as clearly and accessibly as possible all I observe and learn. That's my job. That's my aim. It gives me a general direction for my life. All the stuff of my mere individual existence I try to subordinate to that end. Not always. My monkey individual gets loose at times and gibbers on the roof. And at other times it's rather good company as a relief from overwork. Vanity and self-indulgence have their uses. But never mind the monkey now. I do not want to be a brilliant person; I want to be a vital part. That's my essential creed. I want to be the sort of wheel in the machinery they call a mental expert. As good a wheel as I can be. That's what I'm up to in general terms, Christina Alberta. That's what I think I am."

"Yes," said Christina Alberta, reflecting profoundly. "Of course I can't produce a statement like that. You've got your system—complete."

There was a little silence.

"It's wonderful to talk to you like this," said Christina Alberta. "It's wonderful to talk to anyone like this."

"I feel that you and I—have to understand each other."

She met his grave eyes for a moment. There was a wave of emotion within her. She could not speak. She reached out her hand to touch his, and for a moment their hands were together.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA only got to her confession of faith in the studio after they had returned thither and relieved the Universal Aunt.

She said she hadn't much in the way of metaphysics; she was a Materialist.

"No prayers at Mother's knee? Religion of Mother and Daddy? School prayers and teaching? Church or chapel?"

"It all washed out and faded out, I think, as they laid it on."

"No fear of hell? Most of my generation went through the fear of hell."

"Not a trace of it," said the New Age.

"But—a desire for God in the night?"

Christina Alberta paused for a little while. "I have that," she said. "It comes—sometimes. I don't know whether it's very important or not important at all."

"It's part," said Devizes slowly, "of something that has to do with wanting to be more than a miserable worm—and disliking meanness—and so forth."

"Yes. Do you know more about it?"

Rather oddly he didn't answer that. "And how do you see yourself in relation to mankind—and the animals—and the stars? What sense of obligation have you? What do you think the road is along which you have to go?"

"H'm," said Christina Alberta. She considered she was a Communist, she said, though she didn't belong to the party. But she knew some other young people who did. She produced some of the phrases of the movement, "the materialist conception of history," and so forth. He said he failed to understand and asked rather irritating questions: she thought controversially. She didn't realize at first how widely apart was their phraseology. As they talked this became apparent. He seemed to have nothing too good to say for the Communist idea, for wasn't it just his own idea of being a part of a greater being of life? But he seemed to have nothing too bad for practical Communism. Marxist Communism, he said, wasn't a constructive movement at all; it was merely a solvent. It had no idea, no plan. Christina Alberta was put on the defensive. "Enthusiasm for an ideal Communist state isn't nearly so important as the question of immediate Communist tactics in a decaying society," she recited, in an almost official tone. That was how her young friends in the party talked. But when she talked like this to him it didn't seem so effective.

HE PRESSED the difference in their opinions. Communism for him meant a new spirit, a spirit of science reorganizing the world upon scientific collective lines, but the whole temper of party communism was contemporary. It was saturated with the feelings and ideas of existing social classes, with the natural resentment of the dispossessed. It had the angry dogmatism of desperate people not sure of their grip. It needed more of the passion of creative self-forgetfulness. Many Communists, he said, were simply reversed capitalists, egotists without capital; they wanted revenge and expropriation, and when they were through with that they would be left with nothing but social ruins and everything to begin all over again. And they were suspicious and intolerant because of their want of internal assurance. They distrusted their best friends, their proper leaders, scientific men like Keynes and Soddy.

"Keynes a Communist!" cried Christina Alberta in derision. "He doesn't accept the first scientific fact of the class war."

"It isn't much of a fact—certainly not a First Scientific Fact," he replied. "Keynes builds up slowly a conception of a scientifically organized exchange system. Most of your friends in Russia don't seem capable even of realizing that such a thing is necessary."

"But they do!"

"Have they shown it?"

"What do *you* know of the Russian Bolsheviks?"

"What do *you?* You just look at the labels on people. Nothing genuine without the red label—and everything genuine with."

She said he saw things from his "bourgeois" standpoint, and he laughed cheerfully at her social classifications; there was no bourgeoisie in England, he said; she attempted some of the stock cynicisms and sarcasms of the movement, but with an unusual lack of conviction. It was easy for him to criticize, she said, living as he did on invested capital.

"It would make it easier," he smiled. "But really I live on my fees."

"You have invested capital."

"Some. I don't live on it."

They had exhausted the dispute for a time. After all, she reflected, she hadn't put up such a bad fight, considering her age and standing. The momentary glow of controversial exasperation faded again. They drifted to the more immediate question in which they were interested, the question of what she was to do with her life.

"We progress, Christina Alberta," said Devizes, "but it's still generally the rule that a woman's life is determined very largely by the character and occupations of—the leading man in the play. Have you by any chance been in love yet?"

She wanted to tell him all the truth about herself, but some things are untellable. She hesitated and blushed hotly. "Nowadays," she said and stopped. "I've some imagination. I've run about London. I've perhaps imagined things—"

His eyes were very searching for a moment, but none the less kindly.

"I've been in love—in a kind of way," she admitted.

HE NODDED with a dreadful effect of complete comprehension.

"I don't want to run my life in relation to any man," she extended.

"Clever girls never do. Any more than clever young men want to spend their lives adoring a goddess."

"In any case, I don't see myself becoming a child-producing housekeeper," she said.

"Even if you married. No. I doubt whether you are that type. But if you are going to reject that easy way—and it *is* an easy way, in spite of what people say—if you are going to be a citizen on your own as a man is, then you've got to do a man's work, Christina Alberta. There's to be none of the Pretty Fanny business, you know."

"Well, *am* I?" asked Christina Alberta.

"No, I don't think you are. And in that case, I guess you want some more education. You're clever, but you're a bit patchy."

"I'm good enough to get a job. And then learn."

"Learn," he said. "That's enough to take you all your time. I'd rather we agreed it's got to be a student for two or three years more. You need have no anxiety about ways and means. You and I are of the same Clan—a clan of two practically—and I am the head. I'll see you through just as though you were a son. And now, what sort of work is it to be? Law? Medicine? A general education for journalism or affairs? Doors open to women now—fresh doors every day."

To that Christina Alberta could speak a little more fully. She had been thinking out some of these things. She wanted to know about life and the world as a whole. Could she have a good year at physical science, biology and geology chiefly, and anthropology? Would that be possible? And then if she was any good at medical work, another year at mental science or politics and public health? "It sounds ambitious, I know," she said.

"Ambitious! It's an encyclopedia in a year."

"But I want to know about all these things."

"Naturally."

"Could I have longer than that?"

"You'd have to have longer than that."

"It seems to be asking for so much."

"It wouldn't be if you were in trousers. We've agreed to unsex you to that extent. Why shouldn't you be ambitious?"

"You think I might do work—scientific work—at last—as you do?"

"Why not?"

"A girl?"

"You're the sort of stuff I am, Christina Alberta."

"Do you think—some day—I might even come to work—to work with you?"

"Kindred minds may follow kindred courses," he said, with the completest recognition of their relationship. "Why not?"

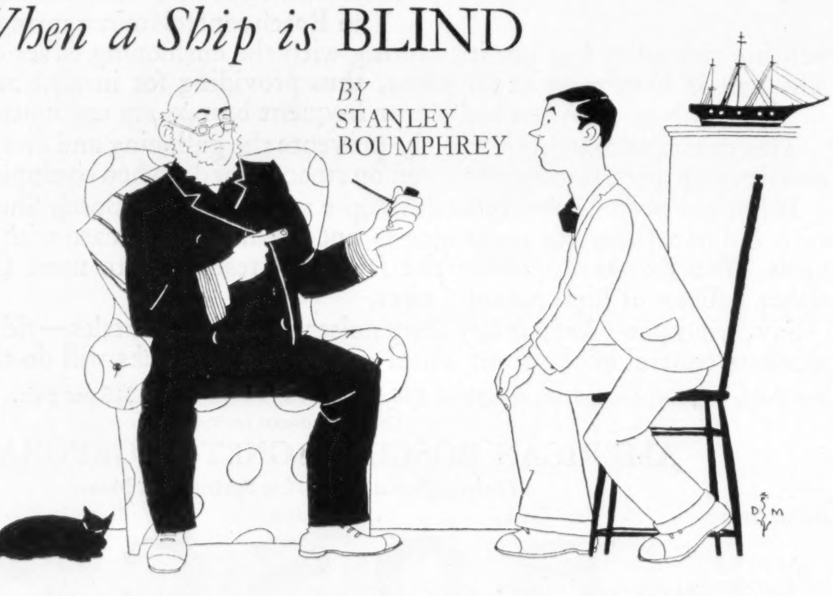
She stood and looked at him with a dark excitement in her eyes, and he had a momentary intimation of all that he might be to her. Gallant she was and fine and ambitious; a wonderful life to come out of nothingness into his own. She meant this relationship to grow, as well it might, into something very great and deep for both of them.

He went off at a tangent to talk of the contrast of men and women students and of men and women as workers. "You'll never run parallel with

(*Continued on page 36*)

When a Ship is BLIND

BY
STANLEY
BOUMPHREY



ASK any wise old sea captain what he dreads most and you will get a snappy answer. It will be "Fog." For fogs make ships go blind; and a blind ship is a ship in danger. Which is why vessels, like sightless men, carry canes.

There's the deep-sea lead, for example. That's the oldest of all nautical "canes." The navigator uses it to locate his position by taking a series of soundings, at regular intervals, and making them "jump" with the depths given on the chart. Nowadays, with electrically driven machines, even the fastest vessels can get bottom at 100 fathoms (600 feet) without slowing up—something they couldn't do a few years ago.

Another aid is the submarine signaler—two under-water microphones, fitted on each side of the hull—which makes it possible, on approaching a specially fitted light vessel or light buoy, to hear a bell ringing on either starboard or port side, and thus move in the right direction.

But the greatest aid—the best "cane" of all—is wireless. By getting radio direction from three different stations (and stations will always furnish the true compass bearings of any vessel) it is possible to plot a triangular "fix" on a chart with great accuracy. The larger lines, which carry their own "directional finding" apparatus, can get bearings of the shore without appealing to the stations.

But they still dread fog.

Start May First

LAST year two and a half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens—the men and women who are to be entrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents but to the country itself, *one* out of every *thirteen* died before its first birthday.

This tragic waste of human material must be checked. It must be made easier for babies to pass their first milestone and for boys and girls to have a happy, healthy childhood. A gigantic plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country, is asked to help.

May Day, which has always been one of the banner days of childhood with its picnics, its gayly-ribboned May-poles and its fun, is hereafter going to be a momentous day for our boys and girls. It will be known everywhere as National Child Health Day, a permanent American institution, a day for community stock-taking of child-health conditions.

May-Poles—Symbols of Health

When you see the May-poles think of them as symbols of sound health for children.

All over the country hundreds of thousands of men and women are planning to make May Day memorable in the history of our nation. Members of religious, business, fraternal, patriotic, labor and other organizations are working to make Child Health Day a success.

Herbert Hoover's Plea

The purpose of the May Day Celebration is to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children * * *

The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

It is for the reiteration of this truth, for the celebration of it until it shall have become a living fact, that we urge all people of good will to join in the celebration of May Day as Child Health Day.

Herbert Hoover

There will be celebrations and festivals, public gatherings and speech making. Stores from coast to coast will have special window displays calling attention to Child Health Day. Business concerns, mills and factories will have important health demonstrations.

The men and women who are working for an improvement in child-health are painting a vision which shall and must be made real. They are working for more sanitary school buildings, more thorough health inspection in schools and better playground facilities. They are taking steps to safeguard the right of every child to reach maturity in good condition physically, mentally and morally.

Find out what your community is doing to celebrate May Day. Let's not have a slacker town or city in all the country.

Every Home a Health Center

It is time to dismiss the old foolish notion that children have to have the diseases of childhood. They can be protected by the proper precautions. Keep your children well.

Have your boys and girls physically examined at least once a year. See that they eat the right body-building food. Make certain that they play every day in the fresh air, sleep long hours with open windows and establish healthy body-habits. Give them buoyant joyous health. Endow them with strong, sturdy bodies.

But remember that the dreams you dream on May First and the plans you make must be carried out every day in the year to give your children the best possible chance in life.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

There are upward of 35 million children in the United States—practically one-third of our population—who are subject to dangers in many communities by failure of community safeguards. In some sections of the country impure water and impure milk are supplied. In other communities inadequate provisions for health inspection are made. Again, too few playgrounds are opened or too many children are permitted by law to be at work in factories when they should be in school.

Great advances have been made in national hygiene, but even today three out of four children are suffering from some physical defect which might have been prevented or corrected. At least three million of our children, probably more, fall so far below the normal standard of weight that their condition demands immediate recognition and attention.

Six countries have lower infant mortality rates than the United States. The country which stands first loses only one baby in twenty under one year of age. There are many countries which lose fewer mothers in childbirth than we do here in the United States.

We need more prenatal and maternity care and instruction; closer supervision of health in schools; nutrition classes; more playgrounds and a wider system of public health measures.

The New May Day brings a plea for safeguarding the welfare of our children. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published a booklet, "The Child", which is a guide and help to mothers. It will be mailed free, to anyone who asks for it, together with a Child Health Day program prepared by the American Child Health Association. HALEY FISKE, *President*.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 34

men, you free women, so don't expect it. You've got to work out a way that is similar, perhaps, but different. Different down to the roots." He argued that probably the whole fabric of a man had its qualities that a woman's did not possess and vice versa, down even to a muscular fiber or a nerve tendril. A time might come when we should be able to put a drop of blood or a scrap of skin under the microscope or apply some subtle reagent to it and tell its sex. "A man resists," he said. "A man is intractable. He has greater inertia, physical and mental. That keeps him to his course. Men compared with women are steadier and stupider. Women compared with men are quicker and sillier. Bludgeons and bodkins."

He talked of his student days when women medical students were still rather novel intrusions, and from that he passed to his father's prejudices, to his father's treatment of his mother and his boyish days. Presently they were exchanging experiences of childish delusions and fancies. She forgot how much older and more experienced he was in the ease of his talk. He told her about himself because he recognized her right to know about him; he listened with a friendly eagerness to all she chose to tell him of her Daddy and herself and about her impressions and her few adventures in encounter as a suburban student in London. They shared their delight in Paul Lambone's kindly absurdity. Their friendliness grew richer and deeper as they talked. She had never before met so intimate and delightful a curiosity as his. She had had friends before but no such friendliness; she had had a lover but never such intimacy.

It was one o'clock before he went away.

The talk had ebbed. He sat thoughtful for a moment. "I must go," he said and stood up. They faced each other, a little at a loss for parting words.

"It's been wonderful to talk to you," she said.

"It's a great thing to have discovered you."

Another pause. "It's a great thing for me," she said lamely.

"We'll talk—many times," he said.

He wanted to call her "my dear," and an absurd shyness prevented him. And she was aware of that suppression.

She stood up straight before him in the passage with a flush on her cheeks and her eyes alight, and he wondered he had not thought her beautiful from the beginning. "Good-by for the time," he said and smiled at her gravely and took and held her hand, for a moment.

"Good night," she said and hesitated and then opened the door for him and stood and watched him go up the Mews.

At the top he turned and waved his hand to her before he disappeared. "Good night," she whispered, and looked about her as if she feared that her unspoken thoughts had been audible.

Father. Her father! So real fathers leave one aglow like this!

He had left her tense as a violin string on which the bow rests motionless. Now Daddy, who wasn't her father, she would just have hugged and kissed.

(*To be continued next week*)

As a Reporter, He's a PHONING FOOL

By-WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

HIS managing editor says that Harry Romanoff is the best police reporter in the world.

Of course Harry's managing editor doesn't know personally about all the police reporters in the world, but he does know something about them in Chicago, which is the best police town in the world from a newspaper standpoint.

I spoke about Romanoff to one of his former city editors.

"The M. E. tells me he's the best police reporter in the world," I said. "What do you think?"

A mad light shone in the ex-city editor's eyes.

"Best in the world!" he exclaimed fervently. "Why be so limited? Add Mars and Betelgeuse and whatever others you can think of and still you won't be wrong. He's the best there is anywhere. Hock the old home place and bet it all on that any time!"

If you picture Romanoff at work in front of a typewriter your imagination is off its course. Harry is not a writing reporter. He gets the news from here, there and everywhere and tells it to a re-write man. As the ex-city editor put it: "Harry's just like a sponge. He goes to the phone and gets himself all wet with news and then he goes to a re-write man and just drips all over him. He gets soppy with facts and color and angles, names, dates and places until he can just about drown a re-write man with it when he starts to squeeze."

Romanoff's managing editor says he can sit in front of a phone and get more good stuff on any kind of a story than any four ordinarily good men can gather doing leg work in the vicinity of the X marking the scene of the excitement. He's just a phoning fool!

The ability to get the stuff is a small half of Romanoff's value. The big half is that he can tell it after he gets it, tell it intelligently, dramatically, compellingly.

I watched him one night in the city room getting and telling a fast action story that was breaking late. It was a joy just to watch him work. He'd sit in front of the telephone as tense as a bird dog at point, listening, listening, listening. Then he'd cross the office and lean over the re-write man who was putting the piece on paper and talk and talk and talk. He gave that re-write man enough good dialogue to fill a short story. He gave him enough atmosphere to color a young novel and sufficient action, characterization and psychology for a three-act play! All this told clearly, directly, persuasively, passionately.

Harry's specialty is police but he'll do on any other sort of a yarn. He has a true eye for the human interest touches that give a story warmth and appeal. When the Harding funeral train passed through twenty-five miles of Chicago at the pace of a slow walk they sent Harry in a cab to follow it the best he could and phone in every little while.

"He saw and phoned in enough good stuff while that train was going through town to make a good story for every paper in Chicago," his city editor said.

In getting stories Romanoff has several times outdone the police. The Fitzgerald case was an example. A man by that name was suspected of having murdered a child named Janet. The police arrested him and tried for four days to get a confession. Nothing doing. They had no real evidence against the man and had about given up the idea that he was guilty.

At four o'clock on a Sunday Romanoff got to him in his cell and began to work on him. He pleaded with him, he screamed at him, he stormed and moaned and begged. Ceaselessly he kept ripping at him with the questions: "Where's Janet? Janet! Janet! Where is she? Where's Janet? Tell me! Tell me! Janet. Where is she? Where's Janet? Her mother will die in a few hours if you don't tell. She'll die. She'll die. Where's Janet? Where? Where? Where? Where is she?"

For more than two hours he kept this up with all the emotional fervor of Billy Sunday at a climax. Finally Fitzgerald broke under the strain of the ceaseless high-pitched questioning and confessed. Romanoff had gotten his story as usual!

Romanoff is short and round but impressive. He started as a copy boy on the city news service in Chicago—a position which ranks as the lowest form of newspaper life—and came up the practical workaday route. I suspect him of being about thirty years old. He won't tell me anything about himself. He's afraid I'll write a piece about him if he does. I told him I was going to and he just shook his head and laughed. He'll laugh when he reads this, and be puzzled too. He'll be puzzled because the one good story in Chicago that Romanoff doesn't get is the good story of Romanoff, the best police reporter in the world.

Thomas' Dream Comes True

Continued from page 11

Thomas dream, as I have said, not only to provide ideal buildings but to do so at prices the average family can afford to pay. And unfortunately the rule of the building industry is like that of so many other industries: *charge all the traffic will bear.*

Probably these considerations had something to do with the determination of the corporations in Bayonne to build their houses. It had something to do, I am sure, with the remarkable thing that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has done. The Metropolitan is interested, of course, from a business standpoint, in having people live a long time. Therefore, just to show what is possible when you mix together brains, good will, and money, it commissioned Thomas, a while ago, to design six full blocks of his dreamed-of apartments in Long Island City. They were planned and built; and 30,000 families pleaded and wept for the privilege of occupying them, though there is room for only about 2,100.

I have lived in New York in apartments which rented for nearly four times as much per square yard of floor space, which in beauty, healthfulness, convenience, were miles inferior to these Thomas-Metropolitan houses. Yet the Metropolitan is earning a handsome return on its investment.

Fine work is being done along similar lines by other architects, and by all sorts of private citizens who happen to see the value of such efforts, and are willing to put some time and money into them. I could have written a whole article, for instance, about the activities of another New York group, headed by Alexander M. Bing, which is building some remarkable apartment houses (designed by Clarence Stein) for sale on the installment plan to their occupants at a total cost for carrying charges, maintenance and everything, of only ten dollars per month.

But what I have already written should be sufficient to illustrate the main idea. Whether we use Thomas' plans or better ones, it is worth while to try to solve this question of getting good homes for plain people, particularly those who live in cities.

Inside the President's Office

Continued from page 9

at eight, and is commonly at his desk before nine. From that time until lunch at one o'clock the hours are given to callers, official and unofficial. This period of the day, of course, is exceedingly fruitful of useful information gathered. One of the most helpful accomplishments, in the way of saving the President, has been effected under the rule, established soon after he came to the White House, of confining engagements to these hours between breakfast and lunch.

On Tuesdays and Fridays a Cabinet meeting, of about an hour and a half, breaks into the forenoon. After the formal Cabinet sitting is ended, the President usually holds conferences with a number of the Cabinet members individually, on matters which require his consideration, but do not need that of the entire Cabinet. Shortly before one o'clock the door of the Executive Office are opened and the assemblage of callers who have come to pay their respects is passed through. Everybody gets a handshake and greeting.

The lunch hour, at one, commonly brings in a number of guests to the Presidential board, with conversation which often represents the dispatch of more business. The afternoon is reserved for reading, study, and intensive consideration of the many subjects which require it. Quite frequently the President takes a nap during the afternoon, sometimes on a couch in his office, sometimes in his own room at the White House proper. Somewhere from 5 to 6 he goes out for a walk, perhaps through the shopping district, perhaps in the residence section; or at other times about the Speedway and the Mall. Dinner is at seven, commonly with a group of guests and a repetition of the lunch hour's experience of gathering valuable information through the process of discussion. Between dinner and an early retirement hour, the President is likely to receive a number of people, with whom affairs are discussed. Reading, or conversation with house guests or friends invited for the occasion, accounts for the rest of the evening.

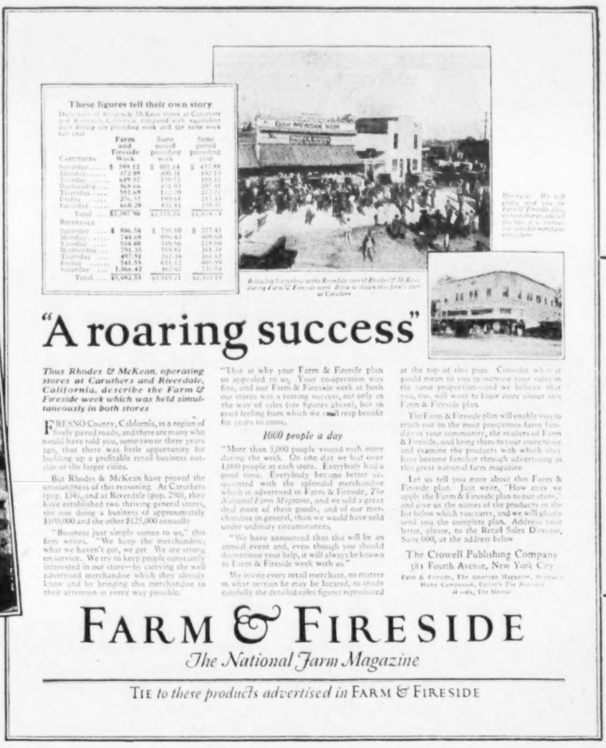
The President meets the general body of the White House Association of Newspaper Correspondents twice a week—Tuesday at 12 noon and Friday at 4 in the afternoon. The different hours are an equalization of news to the morning and afternoon press.

Of course, I am giving only a suggestion of the day's activities of the President. There are formal receptions from time to time, state dinners, the ceremonial reception of ambassadors, and many other demands. President Coolidge is the sort of executive best equipped to get along with such a task as he confronts. He doesn't attempt to manage everything personally. He has just the right faculty of sifting out essentials and making decisions, but leaving details to the administrative departments. As a result, he seems to know everything, while giving the minimum of time and effort to informing himself. In this phase he has the advantage of possessing a memory that can only be described as uncanny.

Calvin Coolidge will thrive on the tasks of the Presidency. The country will continue to thrive under his discharge of those tasks.

FARM & FIRESIDE EXHIBITION

Farm & Fireside advertised products were prominently displayed in both stores



These figures tell their own story

"A roaring success"

Thus Rhodes & McKean, operating stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California, describe the Farm & Fireside week which was held simultaneously in both stores

FRESNO County, California, is a region of finely paved roads, and there are many who would have told you, some two or three years ago, that there was little opportunity for building up a profitable retail business outside of the larger cities.

But Rhodes & McKean have proved the unsoundness of this reasoning. At Caruthers (pop. 134), and at Riverdale (pop. 250), they have established two thriving general stores, the one doing a business of approximately $100,000 and the other $125,000 annually.

"Business just simply comes to us," this firm writes. "We keep the merchandise; what we haven't got, we get. We are strong on service. We try to keep people constantly interested in our store—by carrying the well advertised merchandise which they already know and by bringing this merchandise to their attention in every way possible.

"That is why your Farm & Fireside plan so appealed to us. Your co-operation was fine, and our Farm & Fireside week at both our stores was a roaring success, not only in the way of sales (see figures above), but in good feeling from which we shall reap benefit for years to come.

1000 people a day

"More than 5,000 people visited each store during the week. On one day we had over 1,000 people at each store. Everybody had a good time. Everybody became better acquainted with the splendid merchandise which is advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*, and we sold a great deal more of these goods, and of our merchandise in general, than we would have sold under ordinary circumstances.

"We have announced that this will be an annual event and, even though you should discontinue your help, it will always be known as Farm & Fireside week with us."

We invite every retail merchant, no matter in what section he may be located, to study carefully the detailed sales figures reproduced at the top of this page. Consider what it would mean to you to increase your sales in the same proportion—and we believe that you, too, will want to know more about this Farm & Fireside plan.

The Farm & Fireside plan will enable you to reach out to the most prosperous farm families in your community, the readers of Farm & Fireside, and bring them to your store to see and examine the products with which they have become familiar through advertising in this great national farm magazine.

Let us tell you more about this Farm & Fireside plan. Just write, "How may we apply the Farm & Fireside plan to our store," and give us the names of the products in the list below which you carry, and we will gladly send you the complete plan. Address your letter, please, to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 000, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

FARM & FIRESIDE
The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

This coupon for merchants only

Retail Sales Director, Suite 2-B
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send your new book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, without cost to me.

Name ....

Address ....

Business ....

The advertisement reproduced at the left featured Rhodes & McKean's profitable Farm & Fireside week of last year

Opportunity knocked *twice* at these stores!

How a retail firm found a plan for winning farm trade so profitable they used it again—with even better success

LAST year the Farm & Fireside plan for winning more farm trade brought thousands of dollars of extra business to Rhodes & McKean, operating stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California.

They wrote us at that time: "We have announced that this will be an annual event. It will always be known as Farm & Fireside Week with us."

For they saw that this plan was so basically sound that it would work in their stores year after year—just as it has worked in hundreds of other stores the country over—just as it will work in *your* store.

Nor was their confidence misplaced. Their second Farm & Fireside Exhibition, held recently, was even more successful than the first!

It brought a 30% increase in business over the corresponding week of last year—an 85% gain over the previous week—and bigger sales day for day than their first Farm & Fireside event. More than 2000 people visited their two stores each day—although Caruthers is a town of only 134 people, and Riverdale of 250.

Their real volume of sales came from the neighboring farmers. Here, just as around your town, the farm families represent a big, rich market. A market which you, and every merchant, can reach easily.

A sure way to win this trade

You can get this extra business with the Farm & Fireside plan. A plan so simple, so practical, that any merchant can profit by it.

This plan puts at work for *you* the tremendous selling influence of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. This great magazine is read in more than 1,000,000 leading farm homes—many of them in your community. And these readers of Farm & Fireside represent a selected list of the best farm buyers in every locality.

Because of this, because these families look upon Farm & Fireside as a guide to better farming methods and better living, a Farm & Fireside Week will pay in your town. It will pay *you*, just as it has paid Rhodes & McKean and progressive merchants in every section of the country.

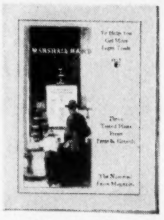
The secret of its success

What makes the Farm & Fireside plan so effective is the fact that Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, *influences the purchases of more than 1,000,000 leading farm families.*

This plan directs them to the stores of merchants who handle Farm & Fireside advertised products

The Farm & Fireside plan is a tested plan that brings these buyers into your store—to examine, and purchase, the goods they have become familiar with through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

This book tells how you can use the plan



Our new 36-page book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, tells how to win this extra business. It shows you definitely the results hundreds of other merchants have secured with the Farm & Fireside plan—and how you can equal them.

We will gladly send this book free to any responsible merchant.

Just mail the coupon above, or write us on your business letter-head, saying you would like to get your share of this extra profit.

Please address your letter to The Retail Sales Director at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine · Read in more than a million homes

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
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Continued from page 19

El Paso Joe, "it's all right for you to stand there gabbing about Cobb, but don't get so smoked up you forget to give my fren' here his change."

"As I was sayin', just to show you what a base thief Ty is," went on Buggsy breathlessly, as he dipped into the till and slid the change of a dollar across the counter, "on the next pitch Cobb broke for home—"

"Wise egg," remarked El Paso Joe. "That's just what me and the duke is going to do. Come on, Soapless." And the two gentlemen made their exit into the night, warmed and cheered by free food and drink, and by the pleasing jingle of silver coins in their pockets.

Small wonder, then, that making game of Buggsy Nolan is a favorite indoor sport of certain men in Clinton City. On winter evenings they crowd into his store and overflow into his back room, and lead him to discourse on his heroes of the diamond, and, when he is not looking, and even sometimes when he is, they wink at each other. Sometimes they press him to tell them about the game he pitched for Detroit. But this is one subject connected with baseball about which Buggsy Nolan has nothing to say. He will tell them nothing about it, not even the score, and there is one trophy he never shows, never has shown to anybody. It is an old baseball that looks as if in its day it had received some hard knocks. Nobody in Clinton City has ever seen it, and, indeed, nobody knows of its existence, except Buggsy Nolan, for he keeps it in a locked compartment in his ancient safe, swaddled in a chamois bag. Some nights when the crowd of jeerers has gone home, and he is all alone in his little back room, he takes the ball out, looks at it a long time, and tosses it up and down in his hand. Then he puts it carefully back in its chamois bag, locks it up in the safe, blows out the kerosene lamp, and goes to bed.

THIS is the story that Buggsy Nolan never tells. It is the story of that ball.

When a man is born with crossed eyes and finds when he reaches his full growth that he is destined to go through life as a very brief man, indeed, it becomes necessary for him to prove to the world that he amounts to a great deal more than the world might suspect from merely looking at him. That is why little men are forever doing big things. Perhaps, had Napoleon been born with a giant's stature, he would have been content to remain in Corsica and raise grapes. Buggsy Nolan, having been born little and cross-eyed, and having been nicknamed Buggsy at an early age, had handicaps to overcome. When he was twelve, other boys of the same age were taller, wider, thicker. When he humbly presented his petition to be allowed to play right field on the Peerless Demons, they told him with the unabashed candor of boyhood that the highest position he could possibly hope to attain was score-keeper. Possibly he might be permitted to retrieve balls knocked over the fence in Sweeney's pasture.

But as for a regular position on the Peerless Demons, he had an equally good chance of becoming King of Siam. Even his intense devotion to baseball, which had apparently been born in him and which was already the talk of the Middle Western village of his nativity, could not win him a berth on any team. So he kept score and chased the balls and tried to be happy with his lot, and was miserable.

In his dreams, however, things were different. At night, lying in bed in his father's cottage, Buggsy Nolan came into his own. The Peerless Demons were playing their detested rivals from across the tracks, the South Side Sluggers. It was the ninth inning of a nip-and-tuck game; the Sluggers were leading, thirty-one to twenty-nine. Three Demons were on base. Two were out. Who would save the honor of the Demons? Who, indeed, but Buggsy Nolan? By one of those happy miracles that occur in dreams, Buggsy found himself at bat in place of the redoubtable Buck Purdy, captain of the Demons. A ball, a strike, a ball, a strike, a ball! Three and two! A fast one, straight over the heart of the plate. Smash! A white streak darting like a meteor far over the head of the Sluggers' center fielder. The most tremendous home run in the history of Sweeney's pasture! Victory for the Demons. No, not quite. The Sluggers have another turn at bat, for even in his dreams Buggsy observed all the etiquette of the game. Who will pitch for the Demons? Who will hold the Sluggers at bay and defend that slender lead? Who, again, but Buggsy Nolan? He steps into the box, a picture of coolness. He winds up, impressively, like a grandfather's clock. The ball shoots plateward. It curves like a mountain trail. The Sluggers might just as well be batting against bullets with a bun. Three strikes—out! Three strikes—out! Three strikes—out! Real victory, now. Ovation from the overjoyed Demons. Will he, Buggsy, be their regular pitcher? Will he?

THEN one night he had a dream that so alarmed him by its daring it woke him up, all trembling and shivering. He dreamed he was playing with Detroit. He had early settled on Detroit as his favorite team.

But daytime brought reality. The majestic Buck Purdy, who was fourteen and big for his age, told him bluntly:

"You pitch for the Demons? You, Buggsy? Say, you couldn't pitch hay and you couldn't catch a cold."

This, unfortunately, was the truth.

Buggsy Nolan was a dub. When a fly ball came his way he became so excited that there was a good chance it would land on his head instead of in his glove. When he came to bat, even in scrub games with smaller boys, he was so dazzled by opportunity that he usually struck blindly and hit nothing but the circumambient ether. And as his dreams of diamond glory increased, his chance of ever winning it decreased, for he got worse and worse. He was always practicing and trying, but it did no good. Baseball was his religion and he was a zealot. He breathed baseball.

Once or twice when he was a growing youth, he was permitted to play with the Hustlers, and honor he earned by buying them balls and bats from his earnings as charioteer of the local express wagon. He was allowed to mount the mound against some weak opponent; he had decided to concentrate on trying to be a pitcher. He seldom tarried long in the pitcher's box. When he was warming up, his form was perfect; it was a compound of the styles of the best left-handed hurlers of the day, for Buggsy, naturally, was left-handed. When the game began his control was as perfect as his form; too perfect, in fact.

"Every ball Buggsy pitches," said Buck Purdy, "is like a Russian's beard at dinner, right over the plate."

As he was too small to have much speed, the result of his tenancy of the pitching eminence was invariably distressing. There is but one thing for a batter to do when a slow ball sails straight over the plate, and that is to lean against it with right good will. Often the offerings of Buggsy were leaned against. Looking stunned and crushed, he was banished to the obscurity of the bench. And he sat there, trying to grin away his chagrin, as he watched Buck Purdy, who knew no more of form than a pig does of table manners but who had been born with an arm of braided rawhide, whip strike after strike across the bewildered bosoms of the foe.

That unhappy afternoon when he essayed to pitch against the Galva Giants, who were, in truth, pygmies, was a particularly humiliating one for him. He had bribed his way into the box by presenting the Hustlers with a mask and a chest protector that had cost him his week's wages. He was especially anxious to shine that day because somewhere in the grand stand the wide blue eyes of Jessie Gannon would be watching him. The first ball he pitched was meant to be a curve—a deceptive out-drop that would twist like a wounded anaconda. He threw it just as Cy Young threw—but with a different result.

It would have taken a microscope to detect its curve, if any. Certainly the batter failed to realize that he should have missed the ball by a foot. He was a sturdy young plowman, and he did not miss it. The ball has yet to be found.

Buck Purdy gave one short, peremptory jerk of his tanned thumb, and Buggsy Nolan, pulling his cap down over his eyes, dragged himself back to the bench.

"I gotta get a curve," he said over and over to himself. "I gotta get a curve they can't lay on, that's all there is to it. Gee, Jessie must think I'm a terrible boob."

A MYSTERIOUS chapter began in Buggsy Nolan's life. His duties at the express office did not commence until eight o'clock, and yet every morning, to the complete mystification of his family, he left the house at dawn. Pressed for an explanation, he replied:

"Never you mind. I got work to do."

Outside of the village is a spot called Clancy's Grove, a small, cleared space, sheltered by trees. It was here that Buggsy Nolan spent the early morning hours, most of Saturday and Sunday, and all the spare time he could find. Between two trees was stretched a net of chicken-wire, and in front of the wire on the ground was a flat, five-cornered stone. This was his laboratory. It was here with aching arms and infinite patience that he conducted his researches. It was here, after nearly two years of work, that he found what he had been seeking—the curve of curves.

Learned men, who know all about the laws of physics and can explain relativity in words of one syllable, have never been able to work out with any degree of accuracy the laws governing baseball curves. Unlike most scientific discoveries, curves were found by chance. They were discovered by some muscular young man with long fingers who noticed that if he gripped and threw a ball in a certain way it described a parabola when it approached the plate. Other strong young men followed his example and improved on his handiwork. They were no theorists but immensely practical young men graduated from the college of coal mining or the university of milking. Were they asked about their parabolas they doubtless would reply:

"Parabolas? Never heard of that club. What league are they in? Or is it a new name for the Brooklyns? Oh, you wanta know how do I make the old apple break? Search me. Some days my fast one's got a hump on it like one of these here dormitory camels. Other days it floats up there with no more bend to it than the foul line. I guess it's just a lucky knack."

Certain pitchers hit upon some freak delivery, which, if they can control it and maintain it with regularity, makes them formidable and famous. Witness the fadeaway of Mathewson, and the knuckle ball of Rommell.

So it happened, one morning, after an unusually discouraging series of failures, that Buggsy Nolan threw a ball that behaved like a shying horse when it neared the improvised home plate. He tried it again, gripping and throwing the ball in the same way. The result was as innocent of curve as a yardstick. He tried again and again, controlling as best he could his excitement, to find the lost curve. Then, when he was almost numb with fatigue and despair, he achieved that astonishing curve again. Clearly he had made a great discovery. It was not a fast ball, but rather it sneaked up to the plate with the hardly perceptible insidiousness of a bad habit. It seemed as innocuous as a glass of celery tonic, and as easy to smite as a toy balloon. Then, suddenly, it went crazy. It had a spasm six inches from the plate; it ducked down and away, like a fast boxer dodging a jab. It buzzed down and inward, like a bumblebee chased by a bird. He had it now. Once, twice, a dozen times, he pitched the new curve. He knew from his reading that never had so grotesque and mocking a curve been thrown by any pitcher. He threw it until his arm hurt as if it were full of red-hot needles. Then he went to his work.

He was late for work that day. He bore the tongue-lashing administered by his employer tranquilly. A smile of utter peace adorned the face of Buggsy Nolan, and joy was in his crossed eyes. Four months later, toward the end of a summer of daily practice with the new curve, he quietly left town. He knew, by then, that he could make that marvelous curve break squarely over the plate any and every time he wanted to. His long practice had also given him a fair assortment of conventional curves—a teasing drop, a passable out, and a somewhat deceptive floater. He took a mild pride in them. But his curve of curves was what he pinned his hopes on. Ed Lewis, who sold the tickets down at the railroad station, told everybody that Buggsy Nolan had bought a one-way ticket to Detroit.

TYRUS RAYMOND COBB, prince of hitters, had gone out early to see if the Detroit diamond would be fit to play on that day. It would be. He was about to leave the deserted grounds, and nothing in the world is more deserted looking than a deserted diamond, when he perceived that he was being accosted by a small, earnest young man whose eyes focused imperfectly.

"Mr. Cobb!"

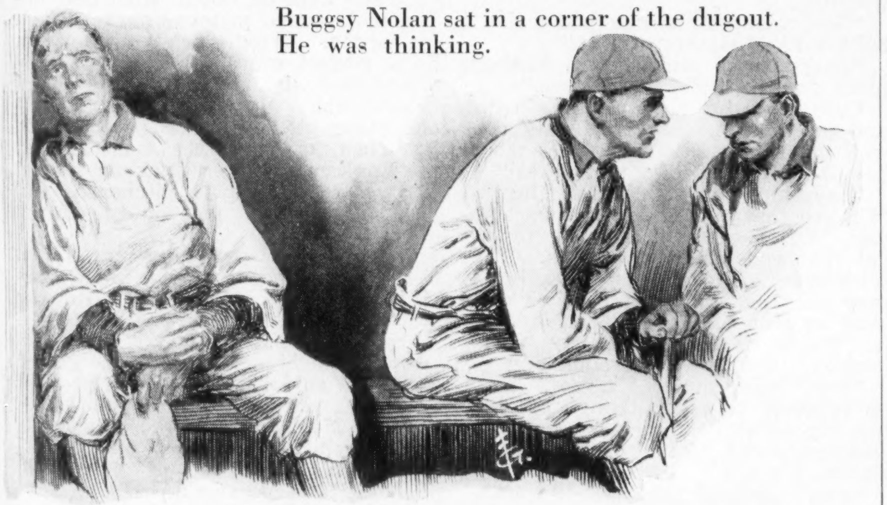
The voice was faltering.

"Well?"

"Can I see you a minute?"

"Sure, kid. Take a good look."

(*Continued on page 40*)



Buggsy Nolan sat in a corner of the dugout. He was thinking.

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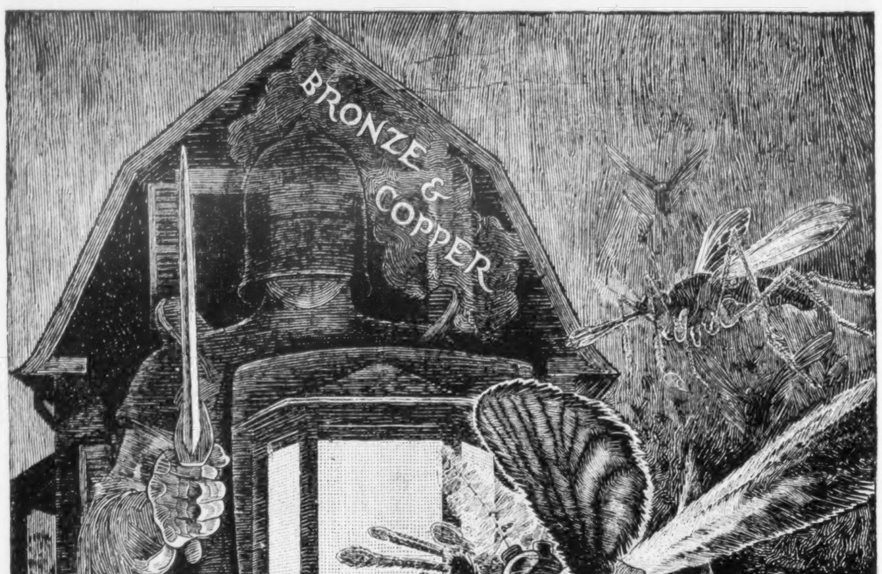

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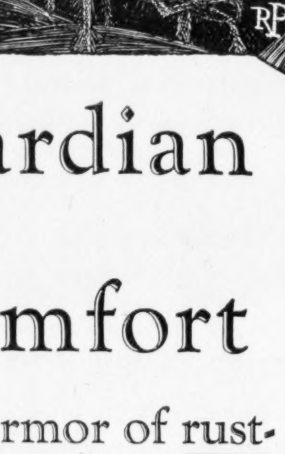

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Continued from page 39

"I mean," this in a blurt of words, "can I pitch for the Detroits?"

"Sure," laughed Cobb. "This afternoon. I don't think the Athletics would mind."

"But I ain't kidding, Mr. Cobb."

"Neither am I."

"You'll get them to let me pitch, then?"

"Sure, and catch too. We want to cut down expenses."

"But I mean it, Mr. Cobb. All I want is a chance. I got a curve—"

"So did the bird we had in there yesterday. A swell roundhouse, he had. The Athletics hopped on it like bums on a slow freight." Cobb started away; but Buggsy, desperate, clutched his arm.

"Please—please give me a chance," he pleaded. "It can't do no harm. The very first guy that gets on base you can take me out and kill me, honest you can."

Cobb looked keenly at Buggsy Nolan. Most ball players are superstitious, and Cobb, a ball player born, was not unaffected by the fact that Buggsy had crossed eyes, a lucky omen, some think.

"Southpaw?" asked Cobb.

"Yes, sir."

Cobb rubbed his chin. A cross-eyed southpaw! That was an omen.

"Who were you with, kid?"

Buggsy gulped, then lied.

"The Dubuques."

Cobb looked skeptical and turned to go, but stopped. After all a hunch is a hunch—and cross-eyed southpaws do not grow on every bush. Besides, there was no mistaking the genuine earnestness of this odd little fellow. The cross-eyed one might be, probably was, a nut; he looked, thought Cobb, as if the word nut had been invented for him. Still, the Detroit team had no dependable left-hander—and a hunch is a hunch. Cobb was occupied with these reflections, when he saw Buggsy take from his pocket a ball.

"Look!" cried Buggsy Nolan, and he threw the ball in the direction of the grand stand. Cobb's nimble eyes followed the flight of the ball. Then he saw it do something he had never seen a ball do before; it stopped, looked round and had a fit. The great hitter whistled.

"Say, young fella, can you make it behave like that every time?"

"Every time," said Buggsy. "Let me pitch you a couple. You'll see."

Cobb got a bat from the club house, and presently he saw. He might as well have been batting against moonbeams with a bat of pipe smoke.

"Say, kid," he addressed Buggsy, "I'll see that you get your chance today. Of course you haven't proved yet that you can last a game. That trick twist of yours looks good, but it may turn out to be as easy as duck soup as soon as the batters get on to it. Maybe they can solve it in a few innings. Got any other slants?"

"Yes," said Buggsy, "a few." Then he ventured to say, although addressing the great Cobb covered him with embarrassment, "But that one curve is plenty, I guess."

"Yes," assented Cobb, "if it works."

IF AN excess of happiness were fatal, Buggsy Nolan was a dead man when he stepped into the box to pitch for Detroit that afternoon. He managed to keep alive. His mind was curiously clear and blurred at the same time. There were a million fans in the stands, he estimated, and they were a confused jumble of color and movement, like a flower bed seen from a speeding train. Had he not rehearsed this scene an uncounted number of times in the privacy of Clancy's Grove, his nerve would have fled from him. But habit carried him along. All he had to do, he kept telling himself, was to stand there and throw his curve. He drew in his breath, rubbed his hand on the uniform they had loaned him—the sacred uniform of the Detroits—and pitched the ball.

"What's the cock-eyed lad got, Eddie?" asked Manager Connie Mack when Collins, one of his most astute batsmen, returned to the bench after three furious but fruitless swipes at Buggsy's curve.

"It's a new one on me," confessed Collins. "It sort of saunters up and looks as soft as a one-minute egg, and then, when you take a cut at it, it's gone like last Christmas."

One by one the heavy hitters from Philadelphia returned to the bench, fanned and puzzled. The invention of Buggsy Nolan mowed them down even as a new scythe decapitates daisies.

"You just can't hit it," said Stuffy McInnis, after trying to do so sincerely for six innings. "Why, you can't even bunt it! To begin with, that cross-eyed jinx doesn't pitch where he's looking. When he let's the onion go it acts like it was bewitched. He sure can make that ball talk. If he can keep that pace there won't be a club in the league that can get so much as a foul off him."

"Wait," advised the canny Connie. "He may blow up. These green kids usually do. I've been hearing yarns about an unhittable curve for twenty-five years—and I never saw one yet. I hope I never do. It will be a bad day for baseball when a man dopes out a curve that can't be hit."

BUT Buggsy Nolan did not crack. Inning after inning he devastated his foemen; his trained curve eluded them entirely. He had it under perfect control; now he broke it across their chins, now across their knees. They could no more touch it than they could touch a radio wave.

"Kid," said the eminent Cobb, "you're there."

Buggsy's eyes shone. Praise from Cobb! Paradise!

"Fan three more men," went on Cobb, "and you ring up a no-hit, no-run game. Our two runs look as big as Lake Superior now. And say, kid, if you can keep that curve nothing can stop you. You'll be one of the biggest stars in the game."

There was actually a tribute in the voice of the great Cobb. Buggsy thrilled.

"Yes," went on Cobb, "with that untouchable curve you can make dough by the ton. Every game you pitch can be a perfect game. I'm almost convinced that that mystery ball of yours is unhittable. By Jingo! I'll make all our other pitchers learn how you do it. Then we'll have the Athletics and the Yankees and the rest at our mercy. A staff of unhittable pitchers! Oh, boy! Do you think you could teach the others?"

"I guess so," said Buggsy Nolan. Cobb patted him on the back and hurried out to the coaching line. Buggsy Nolan sat in a corner of the dugout. He was thinking.

One of the biggest stars in the game! Cobb had said those very words—and Cobb was too near a demigod to be wrong. Money and glory! Buggsy's heart swelled till it hurt. An unhittable curve! A staff of unhittable pitchers! Every game a perfect game!

Suddenly Buggsy sucked in his breath as if he were in acute pain. A thought had hit him, a thought as cold and clear as an arctic night, and as cruel. If the Detroit pitchers imitated him and mastered his curve—as they unquestionably could and would—what was to prevent all the other pitchers in all the leagues from learning in time how to throw that unhittable curve? A torturing vision flashed across his brain. Suppose every pitcher had an unhittable curve? Then what would become of baseball? Suppose baseball was robbed of its thrilling uncertainties and made a perfect game? Where would be its suspense then? Perfection would kill it as a sport. A sport? Buggsy Nolan was no intellectual giant. He had the mind of a cross-eyed left-hander and it worked, often enough, in a cross-eyed, left-handed way. But at that moment it was clear enough on one point: his curve of curves was not a blessing but a curse, a curse because it would, he reasoned, kill the game; a curse, too, because it was not sporting. Following blindly his ambition to be a good pitcher he had overlooked that fact. Now it struck him straight between the eyes. Other pitchers depended on their skill. He depended on a trick. An unfair trick—yes, he saw that now clearly.

"Finish 'em up, kid. They're groggy." Buggsy heard Cobb's voice in his ear. "Fan three more of them, and to-morrow you'll be on the front page."

The front page! Buggsy Nolan slowly picked up his glove. Jessie Gannon back home would see the front page to-morrow. His picture would be there. They would call him a star. Money and glory. He could reach out his hand and take them—if he wished. He dug his nails into his hands as he stepped to the pitching mound. Money—and glory—and his dream. Then for the first time in his left-handed life, it occurred to Buggsy Nolan that there is something even more precious than money, glory, ambition.

HE PULLED his belt a notch tighter; there was resolution in the way he did it.

Barry was the first man up for Philadelphia. He expected that the first pitch would be that astounding curve. But Buggsy did not pitch that curve. He pitched, instead, his slow ball—a ball familiar to other pitchers—and to batters. Buggsy in his secret practice had thought it a pretty good slow ball. Barry thought so, too. He sent it humming to left for two bases—the first hit yielded by Buggsy. On the next man Buggsy tried another legitimate ball—his drop. The hitter singled. Barry was held on second. Collins, the next man, was allowed to inspect Buggsy's out. It was an orthodox out—and Collins did the orthodox thing; he punched it to right. The bases were full. Frank Baker and his big black bat moved to the plate like a siege gun.

"Play ball," the umpire roared at Buggsy. For Buggsy was standing like a statue. He was biting his lips and he felt empty, cold. Should he break that unhittable curve across Baker's sinewy chest? Buggsy wound up deliberately. The ball crossed the plate—almost. It was Buggsy's very best drop. He had put his body and his soul into it. But Buggsy's best was not as good as Baker. Baker hit the ball. In fact, he murdered it. They say it broke a pane of glass somewhere in Canada.

On the Athletic bench Connie Mack chewed his gum. A smile crept across his cadaverous visage.

"He's cracked," said Connie Mack.

They finally got the Athletics out. The details of that game are embalmed in the annals of the sport. It attracted no great attention. To the sport writers and the fans it was the old, old story. A kid from the bushes fools a team of big leaguers with a queer delivery for eight innings; then they solve it, and massacre him. The busher goes back to the underbrush—a one-game man.

In the clubhouse, afterward, Ty Cobb was lacing his shoes.

"Mr. Cobb?"

He looked up and saw that it was Buggsy Nolan who was diffidently addressing him.

"Well?"

"Here is the uniform," said Buggsy slowly. "I guess I ain't fit to wear it. I guess I'm one of those unlucky guys that was born with two strikes on him. I'm sorry I was a bust, Mr. Cobb. I done my best. Well, I won't bother you no more—"

He turned to go.

"Hey, kid. What's the rush? Who said you were a bust? Any busher who can stand the Athletics on their heads for eight innings has got something."

Cobb laid a laudatory hand on Buggsy's shoulder.

"We want you, kid. I guess maybe you can get that curve of yours working again. Listen. I want to sign you. I'll make it a good contract. Don't let any scouts from any other team talk to you to-night. Come round to my room at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

But at nine o'clock Buggsy did not come to the room of Cobb. Cobb waited. But he never saw Buggsy Nolan again.

CLINTON CITY has a way of smiling superciliously whenever the name of Buggsy Nolan is mentioned. Men laugh and nudge each other when they pass his shop. He sells quite a few terrible cigars that are never smoked, because it gives the successful ones of Clinton City amusement and a sense of superiority to hear Buggsy Nolan, percentage .000, say as he makes change:

"Yes—swell day, ain't it? But say—you should have seen the weather when I was with the Detroits."

Fifteen States Have Decided That Morals CAN Be Taught

IS MORALITY out of date in America? Not a bit of it. Collier's has the evidence. You've heard about Collier's Moral Code for School Children; you know perhaps how Collier's set about to develop a moral code that could be taught in schools, that would be acceptable to people of all religious opinions or none; a code that would be acceptable to Catholic, Protestant, Jew and freethinker alike; a code that would express in simple terms the common fundamentals of every great religious and ethical group; you know that such a code was produced. America is not letting it rest there.

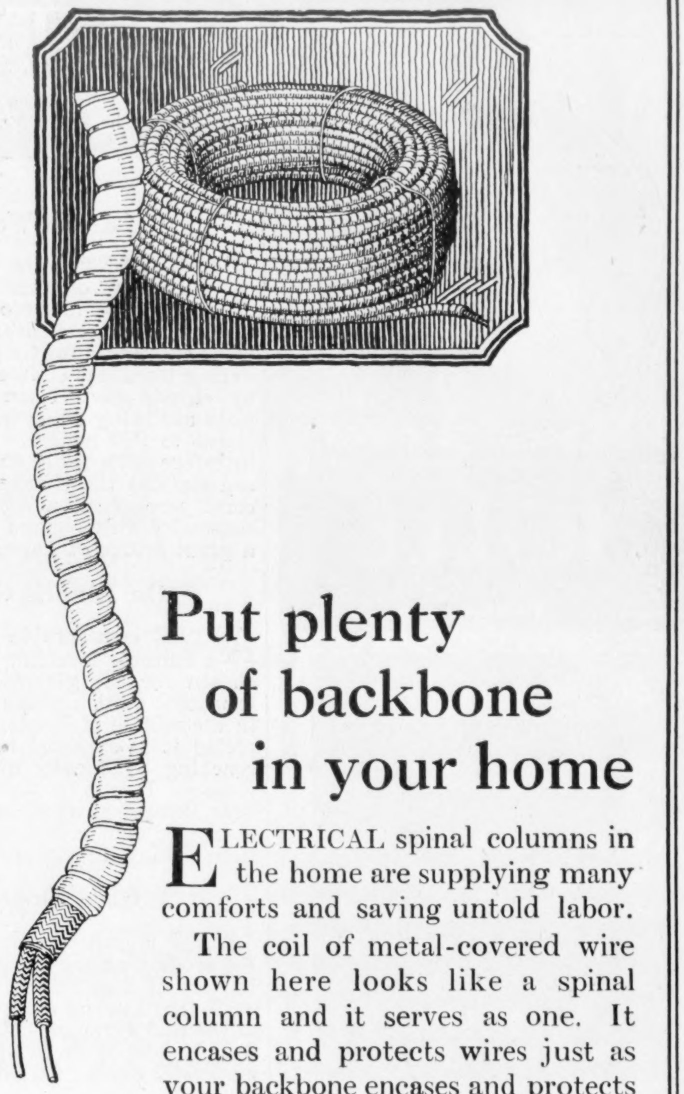
Fifteen state departments of education have approved the Moral Code for School Children and Collier's has supplied more than 150,000 copies of the Code for classroom walls in these fifteen states. Those states are Missouri, Michigan, Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Montana, New Jersey, Kansas, Arkansas, Ohio, Oregon, Maine, Vermont, Delaware, Rhode Island. A large illuminated Moral Code for School Children for the 25,000 schoolrooms of Michigan alone; as many for Texas. American educators were only waiting for someone to come forward with such a code to give it place in the schools.

There are approximately 700,000 classrooms in all the public schools of America. It is only a question of time when every state will adopt the Code—700,000 guides to right conduct prominently displayed on the walls of 700,000 schoolrooms in America.

And Collier's, impressed by one of the most interesting opportunities for an act of nation-wide social service that ever came to a national periodical, is undertaking to supply the Moral Code for School Children to the state departments of education without cost.

Requests for the Moral Code pour into Collier's from every section of the country and from foreign countries. In North Carolina it has been incorporated in the state's course of study in Americanism. In Kansas, the Lions International are making it the text of monthly bulletins to school teachers. And among the hundreds of letters of appreciation received by Collier's, many come from children themselves who have found the Code tells them what they want to know in friendly and simple words they can understand.

Has the Moral Code for School Children been adopted in your state?



Put plenty of backbone in your home

ELECTRICAL spinal columns in the home are supplying many comforts and saving untold labor.

The coil of metal-covered wire shown here looks like a spinal column and it serves as one. It encases and protects wires just as your backbone encases and protects nerves. And these wires, like your nerves, are a pathway for energy.

Call in an electrical contractor and have him equip your home with plenty of electrical backbone and the outlets, switches, fixtures and appliances which put that energy to work.

The energy is there, an unfailing stream of it, surging to you along wires which lead from the electric light and power company's generating station. Night and day this dependable service is on tap.

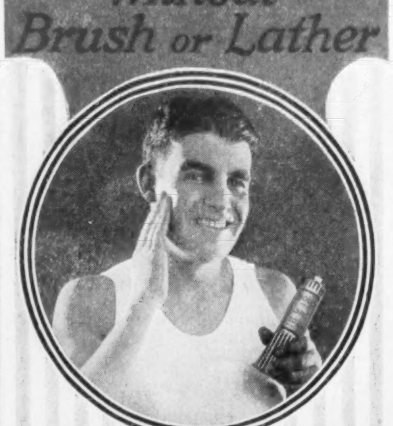
So click your switch. In one respect you'll find this electrical backbone better than the human kind. Your nerves carry impulses from brain to muscles, and *you* do the work. These wires carry impulses from brain to motor—and the motor does the work.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

Number 59 of a series



For Shaving Without Brush or Lather

MOLLÉ
-MŌ-LAY-

Apply with Fingers Like Fragrant Cold Cream

Simply spread MOLLÉ over the dampened beard, then shave—that's all!

No muss, fuss or bother with soap and brush—no troublesome rubbing up of lather.

Just MOLLÉ and your favorite razor for a jimdandy, smooth shave that leaves such a joyous after feel of face comfort that lotions and talcum are never needed.

For Sale at all good drug stores

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLÉ
-MŌ-LAY-
Fo

Generous Trial Tube Free

Name

Address

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Knock Wood

IMPORTANT tests are being conducted by officials of the Department of Commerce in conjunction with representatives of commercial radio companies for the purpose of eliminating the effect of interference caused by ship-to-shore communication. The tests are being made with transmitters tuned to 920 meters. If they do not interfere with radio compass and beacon stations the change is likely to become permament along the coasts. If successful this change will take away a great source of annoyance to fans.

On Historic Ground

AFTER considerable exploration for a suitable location, a site has been chosen for the gigantic and powerful broadcast station which is to be erected in the middle of England. When completed it is expected to be capable of reaching practically every portion of Europe. It is to be constructed on a hill near Daventry, where once the Romans encamped and consolidated their positions against the ancient Briton.

A Good Opportunity

HERE is quite an idea which is generously passed along to me by C. L. Bryant of New York City. He suggests that I devise an apparatus similar to the dial arrangements which are affixed to telephones connected with automatic telephone exchanges. He continues:

"There would be no difficulty in arranging dials covering the alphabet, which will make it easy to call up KGO, KFI, WEAF or any other broadcast station which might be on the air without interfering with the regular telephone service. The user of the phone would have a receiving apparatus in his home or apartment with the dial set at whatever station might be called for, and in a few moments he would begin to hear whatever he might desire direct from the city it was being broadcast from. It will require some time to work out this idea, and to some people it may seem to be rather far-fetched, but if you succeed in putting it over and secure a patent do not forget to let me in on a 'fifty-fifty' basis."

Well, C. L. B., since I am more of an interpreter than an originator I am going to be equally generous and pass the idea along to readers of Collier's as a tip upon which to apply their ingenuity.

Real Progress

TWO things stand out in strong perspective when one analyzes the progress made in broadcasting during the past six months. The first is multiple transmission of programs from a central studio, and the other the institution to certain specific "hours" of high-class entertainment at definite periods each week. In the latter class are the Victor, Brunswick, National Carbon, Goodyear and similar "hours." The two factors I have described will go a long way toward determining the future of radio as a national means of disseminating entertainment and information. Even the advertising aspect is dimmed by the quality of the programs sent forth.

Watch These Effects

I WAS speaking to an executive of a battery company the other day regarding the particular "hour" of broadcasting his company specializes in through a large chain of stations. He told me that at the present time they were experimenting quietly in the presentation of their programs—which are always of the highest type. Under the new plan there is no interruption to announce the stations linked in the chain, nor are the program numbers themselves announced. The idea is to present to the listening audience what in effect is a musical picture made up of separate selections, which unfold into a complete period of perfectly balanced entertainment.

"Our aim," continued my companion, "is to develop this form of program so that the listener will be held continuously, and when our period comes to an end he will have a feeling of having lived through the program to such a degree that his mind was detached from all other thoughts. If we can do this, we will feel that we have developed something worth-while, something of real service, and also that we have added something to the enjoyment of life."

In Cymric

THE mayor of Swansea, Wales, in opening the new broadcast station there, delivered his address in Welsh. There are some compensations for fans in this country, despite their inability to bring in European stations.

Aiding One Another

"WHEN I came to St. John's Sanitarium five months ago," writes C. A. Payne from that institution in Springfield, Ill., "I brought with me a small two-tube receiving set. I have been adding headsets for the patients until the little set operates sixty-four pairs of phones and everyone enjoys the fine programs at a cost of only about four dollars each. Radio is a great help in curing tuberculosis as it drives away the blues."

This Should Help

AN UNLICENSED amateur in Knoxville, Tenn., was hauled before a federal judge and fined $500 for using a spark transmitter for the avowed purpose of causing interference. A little more of this will go a long way toward clearing the air.

Something You Need

OUR radio map shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder. Send in your order now with 25c in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Get Together on This

UNFORTUNATELY there seems to be a clash between the promoters of these "recurring hours." One concern which may, in a way, be classed as a pioneer in this type of entertainment has been using a certain hour every Tuesday evening. Another employing a different chain of broadcast stations started in some weeks ago on the same day, but at a later hour. Recently, however, it has changed its time so that the two programs come at the same time in the evening, although of course through a different chain of stations. There are too few of these program hours. We need every good program period we can get if the art of broadcasting is to endure. This applies just as much to popular music as it does to the classics. What we need in this respect is co-operation, not competition.

"I Wish I Had Eleanor's Pep"

"She never seems to get tired out.

"Look at her now. That makes six men have cut in this dance. The music sounded fine at first. Now I'm tired out and it's only 12 o'clock. The sob of the saxophone has ceased to interest me. I'm all in. The stag line watches Eleanor all the time. Most popular girl on the floor. Popularity comes a lot from how much pep a girl can show—and feel, believe me. 'Cause you can't fake it if you're played out all the time."

* * * *

Vivacity, personality, charm and poise *are* the qualities which build real popularity. They are impossible for the girl or woman who is all tired out. Being tired is often caused by foot-strain.

It is a simple and logical plan to shift from shoes which tire the feet to Cantilevers, which have flexible arches just like the natural arches of the foot.

Cantilevers support the foot and permit the network of muscles to have the freedom intended by Nature.

The foot becomes strengthened by natural, untrammelled exercise.

The natural sole lines, the snug-fitting shanks, which support the arch naturally without the aid of artificial appliances, will turn foot strain into foot comfort. And you won't be so tired out any more.

Get a pair today and by the time the next big dance comes off you may be much sorrier to see the orchestra leave than you were last night.

Your pair is ready for you.

Cantilever Shoe
for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city. Only one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs are standard equipment on more than two-thirds of all motor cars built in America and Europe—world wide proof that Champion *is* the better spark plug.

It is better because of its two-piece, gas-tight construction, special alloy electrodes and double-ribbed sillimanite core with the semi-petticoat tip, which withstands the tremendous stress of the motor and retards the formation of carbon deposit.

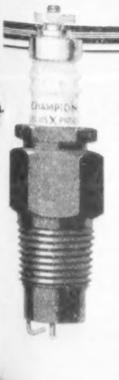
Champions will render better service for a longer period, but no matter what make of car you drive you will save in oil and gas and enjoy improved engine performance if you install a complete set of new Champions at least once a year.

Champions are fully guaranteed and are sold by more than 95,000 dealers. Champion X for Fords 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.)

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHAMPION

CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine



Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.

Make Your Sport Fit Your Age

Continued from page 15

and seldom has a chance to get into one of those games. After the last year in college, opportunity to play modern football practically disappears. Some baseball may be kept up, but the most available sport is tennis, which, until he is thirty, a man may play as hard as he reasonably desires. The man who is not in college has his Saturdays and Sundays, and if he takes proper care of himself in the week days by going through setting-up exercises and walking, he, too, finds himself keeping fairly fit. And by that I mean that he not only feels plenty of vitality and ambition in his work, but also that the games he plays on Saturday and Sunday do not leave him on Monday morning tired and exhausted.

Probably the best measure of a man's physical fitness after twenty-five is the strength of his desire to do things, whether work or play. He should be quite able to play hard and restore all he has taken out of himself with one night's sleep. He should be able to work hard and with intense application and yet awaken in the morning refreshed and invigorated and ready to face another day. On afternoons play even in a hard contest should not, if he is fit, take it out of him so that he is not fully recovered in twenty-four hours and ready to do it again.

From thirty to forty we face the condition where a man should be physically powerful and sound, but where games of severe physical contact are not so necessary or even advisable. If the man can preserve all his suppleness and activity up to forty, which is quite possible, he is doing well. Some of his mobility in these days of civilization will undoubtedly have disappeared, but he can still measure his condition by his tennis and other sports, and his Monday-morning feeling about tackling the bigger problems of life.

From forty to fifty comes the period where a man should begin to look forward to lessened physical activity. About forty-five he should have begun his game of golf in order that he may acquire a good enough game to enjoy it with his friends. And, while he may still continue his tennis, he should look forward to the period where at fifty his work in the courts should be less strenuous, partly doubles and not carried to the point of exhaustion. If about this period he wisely takes up golf he easily becomes interested and is still young enough to acquire a game that will be of satisfaction to him. Here, too, and more vitally than the man of thirty to forty, must he measure his physical fitness by his feelings on Monday morning. Has he restored all the vitality that he has burned up in his play or physical exercise?

In this decade a man must face facts as they are—realize that he is at the turning of the ways, or at least approaching that turning; and check over his accounts accordingly. He should neither get a "bay window" nor should he indulge in a once-a-year orgy of three or four weeks' violent exercise to get it off. Daily, constant, regular exercise and two or three times a week of good vigorous play will do wonders for him.

At fifty-one Milton was just plunging into "Paradise Lost." At fifty-one George Washington still had the Presidency before him. At fifty-one Gladstone was only Chancellor of the Exchequer with all his greater achievement ahead. At fifty-one Darwin had not written "The Descent of Man." At fifty-one Henry James was just doing his best writing. At fifty-one Morse had not seen the telegraph in public use. At fifty-one P. T. Barnum was just making up his mind to start a circus! And as for Clemenceau, he may be said to have just begun the greatest part of his career at sixty! Moreover, this wonderful man at eighty is still taking his setting-up exercises every morning.

From fifty to sixty a man should have turned his attention from tennis and sports of that character to golf, riding, shooting and fishing, under conditions that are not too severe. He should realize that when he overdraws on his physical energy he will have great difficulty in replacing the balance.

After sixty each individual becomes more and more a law unto himself. He should know pretty well what he can and cannot do; what he should and should not eat; how much sleep he requires and how much fun he can get out of life without paying penalties. He must therefore judge for himself; but a sure gauge of his condition is his resiliency and his daily reaction to life.

You Can't Keep a Good Fan Down

Continued from page 24

had walked or sprinted 18,000 yards, or between ten and eleven miles!

No casual fan is going to follow a golf match and face the prospect of a marathon scrimmage and a cross-country hike. Yet for pure rabidity we are inclined to award the chaplet of wild apple blossoms to the ticketless section of the great crowd which attempted to see the Dempsey-Firpo match at the Polo Grounds.

Every reserved seat had been snapped up. The first early rush had filled every vacant nook. Yet long before twilight increasing thousands had swept into every street and avenue leading to the battle ground in the vain hope that one more ticket might be bought. We arrived in the vicinity shortly before six o'clock, four hours before the main war was scheduled to begin.

Two hundred yards from the entrance gate we were caught in the first wild whirl of the mass. Less than twenty feet away three mounted policemen were charging the sector where we stood, and only our agility saved us from the flying equine feet. As it was, many were ridden down and others were clubbed. Yet did those fight fans start for the peace and comforts of home? They did not. They still surged forward on the long and almost hopeless chance that something might happen to get them inside. Here was the Mount Everest of fanatical frenzy. It is estimated that more than fifty thousand who were without tickets had faced the forlorn hope and battled to the finish to see this fight.

Two weeks before the English Derby is run the first of the vanguard start walking for the scene, to be part of the 700,000 who gather for this racing classic. They come from all parts of the kingdom, willing to walk for many days to meet up with the final lure.

In so far as the leading competitive sports are concerned, the burning zeal of the true fan, combining both quality and quantity, belongs to football, baseball, racing, boxing, and golf. There are more who will make greater sacrifices to see or play one of these games, sports, or competitions.

Racing and boxing are the oldest, dating back beyond the sight of man. In America, baseball followed with gathering impetus. Then football crashed in; general interest in this game has grown with greater swiftness than any other sport now known. Golf, the newcomer, has made great strides considering time, expense, distance, and trouble.

The real fans who hurdle all handicaps are the bulwark of sport. They are the foundations of its great empire, now embracing in America alone more than forty million followers. They let no barriers block their way. Where the casual fan may falter or become discouraged, they storm the ramparts of trouble and arrive on time. "The snows of winter may be upon their heads, but the sunshine of eternal spring is in their hearts."

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL—DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.

Unlimited Luxury At Limited Cost

1200 Rooms With Bath
$4 and up

475 rooms at minimum rate and $5.00

Guests of the Book-Cadillac pay no premium for the superlative comforts and service they enjoy at Detroit's finest hotel.

Exceptional facilities both in number of guest rooms and in the wide variety of restaurants allow an unusual combination of quality and low price.

RATES

Single Rooms With Bath
$4, $5, $6, $7, $8 per day

Double Rooms With Bath
$6, $7, $8, $9, $10 per day

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath
$14, $16, $18 per day

Sample Rooms
$5 and $8 per day

Special Luncheon Served Daily in English Grille and Blue Room, $1.25

Dinner De Luxe in Blue Room and English Grille, $2
(Except Sunday)

Venetian Room a la Carte

Book-Cadillac
HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

CARA NOME
Cold Cream
CARA NOME
Cold Cream

CARA NOME COLD CREAM is the exquisite cream that safeguards the beauty of your complexion. Day by day, it will bring new softness, new charm.

CARA NOME COLD CREAM cleanses the skin thoroughly and quickly—re-awakening its loveliness—leaving it alluring.

Use CARA NOME SKIN CREAM at night to bring back freshness. Use CARA NOME VANISHING CREAM as a base for powder and as protection against the wind.

CARA NOME CREAMS have the fragrance of springtime blossoms—an elusive sweetness that recalls memories of many flowers. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

The Bamboozling of Mr. Gascoigne

Continued from page 7

both up as being amateurs in this crook business," Mr. Billingham observed. "You may make good at it, of course, but I am not so sure about the young lady—kind of dangerous, with her appearance!"

"Sir," the marquis replied, "I am a man of honor, but frankly I think that my niece should make more use of her undoubted attractions. She receives many invitations to lunch or dine with acquaintances, all of which she refuses. I think she is wrong."

MADELON remained undisturbed. The frank admiration with which her host was contemplating her brought only a slight tinge of color into her cheeks.

"My uncle thinks always," she explained, "of some millionaire or nobleman who will invite me to lunch and find me so charming that he will propose marriage to me. Our acquaintances unfortunately are of the bar or the Casino, and I do not fancy that they are quite of the class likely to propose marriage to an honest but impecunious young woman."

"One never knows," the marquis grumbled. "This is the land of chance, and in case of trouble you have always me to protect you."

Madelon preserved a tactful silence, and the luncheon drew on to its close.

After he had paid the bill Mr. Billingham produced five hundred-franc notes.

"What about dining with me tonight?" he inquired.

"Two good meals in one day!" the girl exclaimed blissfully.

"We shall be charmed," the marquis assented, with a courteous wave of the hand.

"I have only one evening dress," the girl observed thoughtfully.

"One will be all you'll need," was her prospective host's cheerful rejoinder. "I'll get a corner table in the Sporting Club. And if I can see my way to letting you in on this little job of mine I'll tell you about it."

Perhaps because of the smallness of the room and the absence of any orchestral music, the babel of conversation at the Sporting Club was that night almost deafening. Under its cover Mr. Samuel T. Billingham took his two guests into his confidence.

"It ain't worth while," he began, leaning forward so that the three heads nearly touched, "to try and put you wise to all the details, but as a business proposition this is how the matter stands. That swab, Joseph Gascoigne, whom you saw at lunch, has got an option on ten thousand shares in an oil tract out in Arkansas—the 'Great Divide,' they call it. He lent 'em some money for a new plant a year ago and insisted on the option in return. The option's up on Saturday. Last month they struck oil in eleven different places. Luckily the boss of the company was down there and he had all work stopped at once. It's a big find, though, and if Joe Gascoigne gets to hear of it and exercises the option it means that he'll buy ten thousand shares at a hundred dollars that are certainly worth a thousand dollars and maybe worth twice as much."

"What happens to the shares if Mr. Gascoigne does not exercise his option?" the girl asked.

Mr. Billingham looked at her with a smile of admiration.

"A cute question," he admitted. "Those shares are divided equally among the five directors—or, rather, they are allowed to buy them at a low price. Now, I'm well in with the boss of this company, and he knows I don't mind a bit of crooked work occasionally. If I, or we, can stop Joe Gascoigne cabling to America before Saturday and taking up his option, there's fifteen thousand dollars coming to me."

"Fifteen thousand dollars!" the girl murmured.

The marquis rolled his eyes in silent ecstasy. "An affair of two hundred thousand francs!" he gasped.

"What makes me look for a little help in the matter," Mr. Billingham continued, "is that Joe is kind of wise to my being in with the crowd, and if he sees too much of me he'll be suspicious."

"You have some sort of plan?" Madelon demanded abruptly.

"I'd like his code," Mr. Billingham confided. "It's the simplest affair—two typewritten pages inside blue cardboard covers with just paper fasteners through. There ain't more than twenty or thirty sentences there, and the only other man who has a copy is his partner in New York.

"He's in Room 246, Hôtel de Paris. What I want is to get hold of the book for an hour without his knowing and then replace it."

The girl said nothing. She was looking down at her plate with a thoughtful smile upon her lips. Mr. Billingham watched her. He had noticed that smile once before during the last few minutes.

"You have an idea, mademoiselle?" he ventured.

She nodded. "This morning," she confided, "I went to a bureau here to try to find a post as lady's companion or secretary. There was nothing of the sort to be had. The only vacancies were for chambermaids at the Hôtel de Paris."

"It's an idea," Mr. Billingham admitted, "but the hotel is a big place. How do you know, supposing they take you on, that you will be anywhere near Joe Gascoigne's rooms?"

"I have spoken several times to the housekeeper," Madelon explained. "I may be able to arrange it. It seems to me worth trying."

"To-day is Monday," Mr. Billingham reflected. "We have until Friday at least. Joe has promised to cable on Friday. He'll wait until then for the latest information."

MR. JOSEPH GASCOIGNE, although not in the strict sense of the word a susceptible man, was not wholly insensible to feminine attractions. Seated at his desk with a pile of cable forms before him and an open manuscript code book on his left-hand side, he heard the soft ingress of his very attractive-looking chambermaid into the bathroom. He laid down his pen and listened. It was she beyond a doubt. It was an occasion to progress a little in the flirtation which he had already essayed. He crossed the room.

"Hello! Late this morning, aren't you?" he remarked, looking into the bathroom.

Madelon glanced at him from behind a barricade of towels.

"There is so much to do," she complained. "One fatigues one's self here terribly."

Mr. Gascoigne smiled palely. It was an opening.

"The work is too hard for you," he declared. "How would you like to leave it and let me find you something easier?"

"Ah, monsieur!" she sighed.

He advanced a little nearer.

"I've had my eye on you all this week," he confided. "You're too good for this job. Give 'em notice. Leave right away. Say where you live and I'll come round this afternoon and I bet you we fix up something a good deal better than this."

Madelon was half distressed, half overcome by some sort of emotion. Mr. Gascoigne smiled and drew out his pocketbook.

"Say, do you know what this is?" he asked. "Guess you don't come across many of them. It's a mille note. Put it in your pocket, drop those towels, give me a kiss, and go and tell the housekeeper you've found a better job."

Madelon gazed at the mille note ecstatically. "But monsieur is generous!" she exclaimed.

Monsieur's telephone bell rang. He turned away with annoyance.

"Wait one second," he begged. "I'll be right back. . . . Well, what's the matter?" he demanded down the telephone.

Children need Wrigley's

The little tads must have their sweets.

Wrigley's gives them the sweets they crave and it is very beneficial also.

It's a friend to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

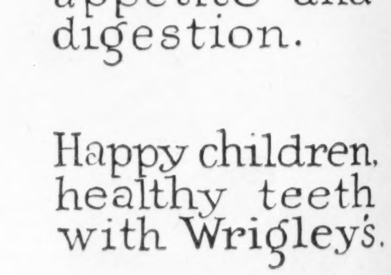
Happy children, healthy teeth with Wrigley's.

For young and old we say:

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

F67



It was the hotel clerk who spoke. A gentleman was below begging that Mr. Gascoigne would spare him five minutes on a matter of urgent importance. The gentleman declined to mount. He would only say that his business had some connection with America.

"I'll be right down," Mr. Gascoigne announced, and hastened back to where Madelon was still engaged with the towels.

"Say, you're not in a hurry, are you?" he inquired.

"I do what you tell me," she assured him, clutching the mille note tightly in her fingers, and smiling at him bewitchingly. "I go home now—15 Avenue de Mimosas. I wait until you come."

Mr. Gascoigne hesitated. Madelon was looking very attractive, but the door was open and the visit of the gentleman downstairs intrigued him. He patted her on the shoulder.

"I'll be round directly after lunch," he promised. "We'll fix up something right away. . . ."

IN THE hall the hotel clerk directed his attention to the marquis, who, with sundry of the slightly shabby details of his toilet now amended, presented an impressive appearance. His manner, however, as he stepped forward to accost Mr. Gascoigne was a little furtive. He had the air of not being entirely at his ease.

"Mr. Gascoigne, I believe," he murmured.

"That's my name," was the somewhat surprised admission. "What can I do for you?"

"I am the Marquis de Félan," the visitor announced. "I desire a few minutes' conversation with you—not here, if possible. Will you step across with me to the Cafe dé Paris?"

"But I don't know you," Mr. Gascoigne objected. "What business can you have with me?"

"Business of little importance to myself, perhaps," was the guarded reply, "but of utmost importance to you. I can put you in possession of information with regard to some business which you propose to transact to-day or to-morrow—very important information."

A light began to break in upon Mr. Gascoigne.

"Say, didn't I see you lunching with that guy Billingham?" he demanded.

"You did," the marquis acknowledged. "It is in connection with something which transpired at that luncheon—"

"I'll come right along with you," Mr. Gascoigne interrupted.

The two men left the place together, the marquis still with an air of one desiring to escape observation. He glanced to the right and to the left in constant disquietude. At the Café de Paris he led the way to a corner of the bar. Then he sat down with an air of relief.

"Now let's get to business," Mr. Gascoigne begged.

The marquis glanced toward the bartender. His companion accepted the hint and ordered refreshments.

"My business," the marquis commenced, "is that I have been insulted by a person who is, I believe, a fellow countryman of yours."

"Samuel Billingham?" Mr. Gascoigne muttered.

"That is his name," the marquis admitted. "You will understand, sir, that I am not a man of wealth, that I am indeed a very poor man. Under circumstances which I need not detail I invited Mr. Billingham to oblige me with a small loan—no more than ten milles. It is there that he insults me."

"Wouldn't part, eh?" Mr. Gascoigne queried.

"On the contrary," the marquis rejoined, "he offered to increase the amount, but on a condition so loathsome that to mention it gives me pain. He wished me to join in a plot to deceive you concerning the value of some shares in Arkansas."

"The devil he did!" the other exclaimed. "Say, this is interesting!"

"To me it was a situation most humiliating," the marquis declared. "Tears were in my eyes as I listened to his infamous proposition. I made no promise. I left him. He confided in me the value of those shares and all about them. I say nothing. I make him no promise. He tempted me with the money. It is a terrible thing. Mr. Gascoigne, to be poor. Then I asked myself what an honorable man would do. I decided to come to you."

"How much did you say that loan was to be?" Mr. Gascoigne inquired.

"Ten milles—a paltry ten milles," the marquis groaned.

MR. GASCOIGNE was not a man who loved parting with money, but there were times when he was prompt in action. He opened his pocketbook, counted out ten milles and folded them up.

"Look here, Marquis," he said, "I'll be on the square with you. Tell me just what Samuel Billingham said about those shares and you can accept the loan from me instead of from him—accept it, too, with nothing on your conscience."

The marquis finished a cocktail and made signs toward the bar.

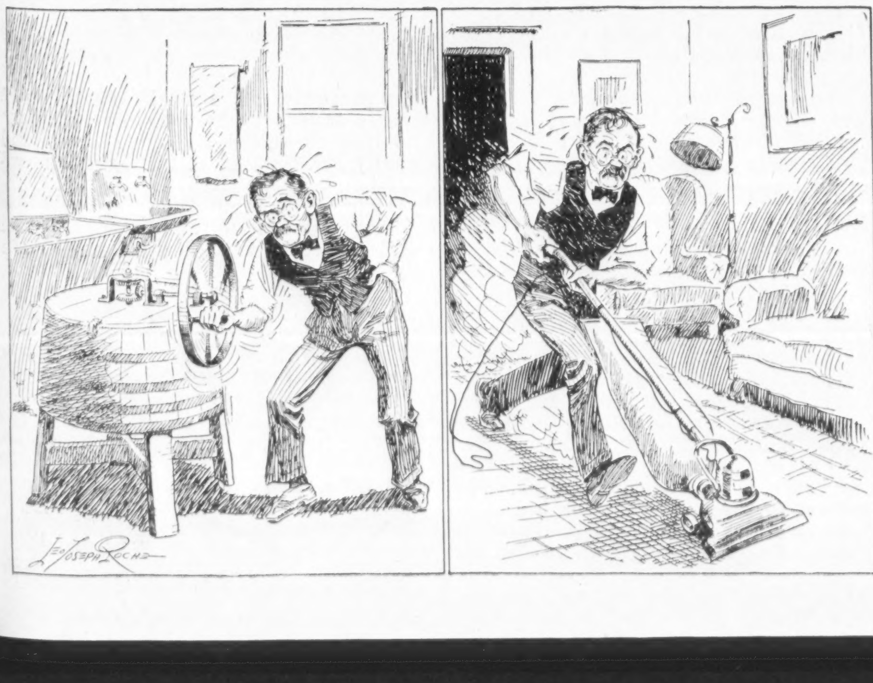
"I will disclose the situation to you," he promised. "It gives me pain, but it is just retribution. One month ago, oil—how you say that?—gushed from eleven wells on this property. The chairman of the company was there. He ordered everything, as far as possible; the secret was to be kept until after Monday. I know why—Mr. Billingham told me why. It is because you have the right to buy most of these shares at a low price."

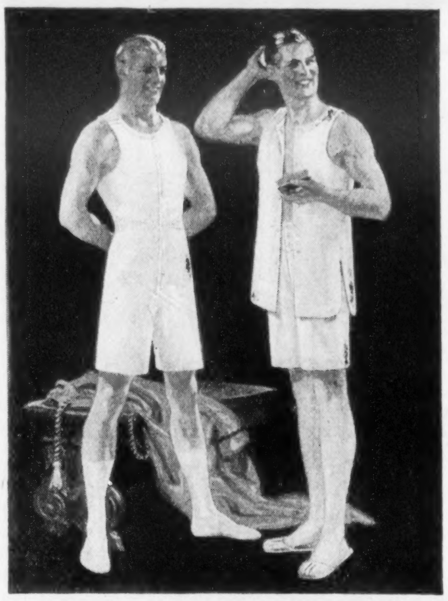
Joseph Gascoigne leaned back in his chair. He thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, turned over his keys, and chuckled.

"Say, this is great!" he declared as he

(*Continued on page 46*)

The Man Who Said HE *Ran Things at Home*





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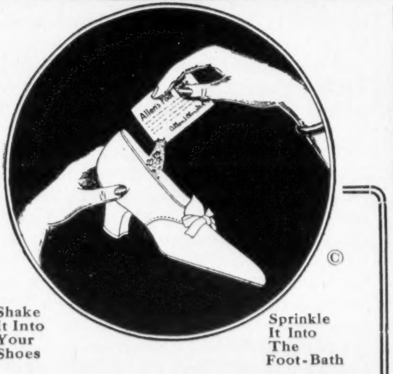

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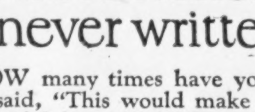

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The Bamboozling of Mr. Gascoigne

Continued from page 45

banished the man with a twenty-franc note. "I don't mind telling you, Marquis, that I couldn't get any definite information, but I had a sort of a feeling there was something doing down there. So old Samuel was going to do me out of my little deal, eh? Do you know what I shall do, Marquis?"

The latter shook his head politely.

"I shall go right back to my sitting-room," Mr. Gascoigne continued, "and send that cable right away. I shall take the whole of the ten thousand shares. I'll risk your information being O. K. I believe in it, anyway. Stick that ten milles in your pocketbook, Marquis, and if this comes off there will be another ten milles on the top of it, and you can pay me in the year two thousand."

It was quite some time before he and the marquis parted; the marquis on his way to the Casino, Mr. Gascoigne to his sitting-room. Arrived there, he found everything as he had left it, but there was a little note addressed to him. He tore it open.

> Would monsieur kindly come to 15 Avenue de Mimosas on Monday—not before. My aunt is there. She leaves midday Monday and I shall be alone.
>
> Thanking monsieur for his generosity and anticipating, MADELON.

Mr. Gascoigne's first feeling of disappointment hastily passed. After all, it was not long to wait. He drew the code book toward him, ran his finger down the first page and selected a phrase.

HUNGERING—*Have decided to avail myself of option in Great Divide shares. Secure the whole ten thousand on my account.*

Mr. Gascoigne smiled. He wrote the word HUNGERING upon the cable form and took it himself to the office.

"WHAT a dinner!" exclaimed François, the chief maître d'hôtel at the restaurant of the Sporting Club.

"What a prince!" murmured his assistant, glancing at the hundred-franc note in his hand.

There was a great cluster of red roses in the center of the table; a magnum of Cliquot in an ice pail by its side; an amazing menu on each of the three plates. Behind the screen an emissary from the bar waited with a cocktail shaker in his hand, ready to rush out at the psychological moment. There was caviar in ice; *langouste*, the large Mediterranean lobster; pheasants which had known no cold storage; a *vol-au-vent*, a delicious pâte of which the chef had spoken with tears in his eyes. Nevertheless the marquis and Madelon entered the room a little anxiously. One glance, however, at their host's face and all was well. Mr. Samuel T. Billingham was very happy, and when he was happy he showed it.

"Mademoiselle, no guest so charming has ever graced my table," he murmured as he bent over her hand. "If dresses like this are to be bought ready to wear in Monte Carlo, it is indeed an amazing place. Marquis, success! The time has passed. I have my cable. To the surprise of many people in New York, Mr. Joseph Gascoigne cabled his decision not to exercise his option on those ten thousand shares."

"You relieve my mind greatly," the marquis confessed. "I was afraid of some slip at the last moment."

They took their places. The details of the repast unfolded themselves. The marquis and his niece exchanged ecstatic glances. Madelon also, in her way—like most well-brought-up young women—approved of good food and the best wine.

"It is a feast of celebration, this," Mr. Billingham declared, scarcely able to take his eyes off his beautiful guest. "We have achieved a veritable triumph. We have perpetrated a swindle for which the law cannot touch us. We have robbed a miserable, mean, miserly old skunk of what I think in the end may turn out to be the best part of a million dollars. Let us see how we stand."

The marquis' fingers shook as he lit a cigarette and sipped his wine.

"Your *douceurs*, up to the present," this prince of adventurers continued, "are insignificant. The few francs I have advanced we will forget."

"There was my tip as chambermaid," Madelon murmured. "He gave me a mille note."

"A stingy business!" was her host's criticism. "We take no account of that either."

"I did a little better," the marquis confessed. "I got ten milles for betraying your secret and informing him of the worth of his option."

Mr. Billingham waved his hand.

"You introduced a note of humor into the situation, Marquis," he declared. "It was a brain wave, that! That ten milles also we ignore. You are welcome to it. The *douceur* which I receive is fifteen thousand dollars. I myself will retain five thousand, there will be five thousand for you, mademoiselle, and five thousand for you, Marquis."

"It is princely!" Madelon gasped.

"It is seventy-five thousand francs," the marquis faltered.

"It is some money," Mr. Billingham admitted, "but I tell you right here that without mademoiselle I might have found great difficulty in getting hold of the code. Of course all that I did was to alter the terms. You, Marquis, kept Mr. Gascoigne engaged at the Café de Paris while I worked hard with my typewriter. I can say no more than that I consider myself highly fortunate to have come across two assistants of such intelligence and," Mr. Billingham concluded, with a sigh—"such charm."

"You are what we used to call in England 'a great dear,' " Madelon whispered. "I hope before long you will find something else for us to do."

"Sure," Mr. Billingham assented fervently. "Five thousand dollars is a pretty good sum, but it don't carry a man very far in Monte Carlo."

THE first glimmering of uneasiness came to Mr. Joseph Gascoigne when he demanded a *petite voiture* and asked to be driven to 15 Avenue de Mimosas. The driver looked blank, and appealed to the concierge, who shook his head.

"Je ne le connais pas," the driver declared.

"Ni moi non plus," the concierge echoed.

"What do you mean? What's the trouble!" Mr. Gascoigne demanded.

"There is no such street, sir," the concierge announced. "I have lived in Monte Carlo for many years, and I can assure you that there is no such place as the Avenue de Mimosas."

Mr. Gascoigne hesitated for a moment, bestowed an inadequate *pourboire* upon the coachman, and stepped back into the hotel. Was it possible that the girl was fooling him; had taken his mille and gone off? He ascended to his room and made cautious inquiries of the valet. Yes, the young woman had left unexpectedly. She had made no complaint, but simply stated that she could not continue the work. As for her address, she had given none. The valet was quite sure that there was no such street. . . .

Mr. Gascoigne opened a cable, brought in at that moment, with eager fingers. As he read it his face grew first bewildered, then white and evil.

> Am astonished you have decided not to exercise option but have acted according to your instructions. Venture assure you you have made great mistake.

Mr. Gascoigne snatched at his manuscript code book, and tore open the pages. There it was, without a doubt—

HUNGERING—*Have decided to avail myself of option in Great Divide shares. Secure the whole ten thousand on my account.*

He sat down at once and wrote a cable—

> What the hell do you mean? Cabled HUNGERING. Word for word translation. Have decided to avail myself of option in Great Divide shares. Secure the whole ten thousand on my account. Reply.

IT WAS about twelve o'clock next morning when the reply came. It was given to him just as he was leaving the Hôtel de Paris for a restless stroll along the Terrace. He tore it open and read:

> Exact translation HUNGERING, attested here by whole office. Have decided not to exercise option on shares in Great Divide. Please inform company.

Mr. Gascoigne clutched the cablegram in his fingers. He looked across the square with vacant eyes. Such a mistake in transcription seemed incredible. And then there turned the corner Mr. Samuel T. Billingham, resplendent in a suit of light gray, with a carnation in his buttonhole and a cigar in his mouth. On one side walked the marquis, looking very spruce and smiling, and on the other, very becomingly dressed, and not in the least like a chambermaid, was Madelon. Suddenly something in one of her graceful movements, or perhaps the ripple of her laughter, was startlingly reminiscent of Mr. Gascoigne's disappointed hopes.

A hideous clear-sightedness seized him. He remembered the manuscript code book open upon his table, his absence for the best part of an hour with the marquis, some slight surprise at the freshness of the type the next time he had consulted the code book, and finally Mr. Samuel T. Billingham's connection with the Great Divide Oil Company and his reputation.

They passed him: Mr. Billingham with a little wave of the hand and a solemn wink, Madelon with a frank laugh into his face, and the marquis with a patronizing nod. He looked after them and he shook his fist. He was cold with fury, but with a mighty effort at self-restraint he remained silent.

For, although it was very certain he had been robbed, there was really nothing he could do!

Another story by E. Phillips Oppenheim about the adventures of Mr. Billingham, the Marquis and Madelon will appear in next week's Collier's.

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Next Week's Collier's

The Chalcedony Horse

Continued from page 13

for it a minute after half past nine this morning; and I won't. I'll instruct my lawyers to take proceedings at once to recover the balance of the money I lent him."

"But you've got all of it but fourteen pounds," pleaded Miss Timmins.

Sir Charles turned suddenly and snapped, "Why don't you make that young ruffian sell me that horse? I tell you what: if you get that horse off that young ruffian for me for two thousand pounds I'll make you a present of the balance of your father's debt to me."

So that was what he had been working up to. She gazed at him with thoughtful, contemptuous eyes.

"I'll think about it," she said.

How was she to get the chalcedony horse for two thousand pounds and hand it over to Sir Charles without asking a favor of Lord Scredington? She cudgeled and cudgeled her brains for the solution of the problem. Some hours later, and quite of a sudden, there came out of that cudgeling an uncommonly odd, even far-fetched, solution, but feasible and quite in keeping with little Miss Timmins' warrior spirit. She would take the horse from Lord Scredington's flat and leave the two thousand pounds in its place.

Then Sir Charles and Lord Scredington could fight it out. Lord Scredington would never suspect her of taking the horse; Sir Charles would know she had it, but she would tell him that, if he revealed the fact, she would declare that he had instructed her to take it. Better still—she grinned wickedly—she would hand over the horse to Sir Charles before its owner discovered his loss (he rose late; Sir Charles did not), get his receipt for the debt, and leave him to keep the horse if he could. It would serve the old pig right. Then the whole plan stood out bright and clear; she grinned yet more wickedly. She would score off Sir Charles and Lord Scredington too. When little Miss Timmins was born a girl the world lost a fair to average pirate.

EXTRAVAGANT as this plan appeared, it was, thanks to her knowledge of Lord Scredington's flat, feasible. Her first meeting with him had been at that flat. She had taken a jade jui plaque to sell to him and, discovering that he had taken the cave man as his model, had escaped down the fire escape from his balcony to the garden. If she could descend that fire escape, she could ascend it. The question was whether she could get into the garden: was the door of it, which opened into a narrow lane, locked at night? She thought it quite likely that the people of the flats were careless about locking it.

The longer she pondered this extravagant scheme the more it pleased her. She awoke next morning resolved to carry it through. But first there was Sir Charles: she had no intention in the world of trusting him even as far as she could throw him; and that was not an inch. When he came in to learn her decision, she had ready for him a simple document. By it he bound himself to transfer to her his loan to her father, if she delivered to him the chalcedony horse for two thousand pounds. He was hurt by this evidence of her distrust; he said that his word was as good as his bond, but he signed it.

That night Miss Timmins ascertained that the door of the garden was not locked. The next morning she asked Sir Charles for the two thousand pounds in notes, declaring that in these matters cash often made all the difference. Sir Charles could not gainsay this but he protested violently before he went round to his bank to fetch the notes. He was in such perturbation of spirit when he handed them over to her that he never thought to ask for a receipt for them.

Miss Timmins decided to put her plan into execution that very night, for it was conveniently moonless. Besides, there were certain tremors; she wished to get it over. She bought an electric torch, a bag in which to carry away the horse, and a pair of rubber-soled shoes. Wearing them and a dark serge coat and skirt, so as not to show up light-colored against the wall as she ascended the fire escape, she let herself out of Sir Charles' house at two minutes past two in the morning.

She was almost hoping that the garden door would be locked. It was not. She slipped through it and, making a circuit round the garden, so as to keep in the shadow, came to the fire escape which rose to Lord Scredington's balcony. The ascent of that fire escape was the most uncomfortable ascent she had ever made. It seemed to her that she was at least five minutes reaching the balcony, whereas she was less than a minute and a half. As she had expected, she found the long windows of his sitting-room open and she stepped through.

SHE switched on her torch and ran the ray round the room. In the middle of the mantelpiece stood the chalcedony horse. She saw also that the door of Lord Scredington's bedroom was a few inches open. That was indeed disquieting; it gave her pause. However, there was no help for it. She let the ray rest on the horse for a good five seconds, taking in its exact position. Then she switched the light off and crossed the room quietly to the mantelpiece.

She opened the bag noiselessly and set it on the hearthrug. Then she lifted the horse from its carved wooden stand. It was a weight. She would not bother to take the wooden stand. It occurred to her that it could, later, be a matter of negotiation between Sir Charles and Lord Scredington. A shadow of a smile wreathed her lips at the thought. She put the horse in the bag and shut it noiselessly. Then she took the envelope containing the banknotes from her pocket and set it in the middle of the wooden stand. She breathed a sigh of relief. Half, the most difficult half, of her task was accomplished.

Then in the next room the bed creaked, and her heart stood still. A wave of terror surged through her that left her unable to stir. Feet padded across the bedroom; there was a click; the sitting-room blazed into a brightness dazzling after the dark; Lord Scredington stood on the threshold of the bedroom door.

His eyes rested on Miss Timmins in blank astonishment. Then they moved to the empty stand of the chalcedony horse, then to the bag; and a frown that became a veritable scowl furrowed his brow.

"Don't try to bolt. I shall easily catch you," he said in a harsh and infinitely disagreeable voice.

She stood still; indeed, she could not move. He went to the mantelpiece, took the envelope from the stand, opened it, took out the notes, counted them. Miss Timmins ran a dry tongue along her dry lips.

"So," he said; and his voice was even harsher. "You'd help that old beast Sir Charles to get the better of me, would you?"

She wanted to protest that she had been driven to it. Indeed, her lips moved; but no sound came from them.

"Dammit! I thought we were friends," he said and crushed the notes together with an air of disgust, dropped them on the wooden stand, and stared at her with disappointed eyes.

The reproach affected Miss Timmins oddly and deeply. She must set herself right with him; she had to. She found her voice, an uncommonly husky and miserable voice:

"I—I wasn't helping Sir Charles to get the best of you. I had to get the horse. Sir Charles said he would sell us up if I didn't get it. And he would too," she protested. "He lent us some money—a lot of money—to get us out of a mess. Daddy had helped a friend and the friend let him down."

(*Continued on page 48*)

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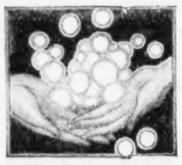

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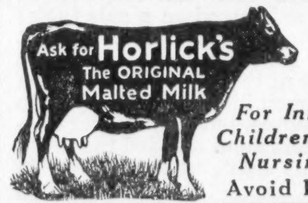

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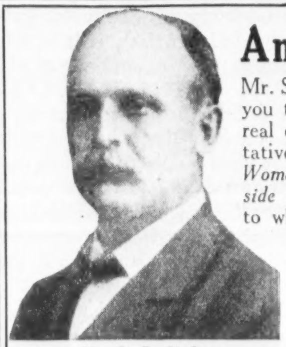

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The Chalcedony Horse

Continued from page 47

Her breath gave out.

Lord Scredington looked a little less like a viking, but not much. He said: "Incredible old hog!" Then he added, "but it's just like him. Now let's get this quite clear. Tell me the whole thing."

She told him the whole story jerkily—all about the loan, the terms of repayment, Sir Charles' offer, his giving her the notes.

"Did you give him a receipt for them?" he said quickly.

"No," she said.

He scowled at her thoughtfully; then he took two steps toward her, slowly, and said, "I've a good mind to give you a sound spanking for letting him lend you the money and not me."

Miss Timmins fairly wilted; she knew him to be capable of it; he looked as if he would; she believed that he was going to.

However, he only took the bag from her, took the horse out of it, thrust the crumpled notes into his pocket, and set the horse back on its stand.

Then he smiled the smile she found so charming and said, "A most unpleasant incident. But, since I have the horse and the two thousand pounds too, we will consider it closed."

Miss Timmins' mouth opened in a faint gasp and, staring at him with incredulous eyes, she said faintly, "B-b-but what am I t-t-to say t-t-to Sir Charles?"

"Tell him just that."

"Just what?"

"That I've got the horse and the two thousand pounds too."

"But what will he say?" she almost wailed.

"Everything," he said with profound conviction.

MISS TIMMINS gasped again; she could almost hear Sir Charles saying everything. Then her jarred nerves gave way; and to her horror she began to cry.

"Here, steady on!" said Lord Scredington in some dismay. "There's nothing to cry about. Don't you see that you've got that good old man in a cleft stick? No one saw him give you that two thousand pounds. Just point out to him that he has no receipt for those notes and see him crumple up."

"B-b-but it wouldn't be honest," she said, sobbing.

"You wait till you find him being honest with you before you bother about that. But you're upset. The devil's own nerves would be jarred at being caught in a racket like this. What you want is a drink."

He put her into an easy chair. Whisky and soda stood on a side table; he mixed a drink fairly stiff and set it on a table beside her chair. Then he lifted her out of the chair and sat down in it with her on his knee. She put up a formal struggle, but he held her easily with his left hand and fed the drink to her with his right, saying in a soothing tone: "There—there—keep quiet and rest a little."

She ceased to struggle and relaxed.

He began to talk to her in a quiet, casual voice about matters of common interest, herself and her affairs, himself and his affairs. She grew soothed and quiet and content to be where she was. She could not remember ever having in all her life been so exactly in the right place. It might have been the effect of the whisky and soda, to which she was unused—it might not.

It was nearly half an hour later, when he had said a score of charming things to her and in the most natural and unaffected fashion kissed her not wholly irresponsive lips three times, that her sense of the proprieties awoke with a jerk. Really you could not sit on a young man's knee in his flat at three o'clock in the morning. It was not *done!*

She struggled with evident sincerity.

He tightened his clasp and kissed her again, then loosed her, saying in reluctant accents, "Well, I suppose I must let you go. The daylight is coming, and you ought to be home before it comes. I'd take you home, but it's much too early in the morning for a lady to be seen in my society. I'm *always* misunderstood."

She rose and looked down at him with a bemused air. "Yes: I must be going," she said softly in accents little less reluctant than his own.

He went down to the street door with her.

"Don't let that old beast of an uncle of mine worry you," he said. "Just tell him distinctly where he stands, and he'll come along to me—whining loud and shrill."

He caught her to him, hugged her, kissed her, and let her go.

"Good-by. Hurry home and get all the sleep you can."

She walked back, still bemused.

FOOLISHLY she rose as usual at 7:30 and, being short of sleep, rather pale, and uncommonly irritable, was in the very mood to deal faithfully with her employer when he came bustling in at 9:30.

He affected to gloat over his *famille rose* porcelain for a little while; then he said with an eagerness he failed to disguise, "Is there any news about that horse? Have you started getting round that young ruffian yet?"

Miss Timmins looked at him with unkind eyes and said in unkind accents, "I'm sorry, Sir Charles; I'm afraid I made a mess of it."

"You made a mess of it? How? How?" snapped Sir Charles.

"Well, it seemed to me that the best way to get the horse was to go round to Lord Scredington's flat and take the horse and put the two thousand pounds in its place."

Sir Charles' scowl deepened and his eyes opened. "You must have been mad!" he said loudly and frankly.

"No," said Miss Timmins firmly. "The idea was all right. I went very early this morning, about two; and I was just taking the horse—in fact, I'd actually got it into my bag—when he came in and caught me; and now he's got the horse and the two thousand pounds too."

Sir Charles' eyes opened to their widest and appeared to be dancing clumsily in their sockets. He cried shrilly, "You actually went to that young ruffian's flat to steal the horse?"

"I wasn't *stealing* it!" cried Miss Timmins in deeply offended accents. "I put the two thousand pounds in its place. You told me to get it at any cost; and that seemed the best way."

Sir Charles had now fully grasped the dreadful event. He perceived clearly that his detestable nephew would, if he could, stick to the horse and the money too. He was like an old viking, and there was no evidence that Miss Timmins had been to his flat—she would never admit it, naturally—no evidence that she had taken the two thousand pounds with her. It would be immensely difficult—indeed, it looked impossible—to wrest from him either the money or the horse. Dithering, he leaned on the cabinet of *famille rose* for support.

Then he began to rave. Miss Timmins had robbed him—robbed him of two thousand pounds! She should get it back or she should go to prison. . . . She should. . . . She certainly should!

Miss Timmins protested indignantly that she had not had a penny of his two thousand pounds; that so far from robbing him she had done her best to get the horse for him.

Sir Charles raved again. It was a conspiracy! She and that infernal young ruffian had plotted to rob him of two thousand pounds! They thought they could bring it off, did they? . . . They were wrong! . . . Yes! . . . Quite wrong! They would rue the day they tried it on till the end of their lives! Both of them should go to prison! Both! . . . They should! . . . They certainly should.

Miss Timmins rose, and with an air of the coldest dignity said, "If you're going to tell lies, Sir Charles, I shall just say you never gave me that two thousand pounds. Nobody saw you give it to me; and you never got a receipt for it. Nobody will believe you did anything so silly; they'll think you've gone mad."

Sir Charles was brought up short; he perceived that he was in a worse plight than he thought. There was no receipt. No one would believe that a man of his known shrewdness had been such a fool as to give a young woman two thousand pounds without getting a receipt for it. He dithered again. Then the craving to be near his lost two thousand came on him violently. It was no use his wasting his time on Miss Timmins; he must get to the principal. He dashed out of the room, down the stairs, out of the house; he could not wait for his car. He jumped into a passing taxi.

HE FOUND Lord Scredington, uncommonly fresh and debonair, at breakfast, and burst into furious reproaches, abuse, and demands. The burden of his outcry was that he wanted his money back.

Displaying a callous indifference to his anguish, his nephew did not appear to hear him; he ate his eggs and bacon, with every appearance of absorbed enjoyment, in unbroken silence. Not till he had finished them did he speak.

He said, "I don't know what you're talking about, you unspeakable old hog."

Sir Charles' dreadful expectation was realized: his nephew *was* going to behave like a viking. Silent, he gazed on him with eyes of horror. Threats and imprecations and abuse were wasted on a viking; he must get back his money by other methods. He produced a noise that was more like the blast of a hungry goat than a laugh and asserted that the joke had gone far enough.

"What joke, you unspeakable old hog?" asked his nephew.

AGAIN the wrong tactics! Sir Charles, doubtful whether a viking was permeable by reason, tried quiet reasoning. Eating buttered toast and marmalade with a beatific air, his nephew again appeared rapt away from the world in his own imaginings. Only when he had finished these viands and Sir Charles had begged him to be a sportsman and a gentleman did he break that silence to assert that an unspeakable hog like Sir Charles knew a fat lot about gentlemen.

Then he rose languidly, lit a cigar, and studied the chalcedony horse with a loving eye, stroking its insensible back. Out of breath, Sir Charles watched him murderously.

Then his nephew suddenly turned on him and said sharply, in a grating voice that jarred Sir Charles' every nerve, "I want another five hundred and the mortgage, or whatever it is, you've got on old Timmins' shop for the horse—just to teach you not to use young girls to do your dirty work."

Sir Charles could hardly believe his ears; his nephew had practically admitted that he had the two thousand pounds! At once he felt that he was on familiar ground and began to protest against the monstrous price.

Lord Scredington heard about five words; then he shouted, "Get out! Get out! Never let me see your villainous face again. Get out this instant!"

Sir Charles gathered that he was to go without his money or the horse. He almost screeched that he was off to get the check for five hundred pounds and Timmins' mortgage, and fled. In his panic he was back with both in less than ten minutes, to find his nephew on the point of going out. Lord Scredington took the check and mortgage from him, told him to take away the horse at once or he might change his mind about letting it go, left him to wrap it up with the help of his man, and went straight to his uncle's house.

There he found Miss Timmins at work, very gloomy at the prospect of being sold up.

"Good morning, Beulah darling," he said with cheerful kindliness. "I hope you're none the worse for your late hours."

Miss Timmins was in a chastened mood. In spite of his cheek in calling her "Beulah darling"—some inner self asked if it was such cheek after their interview that early morning—she smiled at him rather miserably and said that she was rather short of sleep.

"You must sleep after lunch then," he said cheerfully. "I came round to say I've sold the horse to the old hog, but I charged him more than two thousand for it; and he'd have made that an excuse for bilking you of your commission, though you certainly earned it. So I tore it off him for you."

He handed her the mortgage.

Miss Timmins stared at it with unbelieving eyes; then the tears rose to them; she flushed and said, "Why—why—you dear!"

"Appreciated at last!" he said and thumped his chest proudly. Then he paused, looking at her with rather hungry eyes, and added, "And do I get anything out of it?"

"Anything!" said Miss Timmins. Then she checked herself and added, "What do you want?"

"You," he said with conviction.

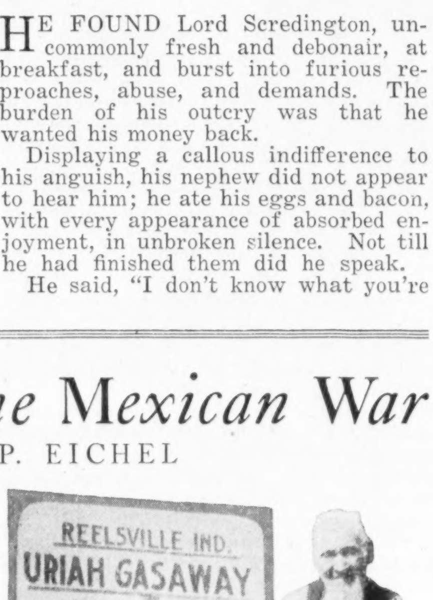
"But it would never do! Never! What would your friends say?"

Lord Scredington crossed the counter and lifted her off her feet. He said that his friends might go to the devil. Miss Timmins appeared to accept the decision.

He Fought in the Mexican War

By LESLIE P. EICHEL

WAR doesn't always kill. It didn't kill Uriah Gasaway of Reelsville, Putnam County, Ind. In fact, if it hadn't been for the war—we're speaking of the Mexican War in 1846—Uncle Uriah wouldn't have been ninety-eight the other day. You see, he believes his army life gave him the vigor which still permits him to go downtown daily "to talk with the young fellows."



Uncle Uriah is listed on government records as one of the six survivors in the United States of the Mexican War.

"Talk about the Battle of the Marne—why, you should have seen the Battle of Cerro Gordo and the bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz. And whoever says the Mexicans are poor shots never faced their fire! In my company, D, U. S. mounted riflemen, there were only seven survivors.

"We've had a few sizable wars since I fought. They're all alike. If you don't get killed, you live a long time."

How fifteen minutes' reading made me more money than eight hours' work

There is magic in 15 minutes a day—if you know how to use them. The secret is told in a free book; send for it today—now.

He gave me a good stiff body blow. "You're honest," he said, "and you work hard, but frankly, you're not *interesting*."

It was a wonderful evening. I heard one man say to another: "*Who* is that interesting man?"

Leading country clubs choose their members with care. Many a prospective member fails to be elected. Nobody wants to work or play with a dumb-bell.

Says a prominent business man:

"I MADE more money last year than I made in the five years before. Yet I did not work any harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had much more time for golf, travel and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea, in many men's minds, that hard work is all that is required for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive, not by work alone, but by discovering a secret that the others could turn to their own advantage if they only would—but they don't.

"I believe I have a right to speak with authority about this, because I have proved everything I say by my own experience. I have increased my earnings more by 15 minutes' reading a day than I ever did by 8 hours' work.

"The secret is very simple. To think straight and talk interestingly is easy—if you can spare even 15 minutes a day, and will spend those 15 minutes in pleasant, profitable reading along lines recommended by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

"From his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—Dr. Eliot chose a few books for the most famous library in the world; a library which I keep always close to my easy chair, and which is so arranged with notes and reading courses that you can get from it—as I did—the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the interesting viewpoint which every university strives to give."

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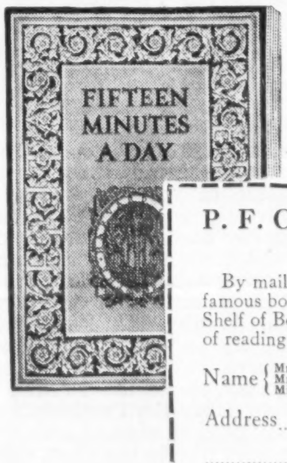

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

To Have and To Hold-up

To the Editor of Collier's:

I AM not an anti-prohibitionist but am fast being won to that side by the antics of the enforcement agents.

Now the question that I would like to have you answer is: "How is the poor motorist to tell the difference between an honorable hold-up man and a common revenue officer?" As they work now there is no way of telling the difference because of the similarity of their methods. Maybe you have never been driving at night and had two or more men step into the road, holding up their left hands for you to stop while their right hands remain in their coat pockets. If you stop and they are hold-up men, then say good-by to any money or valuables that you may be carrying. If your friends are revenue officers and you don't stop you will soon think you are back in France again listening to the shells whiz by.

Have the revenue officers a right to shoot when a car does not stop?

I would like to take a trip north this summer, but it seems risky if one can't tell on the wing the difference between hold-up and dry-up men.

INTERESTED READER,
Fulton, N. Y.

The Girls Men Marry

To the Editor of Collier's:

It makes me tired to see the men continually accusing girls of wanting to start in where Dad and Mother left off. It's as trite as the saying that a man may play around with a frivolous girl, but in the end he marries one who knows how to cook and keep the home fires burning, which is bunk pure and simple.

As far as I can see, the man of to-day steers away from a girl who has any sense and the newspapers furnish proof that it is the empty-headed moron who has not one husband but three or four in quick succession. Sewing, cooking and housekeeping are no longer accomplishments winning the approbation of modern man. They fear she may be old-fashioned.

Any girl worth while would gladly start where Mother began, but the trouble is she isn't given a chance.

HELEN JAY, St. Paul, Minn.

And Franklin Didn't Die Young

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why should Doctor McAdie break into print with his iconoclastic cynicism about the old story of Ben Franklin defying the lightning? He will soon be denying some of Nicola Tesla's well-known experiments with high-voltage currents.

It is a well-established principle that the lightning rod causes a gradual transfer of electric energy, thus preventing a disastrous discharge. If Franklin's kite line carried a modicum of what can be carried by a modern lightning rod, the spark he is reputed to have drawn would not have been sufficient to have necessitated a call for the ambulance or the coroner.

Modern ideas of navigation would make Columbus' trips across the Atlantic and Magellan's circumnavigation equally impossible with the cockle shells and equipment at their disposal.

F. E. H., Burlington, Vt.

And This is Civilization

To the Editor of Collier's:

There has been a great deal of talk about the jay walker; what about the jay signals of the driver?

The hand signal is a warning to following cars, but the pedestrian on the street isn't helped much by them. A uniform set of horn signals would save time and be safer for everyone. As a suggestion I have arranged the following signals to provide for the common necessities of traffic:

One short blast—stop.

Three short blasts—back the car.

One long blast—straight ahead or pass another car.

Two long blasts—left-hand turn.

Long and short—right-hand turn.

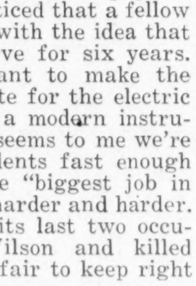
G. A. C., Oneonta, N. Y.

For a Presidential Easy Chair

To the Editor of Collier's:

In a "What's on Your Mind" page of a recent Collier's I noticed that a fellow reader was burdened with the idea that Presidents should serve for six years. Ye gods, does he want to make the Presidency a substitute for the electric chair or turn it into a modern instrument of torture? It seems to me we're killing off our Presidents fast enough now. Every year the "biggest job in the world" is getting harder and harder. Look what it did to its last two occupants. It broke Wilson and killed Harding, and it bids fair to keep right on getting harder.

Instead of thinking up ways to make the President's job harder, we ought to try and figure out how to make it easier. In a February issue of Collier's there was a dandy article on that subject.



This article offered the following suggestions: give Cabinet members seats in Congress, allow the President to veto a "rider" without vetoing the rest of the bill, or vice versa, adopt Walter F. Brown's plan for departmental reorganization, which would put some of the independent bodies, now directly responsible to the President, under control of the departments, and would wipe out overlapping jobs, thus saving millions of dollars and making things easier for the President, and, lastly, give the President a body of highly paid expert assistants and advisers and a permanent cabinet secretariat to handle routine work which now loads the President's desk. Those are good words and true, and I, for one, would like to see them take effect!

DONALD MURRAY,
Long Beach, Cal.

The White Water of Tennessee

To the Editor of Collier's:

If you have ever paddled, poled or lined a laden "John-boat," or even a canoe, upstream through a stretch of fast water running over rocks, sunken logs, loose gravel, "pot holes" and similar obstructions and violently agitated by swirls, eddies, whirlpools and other tumultuous interruptions to placid progress, you will understand why the Indians named that eighteen-mile stretch of Tennessee River "STRUGGLE WATER," and why our pioneer gran'daddies, more keenly alive to the actualities of strenuous effort than to romance, sentiment or niceties of diction, renamed it "MUSCLE SHOALS" with entire disregard for the ubiquitous *Mussel.*

HENRY P. DICKINSON,
Chicago, Ill.

Happy Hunters Still

To the Editor of Collier's:

I would to call Mr. McK's bet that his children's generation will be the last to do much hunting in America. His grandchildren will enjoy hunting as well as he seems to. Game will be preserved and probably multiplied by "tabooing" certain game preserves, especially breeding grounds of migratory birds, by national education in sportsmanship, by the press and by curbing such hoggish weapons as the automatic—probably even the repeater. State hatcheries are solving a similar problem in fishing and as much can be done for other sports.

As for the auto bogey Mr. McK. speaks of, it is going to enable the average man to enjoy what a fortunate few have overenjoyed in the past. Truly the joy is in the chase and not the slaughter. There is far more satisfaction in a small bag earned by real hunting and good marksmanship than a "back-end-fall" obtained by spreading a barrage of shot that only the specially blessed can escape. If you want to have a hand in your grandchildren's sport get behind the Game Refuge Bill.

All wild game is hardy enough to live if given half a chance anyway. Out here rattlesnakes have been swatted on sight for years, but the wise one still keeps his hand out of prairie dog holes.

W. W. E., Ft. Lyon, Colorado.

It's a Boomerang!

To the Editor of Collier's:

If I were the possessor of a big fortune I believe I would go easy on the personal liberty phase of the prohibition law. Once established there is no foretelling how far the idea of personal liberty regardless of law may spread. The anarchist is only a consistent believer in personal liberty.

When men of wealth and culture, for the sake of a few dollars or a minor personal privilege, attack at its foundation the structure of law that makes them secure, the thought occurs that there is much ivory in big business and that higher education cripples the mind.

Law enforcement is ineffective because those most interested in it as a whole are the most persistent violators not only in the matter of prohibition but in violations of traffic laws, in contracts with the government, observance of laws regulating industry, and in the importation of dutiable goods.

The reformers who want real reform instead of everlastingly preaching at the masses should begin at the top and work down.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, but many good Americans, going him one better, would sell their birthright for a drink of hootch.

HEZEKIAH SIMPSON,
Ogden, Utah.

Educating Mother

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am a woman with three growing children and a husband to care for.

I am not a natural-born housekeeper. From childhood I have been happy-go-lucky and careless, shirking my responsibilities and not buckling down to the serious business of learning how to take my place as a mother and home maker. Now I realize my shortcomings and am anxious to become a good home maker. I have heard it said that habit is hard to overcome, but there is also a saying, "Where there's a will there's a way."

HOW TO MANAGE

I wonder if any of your readers who pride themselves on their ability as good housekeepers can tell me how they manage, without servants, to keep a neat, attractive home without confusion, frayed nerves and that "gone to pieces" feeling.

PERPLEXED, Baltimore, Md.

The Cabin Schools of Minnesota

To the Editor of Collier's:

Regarding the letter from Hon. W. D. Washburn of Minnesota in Collier's recently, I would like to set the gentleman right on a few points.

I was born in Minnesota and lived there until two years ago, and I love the great old state. However, there are log cabins in Minnesota, and there is also a "desolate wilderness."

I taught school in Beltrami County for seven months. I was thirty miles from a town, lived in a log cabin and existed on moose meat. Incidentally, I had the time of my life!

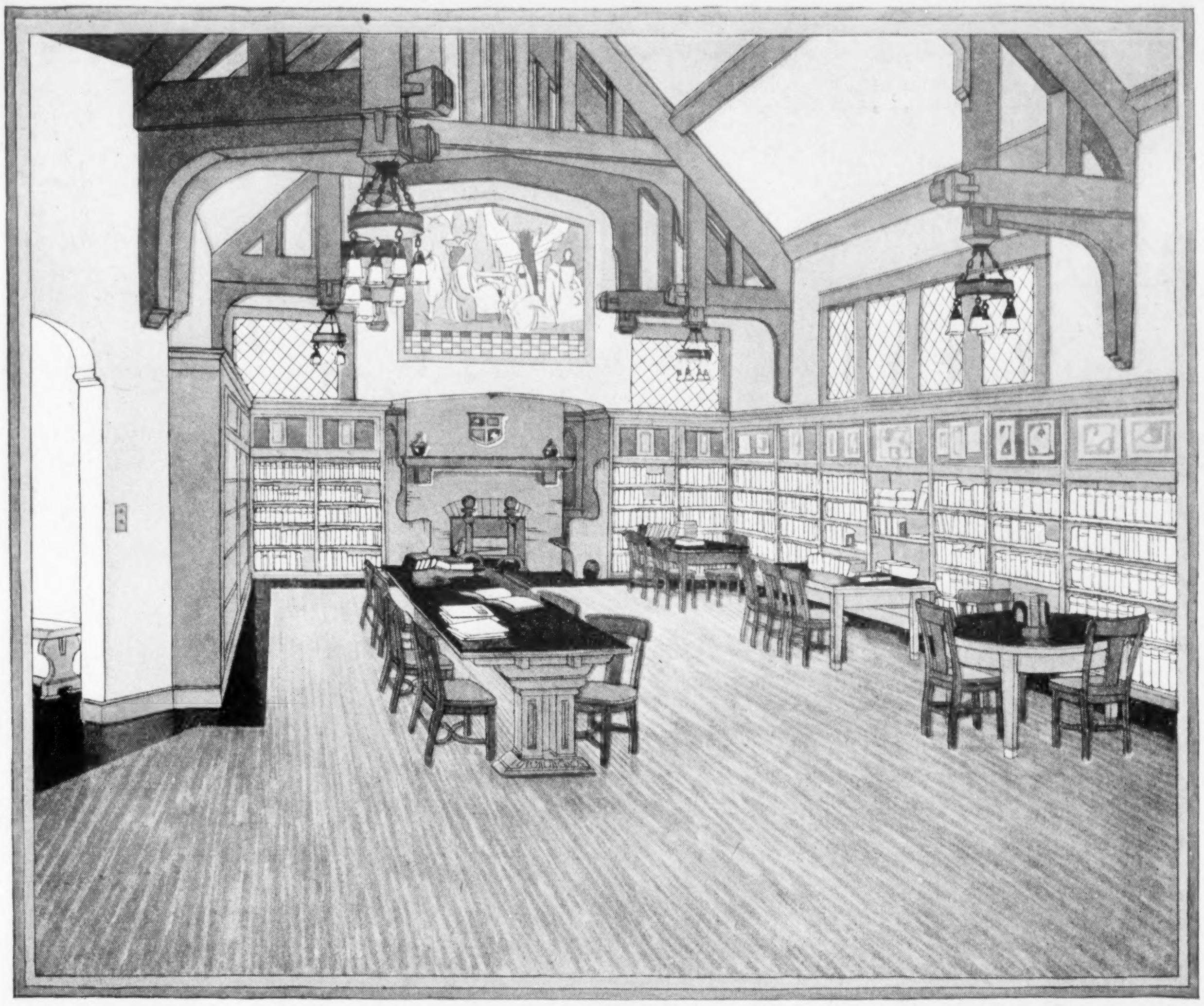
I taught in a little log cabin, and had fifteen Polish children as my pupils. The school was an organized district, and I was the entire school board, responsible only to the county superintendent.

I'll never forget that eventful winter when the thermometer reached fifty-three degrees below zero, and the good times I had in the north woods.

PAUL W. VAN CAMP,
Akron, Ohio.

Dignity, Silence, Cleanliness, in This Floor

Why floors of Armstrong's Linoleum are especially suited to public buildings



Armstrong's Gray Jaspé, laid with a border of black linoleum, is the floor of this library reading-room. The natural sound-deadening qualities of linoleum make it especially satisfactory for a library where every effort is made to suppress unnecessary noise.

LINOLEUM floors are natural to public buildings because, point by point, they answer the needs of public buildings. The public library demands silence, and the linoleum floor provides that silence, for linoleum is largely composed of sound-deadening cork.

The hospital demands cleanliness, and linoleum provides cleanliness. Linoleum floors are smooth-surfaced floors, practically seamless floors, easy to keep clean—and hence sanitary floors.

The court room demands dignity. Linoleum floors provide that dignity. Linoleum floors harmonize with the color of the walls and the court room appointments.

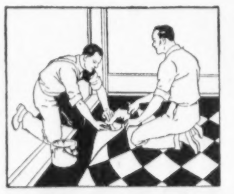
In addition, linoleum floors are economical in first cost and long in wear, as housewives have proved in their homes, merchants have proved in their stores, and business men have proved in their offices. And thus there is virtually complete endorsement of the use of linoleum floors in public institutions.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Linoleum floors wear, for the reason that they are tough, just as the cork that goes into them, and the burlap back are tough. And linoleum floors look better the longer they wear because, when waxed, a hard polish is built up.

Feet that walk over waxed linoleum floors do not actually touch the linoleum—they touch the thin film of wax. And as the polish deepens in tone, the linoleum floor looks more beautiful. In the wide floor expanses of public buildings, its glowing surface appears doubly impressive.

The low upkeep of linoleum floors



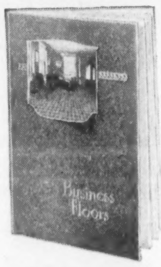
Linoleum permanently cemented in place is practically waterproof, and always smooth and tight

Floors of Armstrong's Linoleum effect a real economy in janitor service and maintenance costs. Two thin coats of wax thoroughly rubbed in at the time of laying, then a daily going over with a dust-mop slightly moistened with liquid wax—that is all. Ordinarily, no scrubbing, no need for refinishing, as with wood floors. And, with all its other virtues, linoleum is springy and waterproof—and hard to stain. Of what other floor can so many good things be said?

In every section of the country architects have specified Armstrong's Linoleum floors for the finest libraries, hospitals, courthouses, and other public buildings. Consult your architect regarding the kind of linoleum floors you should have in any public building with which you are connected, or for your shop, store, office, theatre, or other place of business. In your city there is sure to be at least one merchant who makes a specialty of installing linoleum floors for business use. Ask him to show you samples of the plain colors in Armstrong's Linoleum—Jaspés, two-tone effects; tile inlaids; marble inlaids. Patterned linoleum floors, laid with borders of black linoleum or plain colors, impart a distinctive finish to any room. Inquire about them, and ask for estimates.

Write for this book

Our 48-page book, "Business Floors," contains colorplates of new designs and gives complete information regarding linoleum floors and their care and upkeep, together with directions for laying linoleum floors over concrete or wood. Write for a free copy.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Division*, 2510 West Walnut Street, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

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A chassis that has proved its quality to over 250,000 owners

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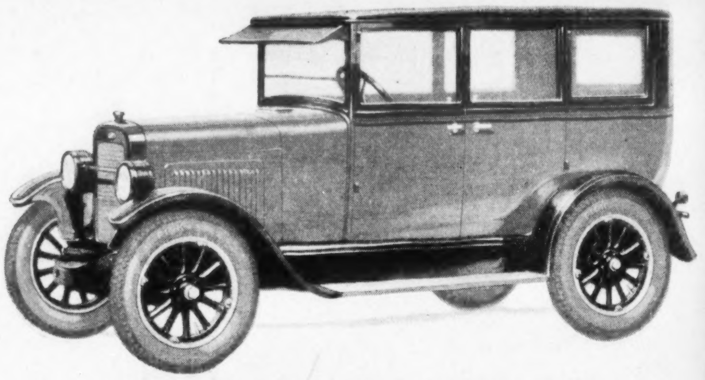
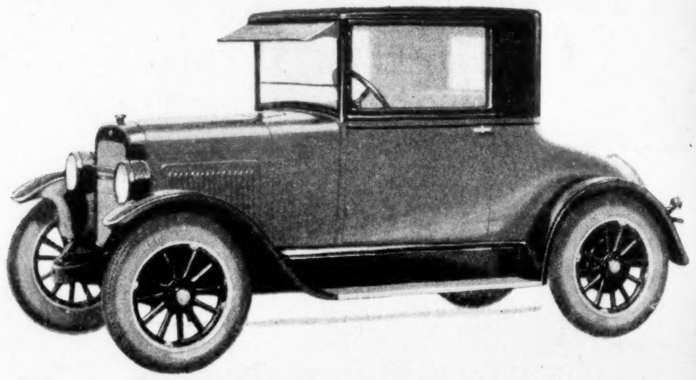


New All-Steel OVERLAND SEDAN

A closed car without a rival in the low-priced field. $110 lower than the nearest competitive car. *All-steel* body, greater safety, greater vision, greater strength. Duco finish. *Four* doors.

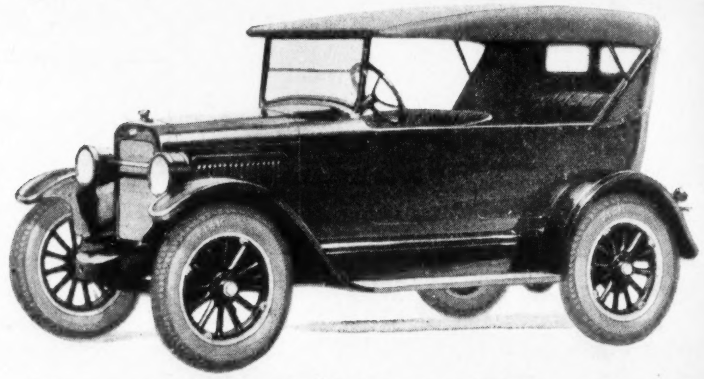
$715
F.O.B. TOLEDO



New All-Steel BUSINESS COUPE

A better-than-ever closed car for professional men, salesmen and small families at a lower-than-ever price. All-steel body, Duco finish. Extra wide doors. Large luggage compartment.

$635
F.O.B. TOLEDO



New All-Steel TOURING CAR

Lustrous baked-enamel finish, *permanently* beautiful . . . big power . . . *patented* Triplex Springs . . . rugged axles . . . disc-type clutch . . . reliable!

$495
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